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Various Things About Paris

By KENNETH L. ROBERTS

THERE is a certain something about Paris. No two persons are able to agree on just what it is. If it were London, now, that there was a certain something about, it would unquestionably be the climate. The English blame everything on their climate if they can't find anything else on which to blame it. When their moving-picture companies fail to produce good pictures it is the climate that is at fault. Long sermons, tall policemen, stunted slum dwellers, foggy jokes, soggy food, foggy London, the difficulty of dislodging ideas—like, for example, ideas about the climate—from an Englishman's mind; all these things and many more, too, are laid at the climate's door. One would only need to say to an Englishman, "There's something about London——" to have the Englishman reply instantly, "It's the climate." The something that exists about Paris is not the climate. Some bigoted person from the backwoods might, after weighty deliberations, decide to give the climate credit; but everybody else would play another favorite. One would say it was the architecture of the city; another that it was the cooking; others in rapid succession would throw their votes for the wines, the men's beards, the swiftness of the taxicabs, the Gallic temperament, the gay cafés, the sidelong glances of the maidens, the morning sun on the boulevards, the afternoon sun on the boulevards, the electric lights on the boulevards, the moon on the boulevards, the French language, the perfumes, the dresses of the women, the intriguing shops, the wayfarers of the world who pass in review.

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A Late Victorian Photograph of Gay Paree

And after all of them had expressed themselves, each one would say helplessly, "Well, I don't know what it is; but there certainly is something about Paris!"

Upwards of 1900 years ago, after the Romans had conquered Gaul and forced hot baths and plumbing on the unwilling inhabitants, it became quite the thing in Roman circles for ladies who had relatives in the Roman Expeditionary Forces to pester the government for free transportation to Paris, which was then known as Lutetia.

"My dear," one of them would say to the other, "I don't know what it is, but there's something about that place! Tell the government that my brother is your eighth cousin and that you're simply dying to see him! Nobody'll know the difference—and you'll love it!"

So they'd go; and on the morning after they had arrived a couple of slender Gallic maidens would come in to help them dress, according to the custom of the time. And one of the maidens, in adjusting the gown of one of the Roman ladies, would accidentally catch it at the shoulder in an unusual manner. Immediately she would back away and clasp her hands.

"Oh, heaven!" she would cry passionately. "Behold that knot there! Behold how it accentuates the extreme beauty of madame's shoulder! Ah, madame, it is so beautiful that it pierces me like a knife! Ah, ah! How it is extraordinary!"

Stirred by this outbreak, madame's friend and the other Gallic maiden would be obliged to hasten over to see what was happening.

"Behold, Hortense!" the first Gallic maiden would cry. "Behold that knot!"

As soon as Hortense's eyes had drunk in the spectacle they would blink rapidly and roll up into her head.

"Perfect!" she would cry. "Exquisite! Marvelous! Delicious! Magnificent! Sublime! Do not move, madame! The others must see this masterpiece with their own eyes!"

Thereupon all the other Gallic maidens in the house would be summoned to come and look. Each and every one would clasp her

One of the Dresses That are Trimmed With the Fashionable Monkey Fur

PHOTO, BY INTERNATIONAL

Another Paris Gown Caught by the Camera

hands and roll up her eyes and become almost hysterical over the knot—that master knot; that veritable king of knots; that celestial knot; that knot that caused the heart to swell and the tears to start from the eyes!

In order to clear the room it would almost be necessary to summon a squad of Roman legionaries to eject the knot worshipers.

Then the two Roman ladies would go out for a stroll in the direction of the Roman baths; and the one with the shoulder knot would cast a contented eye down at it, after which she would glance as though by accident at the male passers-by to see whether or not they were taking proper notice.

Having observed that they were, she would say to her companion with an air of perplexity, "There's something about this place. I don't know what it is, but there's something about it!"

And the other, with a vague air of discontent, would reply, "Yes, there's something about it. I'm going to get her to fix mine like that this afternoon."

These matters are odd and mysterious, and yet they are true. The ancient Gaul, forerunner of the modern Parisian, was an enthusiast in affairs that were brought to his attention. All things excited his imagination, and his imagination worked feverishly on things that pleased him. The Romans introduced hot baths and plumbing into Gaul, whereupon the Gauls invented soap. The Romans marched into Paris in heavy brass armor, and the Gauls proceeded to evolve chain mail, which permitted one to scratch himself when the occasion demanded. The Romans put fur rugs on the floors of their early Parisian houses; but the Gauls, after becoming wildly excited over the thought, stopped gabbling about it and doped out a method of making ornamental carpets. The Parisian of to-day, who is the descendant of the ancient Gaul, pursues and develops ideas with the same tireless energy. He looks for the best in everything, and then he sets to work on it and raves about it himself, and tears out his hair over it and rushes out in the street and begs everyone to look at it; and before he is through with it he has something that somebody else is also getting excited about.

Come with me to the Café de la Rotonde and I will show you an example. To reach the Café de la Rotonde you cross the Seine from new Paris into old Paris, and walk up the Boulevard Montparnasse; and just before you get to the Luxembourg Gardens you find it squatting comfortably on the corner and encouraging the most prominent and consequently the most peculiar-looking art students of the Latin Quarter to enter and have a shot of Marie Brizard Anisette or a little jolt of Quetsch de la Forêt Noire or about four fingers of Arquebuse des Frères Maristes or any of the many liquid specialties of the house.

There, lapping up green and lavender and pink and purple drinks, sit Fanchon and Mimi and Tricotine and Foulard and many other more or less piquant Latin Quarter models, accompanied by their artistic friends.

Fanchon Discovers the Perfect Ear

THE Latin Quarter students of 1921 look as bizarre and baroque, not to say nutty, as they did back in 1848 and 1881 and 1900. They don't seem to have changed at all. Some of them are certainly wearing the selfsame baggy trousers that were shown in the pictures of those bygone days, and a lot of them seem to have inherited heads of hair that ceased to have a speaking acquaintance with a comb as far back as 1776. They also wear the large black felt hats and the long, languishing, nauseated-looking neckties that have been a part of the trick equipment of countless Parisian art students ever since the year of the Big Fog. Large numbers of these students have a heaven-sent gift for arraying themselves in clothes that are perched proudly on the extreme height of the ridiculous. Even if they had the benefit of the advice of the most imaginative movie director it wouldn't be possible for them to don garments which had a greater comedy value. There was a Serbian artist hanging around the Café de la Rotonde the last time I was there. He was one of a little group of serious dressers who conformed to every standard of what they thought a Latin Quarter student ought to look like; and in addition to making himself up to look that way, he had added a number of details, so that he might also look like what he thought the Parisians thought a Serb artist ought to look like. He wore high tan cavalry boots, into which were tucked a pair of checked trousers of the most ferocious loudness. He wore a boiled shirt whose last boiling had taken place around the opening battle of the First Balkan War, a high stiff dress collar, a flowing red necktie with wearily drooping ends, a rusty cutaway coat edged with braid, a gray pancake-topped felt hat and a dark-green cape which hung rakishly from his shoulders. A monocle was screwed firmly into his right eye; he carried a cane whose handle was the stuffed head of a deceased toy dog; and the cost of getting his hair down to normal would have been all of three dollars. And there were lots of others just about as bad sitting around or drifting in and out.

Note, however, the working of the Gallic temperament. Spying an artist friend consuming mandarin or some other hair-raising drink at a corner table with Fanchon and Tricotine and a few others, one of these strange creatures, grotesque enough in his appearance to make the most blasé cab horse burst into ear-splitting laughter, drifts over to speak to him. He is duly presented to Tricotine and Fanchon and all the rest. Instead of fainting away or going into hysterics over his peculiarities, the young women examine him carefully over the edges of their glasses. Eventually the silence is broken by Fanchon.

"Regard," she orders—"regard the ear of monsieur!"

The ear is duly regarded by all present. Tricotine nods understandingly. "It is chic, that ear there," she admits simply.

"Chic!" exclaims Fanchon with a contemptuous snort for Tricotine's conservative opinion. "It is stunning! It leaves me wholly excited! Observe the color! Observe the shape most distinguished! Observe the refinement of its curve!"

"It is genteel, truly," declares Tricotine more warmly, having made a more careful study of the ear. "It is genuinely genteel, that ear."

"Genteel!" breathes Fanchon ecstatically. "It possesses a magnificence the most grand! I am pinched by it! I adore it! In all the world there is no other ear which approaches that ear!" Leaning across the table, Fanchon lays hold of the ear and looks wistfully into the eyes of its owner. "Monsieur," she says tenderly, "my heart is wrung by your beautiful ear!"

"It is nothing," says monsieur deprecatingly.

"Truly," protests Tricotine, "it is a sweet ear!"

"Blind yourself to that ear!" cries Fanchon venomously to Tricotine. "It is my ear! I have discovered it!" She crawls around the table or under the table or over the table and settles herself comfortably by the side of the gentleman whose ear is under discussion. "Never," says she firmly, "shall this exquisite ear leave my sight! Without it I would go mad. Therefore you shall be my cabbage stump and I shall be your small double cabbage, but yes?"

The Subtleties of Gallic Genius

THE men that these young women meet may possess faces that would, as the saying goes, stop a clock; but since the young women are Parisian, they are always able to find something worthy of admiration—something worthy of being developed and exploited and expatiated on—about the faces. If it isn't the ear it's the shape of the nose or the method of combing the hair or the brilliancy of the teeth or the extreme gentility of the upper lip.

Such is and always has been the Gallic temperament—to rejoice in trifles; to elaborate small things into great things; to cook a fish in such a way that kings burst into tears over it and load the cook with honors and decorations; to grow and develop a beard whose magnificent contours rival the formal shapes of the clipped hedges and boxwood trees of Europe's mossiest palaces; to manufacture a cheese whose odor causes other cheese odors to sicken and fade into retirement.

Whatever the French touch they alter subtly. On the whole, the alterations seem to meet with everybody's approval, for the pages of European history are handsomely speckled with accounts of persons who were willing to hock everything from the crown jewels to their winter underwear in order to reach Paris. At the very beginning of European affairs we find Julius Cæsar devoting eight years of his life to getting there; while the more recent pages of history give some space to the many expensive but overripe devices adopted by Messrs. William and Frederick Hohenzollern, Von Kluck and Hindenburg in an attempt to reach the same goal. The late Attila had a passionate craving to travel the Paris road as far back as the year 451, but stubbed his toe at the Marne; the Normans fought for years for the privilege of settling down to some steady drinking on the Boul' Mich'; the Arabs almost broke their necks in attempting to make the grade; and no Russian grand duke, in the days when duking was a recognized pursuit, ever considered that his duking was a success until he had blown in several million dollars' worth of pre-war currency on Paris' activities. South American millionaires flock to Paris in the same way that men who have retired from business flock to the nerve specialists, while every Parisian hotel porter develops a sore throat once a month from the frequency with which he informs Americans and Englishmen that their room will be ready to occupy at five o'clock in ze evuning.

A few of the subtle alterations imposed by the Parisians on various products and forms of endeavor are popular only with themselves. For example, they have developed the art of numbering the houses on a long street to such a point that an American, in striving to locate a given number, is more than likely to become so enraged that he will suffer an apoplectic seizure. In order to have evolved some of their street-numbering systems many of the most brilliant Parisian mathematicians must have sat up for many nights in succession. Their efforts have been rewarded, for no ordinary brain can understand

(Continued on Page 50)

PHOTOS. FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK CITY

The Latest Parisian Fashions Seen at the Longchamp Races
Above—A French Beauty Who Revels in Monkey Fur

TOO MUCH SPEED

By Byron Morgan

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

PRETTY work, Pat," complimented Billy Dawson. "You certainly chucked in your monkey wrench at the psychological moment."

Old Patrick McMurran's gaunt shoulders squared a bit defiantly.

"Nonsense!" he rumbled. "Can't anything happen around this town without you blaming me for it?"

"Nothing that spells trouble for Tyler Hellis and the Ronado Motor Company," laughed the automobile editor of the Morning Report. Dawson believed, as did thousands of other racing fans that morning, that the published announcement of the resignation of Tyler Hellis' star racing driver, Dusty Rhoades, from the Ronado team to wed Old Patrick McMurran's daughter was positive proof that the grizzled old motor manufacturer was planning a return of his Pakro cars to the racing game.

"It does look as though I had upset Hellis' apple cart for the Vanderbilt Cup Race," Old Pat admitted, a half triumphant expression creeping into his keen black eyes. "Especially as Hellis thought he had the South American order hooked."

"What's that?" asked Dawson, suddenly alert. "What order?"

The old man smiled tolerantly, a trifle suspiciously.

"Why, don't you know that José Coronado and a bunch of South American motor dealers are coming to Los Angeles for the Vanderbilt race?" he asked. "It's rumored they're going to select an American car for distribution in their territories. Say, you're some reporter! Where've you been?"

The newspaper man whistled in amazement. "Great Pete, no wonder Hellis is pawing the air and hollering for fight!" he ejaculated, ignoring the old man's friendly jibe. "Now I understand why everybody's betting that you're coming back into the racing game with Dusty Rhoades behind the wheel of a Pakro in the Vanderbilt."

"Nothing doing!" Old Pat shook his head emphatically. "I need that South American business darned bad, but I'm not going to win it on the race track. My Pakros are through—absolutely through. So is Dusty—if he marries my daughter."

The reporter grinned skeptically.

"You mean to tell me," he demanded incredulously, "that you're going to pass up a chance for a half million dollars' worth of business and a tailor-made opportunity to square all the lickings that Hellis has handed your Pakros? That you've quit the game—licked?"

The old man's jaw tightened and his eyes hardened as though each word had been a barb jabbed into his soul. In the years his Pakro cars had been in the racing game they had rolled up a staggering list of defeats that was as long or longer than the Ronado's record of brilliant victories. They had become the joke of the speedways, the target for every sporting writer's subtle humor. For not once in all those years had a Pakro car finished better than fourth place—and many, many times they had not finished at all.

"Yes," Old Pat muttered slowly, "I've quit—licked. What's more, I'm going to stay licked."

"With a star racing driver in your family? Say, that's good! Why, Dusty's the greatest driver in the game! He ——"

"No more racing, Billy."

"But for heaven's sake, why?"

A heavy silence fell upon the office. Old Pat sat heavily back in his chair and stared at his desk, his expression steely grim, as though the door to some jealously guarded room of his soul had been ruthlessly pried open. Finally he shoved back his chair, walked slowly across the office and pulled aside the curtain of the little glass door that opened into the garage.

"I'll Teach That Kid a Lesson!" He Bellowed, Diving for the Box Entrance

"Know that boy?" he demanded grimly, pointing out into the shop.

In one corner of the plant a mechanic, a little oldish-looking fellow, his body permanently twisted so that one shoulder stood some inches higher than the other, was limping about as he inspected a car.

"Jimmy Rodman!" breathed the newspaper man incredulously. "Why—why, I haven't heard from him since that crash at Indianapolis two years ago! Let's see, he was driving your Pakro, wasn't he?"

"Yes"—the word was almost a whisper—"my last race."

The reporter nodded thoughtfully. With startling vividness his mind, like the uncoiling of a tightly wound spring, had snapped back to visualize a scene from the past. Beside a brick-paved speedway stood a huge grand stand—a thunderous bedlam of race-crazed humanity. Below, on the track, a score of roaring, plunging, brilliant-hued monsters. Suddenly a mighty cheer spilled down as three cars, closely bunched, swept past. Then a moment of sudden awed silence, a low vibrant moan as though of a winter's wind in a great forest—and a shuddering crash, and then the scene that would forever be engraved on his memory. A hundred frantic hands tugging at a mass of twisted, smoking metal that but a moment before had been a living, throbbing thing. The clang-clang of an ambulance. A form lifted tenderly within. And afterwards he had stood there for hours, it seemed, staring at that shattered heap of metal on the side of which, above the word "Pakro," was painted in white against a background of red the numeral "9."

"Zeeker's Ronado crowded him," a voice behind him had insisted. "He ——"

The rest had been lost in the cheer that rolled skyward as Hawks, in another Ronado, his path to victory cleared by the crash of Jimmy Rodman's Pakro, had flashed past the gaudy black-and-white-checkered flag.

The reporter started as Old Pat's hand dropped heavily on his shoulder.

"That's why I'm through racing," the old man rumbled. "I wouldn't have a Pakro in the Vanderbilt for all South America's import business. No man has a moral right to build a thing that will tempt other men to hurl their lives away."

He dropped the curtain and turned back into the office.

"Now," he remarked, forcing a lighter note into his voice, "if you want to make a fortune hustle out and cover every bet that's offered on a Pakro being in the Vanderbilt."

Dawson shook his head.

"I wouldn't risk a dime on it," he returned emphatically, edging towards the door. "A racing man is like a ball player. They thrive on the cheers and the spectacular—and they never quit."

Abruptly Old Pat's rugged face flooded an angry purple. He opened his mouth for a hot retort, caught sight of a young giant just disembarking from a car at the curb by the simple method of leaping over the side, and his wrath departed.

"All right," he growled; "if you won't believe me, ask Dusty."

He hurried out to meet the cyclonic young man who breezed into the salesroom.

"Hello, Glooms!" laughed Dusty. "You two fighting again?"

Briefly Old Pat explained the case. Dusty shook his head with mock solemnity.

"That's straight, Billy," he agreed. "No more racing. I've signed for the Matrimonial Handicap."

The old man's facial muscles tightened into a triumphant grin. He flashed the reporter a look that said plainer than words, "Guess that settles it, you smart Aleck!"

"Going to be some race, eh?" asked Dawson by way of retreat.

Dusty's eyes lighted up as though some slumbering fire that burned eternally within his soul had been suddenly fanned.

"Wildest ever," he agreed. "I just bet Howdy Zeeker that he wouldn't be within ten laps of the leader at the finish. Now I've got to dope out some way to speed up Rube Dutton's old Renco so Zeeker won't win my money. Guess I'd better tell old Jimmy the news."

He slapped the reporter solidly between the shoulders and charged back into the garage. Billy Dawson shrugged his shoulders, then cleared his throat wickedly.

"And you think that boy's through racing?" he taunted. "Well, take my advice and lock him up until after the Vanderbilt."

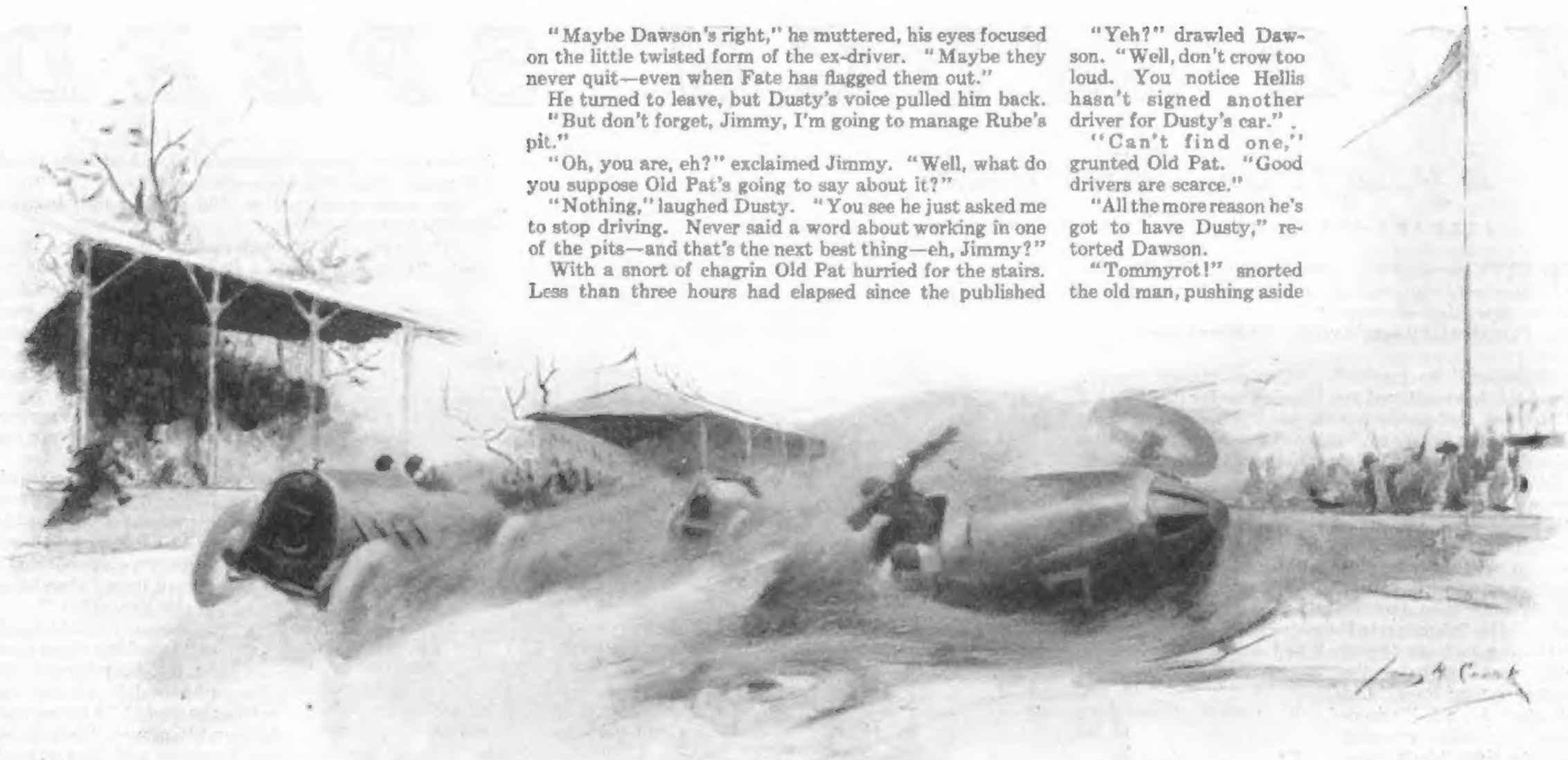
"Go to the devil!" snorted Old Pat as he slammed the office door.

Deep furrows came into Old Pat's forehead with Dawson's departure. The reporter's grinning cocksureness, together with Dusty's open enthusiasm, had aroused a vague uneasiness, an indefinable doubt. Could Dawson be right? he wondered. Was there some tie—some unbreakable bond—that held men to their allotted tasks?

With startling detail he recalled how many retired business men of his acquaintance had returned to their desks to finish the great fight; how many racing drivers he knew of had come out of their retirement for just one more race.

The old man jammed his hands deep into his pockets and paced back and forth across the office. What was the fascination that held men to the racing game—that brought them back again and again until death fluttered the checkered flag? He stopped abruptly beside his desk to stare with softening eyes at the little oval-framed photograph of a dark-haired, level-eyed young goddess.

"That kid will quit racing or he'll never marry you, hon," the man muttered with grim finality in his tone. "You're going to have an honest chance for happiness."



Then a Moment of Sudden Awed Silence, a Low Vibrant Moan as Though of a Winter's Wind in a Great Forest—and a Shuddering Crash

For a long while the old man's eyes were cold and stern. Then, presently, as though reaching a decision, he yanked open the door, marched across the salesroom and climbed slowly to the second floor of the agency. Beside a tarpaulin-shrouded car in a dim corner he hesitated a moment; then with a defiant gesture flung back the dust-laden cover to reveal the graceful lines of a racing machine on the side of which was painted in white against a background of red the word "Pakro."

With one foot resting on a wheel hub and his chin cradled in his cupped palm, he gazed fixedly at the silent giant of the speedways as though to read in its powerful bulk the answer to his problem. And about his mouth were drawn lines of resolution that seemed to dare this mechanical disciple of the goddess Speed to recast its spell over him—the spell that had lashed him on through those endless years of heartbreaking defeat.

The car, beneath the thick coating of dust and cobwebs, was grease-smeared, just as it had come from its last race—the race in which its mate, the ill-fated Number 9, had met disaster.

"Certainly I'll never sell the car," Old Pat had answered all inquiries as to the disposition of the sole survivor of his racing team. "A Pakro will never again be seen on any speedway, and I can't be sure of that if I sell the car."

So for more than two years this powerful monster of the track had stood blocked and tarpaulined and dust-covered in the dim corner, neglected and untouched by the express orders of Old Pat.

Gradually the old man moved a bit closer to the car, and slowly a glint of pride crept into his eyes.

"We'd have won that last time," he muttered hoarsely, "if we'd had an honest break." Then his facial muscles tautened sharply. "Damn Hellis and his crooked tactics!" he rasped. "Some day I'll ——"

He leaned over to peer inside the cowl, and a startled exclamation rose to his lips. The driver's seat and cord-wrapped steering wheel were as free from dust as though used that day. A long minute the old man stood scowling perplexedly. It was incredible, uncanny—that carefully dusted seat and wheel amid the cobwebs. Then suddenly his eyes narrowed suspiciously.

"Jimmy!" he breathed, his mind abruptly reverting back to Billy Dawson's philosophy.

He dropped the curtain over the car, walked back to the skylight and looked down into the garage. Jimmy Rodman, hunched up on the running board of a car, was arguing excitedly with Dusty.

"You haven't the slightest chance to win that bet," Jimmy was insisting vehemently. "Rube Dutton hasn't a look-in against the rest of that bunch of taxi drivers who call themselves racing drivers. Why," he exclaimed disgustedly, "I could take that old bus upstairs and trim the whole lot of 'em. By gad, I did once—almost," he added, a note of pride in his voice.

The old man leaned heavily against the guard rail. With distinct clearness he recalled Dawson's philosophy: "A racing man is like a ball player. They thrive on the cheers and the spectacular—and they never quit."

"Maybe Dawson's right," he muttered, his eyes focused on the little twisted form of the ex-driver. "Maybe they never quit—even when Fate has flagged them out."

He turned to leave, but Dusty's voice pulled him back.

"But don't forget, Jimmy, I'm going to manage Rube's pit."

"Oh, you are, eh?" exclaimed Jimmy. "Well, what do you suppose Old Pat's going to say about it?"

"Nothing," laughed Dusty. "You see he just asked me to stop driving. Never said a word about working in one of the pits—and that's the next best thing—eh, Jimmy?"

With a snort of chagrin Old Pat hurried for the stairs. Less than three hours had elapsed since the published announcement of Dusty's retirement, yet already that young man's fertile brain had evolved a scheme to make it merely a transfer of his energies from a driver's seat to a job as pit manager—a safer post, still one of dangerous possibilities. The old man's jaw tightened. How long would a fellow with Dusty's pep and a three-A racing driver's card in his overalls pocket be content to play the obscure part of pit manager?

"I'll nail that scheme," he muttered, dropping weightily into his chair to paw over the papers on his desk.

Presently he sorted out a square yellow envelope. With a grunt of recognition he pulled out the printer's proof of the invitation to the wedding of Virginia Louise McMurran and Dustin Wellington Rhoades. Swiftly his gaze focused on the date—"October twenty-second."

"And that's just one week later than the Vanderbilt race," he mused. "And Virginia and Dusty are going to Honolulu on their honeymoon."

With a whimsical fire blazing up in his eyes he reached for a pencil and deliberately scratched a heavy black line through the date. Under it he wrote "October second," after which he thrust the proof into the return envelope and pressed the buzzer under his desk.

"Rush this over to Hadley's," he instructed the boy. "And tell them the invitations are to be mailed direct from their office. I'll send the addresses to-morrow."

"Now, Mr. Billy Dawson," he rumbled, settling back contentedly, "I've kicked a hole a mile wide in your philosophy. I'd like to see Dusty persuade Virginia to postpone her wedding date!"

II

BY THE morning of October second, the day of the wedding, Old Pat was his old-time good-natured self. His plan had worked to perfection. The printer, remembering certain promises of future business from the Pakro Motor Company, had very obligingly shouldered the entire blame for the mix-up in the invitation dates.

"Funny what a woman's superstition and a little old-fashioned thinking will do, eh, Billy?" Old Pat grinned at Dawson, who had dropped into the office. "Now Dusty will be well on his way to Honolulu the day of the Vanderbilt."

"Yeh?" drawled Dawson. "Well, don't crow too loud. You notice Hellis hasn't signed another driver for Dusty's car."

"Can't find one," grunted Old Pat. "Good drivers are scarce."

"All the more reason he's got to have Dusty," retorted Dawson.

"Tommyrot!" snorted the old man, pushing aside the last of the important correspondence that had brought him into town on this eventful day. "Hope Dusty isn't late," he muttered, glancing a bit nervously at his watch.

But the bridegroom-to-be was on time to the minute. It was exactly 10:30 when the big black immaculately polished Pakro limousine, which later was to convey the bridal party to the depot, purred out Vermont Avenue and swung into the Los Feliz Road on the way to Old Pat's country estate in La Canada Valley.

Old Pat lounged contentedly against the cushions, guardedly appraising the young man in the opposite seat corner. Much as Old Pat himself disliked the stiff, formal garb of polite society, he was forced to admit that Dusty looked unusually well in his silk hat and ultracut morning coat—more like a prosperous young business man than a renowned dare-devil of the speedways. And his manner, too, had changed. The devil-may-care glint had left his eyes and his expression was less turbulent. It recalled to Old Pat's mind a certain magazine article he had read entitled The Psychology of Clothes.

"Must be something to that nonsense after all," he mused to himself.

Gradually Old Pat became conscious of the low powerful throb of a fast-driven motor that seemed to be overhauling them. He turned sideways, lifted the curtain from the small rear window and glanced back. Around a turn swept into view the unmistakable lines of a Ronado radiator. Swiftly the car overtook the slower-traveling Pakro.

"Tyler Hellis," muttered Old Pat, identifying the elegantly dressed florid-faced individual draped behind the Ronado wheel.

Then the old man did a peculiar thing—a thing utterly foreign to his nature. As the Ronado slowed to pass the limousine the old man leaned forward, caught Hellis' eye and grinned—grinned the most triumphant grin that he could muster.

The effect on Tyler Hellis, already aroused by the painful sight of his former star driver riding serenely to his wedding and forever beyond the possibility of a line on the Ronado pay roll, was violent and instantaneous. He jerked his figure bolt upright, shot his car sharply across in front of the Pakro, edged over on the dirt strip beside the bumpy concrete pavement and kicked open his cut-out at the same instant he jammed down the throttle. Forthwith the immaculately polished limousine disappeared in an enveloping cloud of gray-black dust.

Dusty, His Jaw Set Belligerently, Had Rammed His Hat Down on His

"Suffering mackerel!" grumbled Old Pat, waving aside the grimy murk that filtered into the car. "But that ——"

His voice died in a surprised gurgle. Dusty, his jaw set belligerently, had rammed his hat down on his ears, snapped open the door and was edging his way along the running board towards the driver's seat; and before Old Pat could catch his shocked power of speech the heavy limousine, with Dusty at the wheel, had plunged wildly into the dust cloud in the wake of the Ronado.

"Stop it!" bellowed Old Pat into the speaking tube that terminated in a horn at Dusty's ear. "What did I tell you about this speed business? Step on that brake or I'll ——"

A terrific lunge skyward tore the speaking tube from his grasp and hurled him into the opposite corner. With a resounding whack his head struck the window casing.

"Of all the blithering, dad-gasted, crazy speed idiots!" he howled, making an ineffectual grab for the speaking tube or anything else that would anchor his person to some definite spot in the tonneau, which had suddenly become a heaving, glass-walled show case on a dust-fogged sea. And never before had Old Pat so sincerely appreciated the quality of the upholstering he put into his Pakro cars.

Miles fled rearward, but still Dusty, his lips pinched together doggedly, hurled the limousine blindly ahead into the impenetrable cloud that swirled and eddied behind the flying Ronado.

Only once did Old Pat remain physically stationary long enough to glare fiercely at the back of Dusty's silk hat where it had been hopelessly crushed against the glass cross partition, and to mutter some incoherent phrase about young fools who wrote articles on subjects they didn't understand—The Psychology of Clothes, for example. But the next instant the Pakro plunged into another series of chuck holes, and Old Pat's position, likewise his thoughts, were hurriedly and very forcibly changed.

After that, if he remained for any appreciable period of time in one spot Old Pat did not recall it. He crouched on the floor, his arms locked tightly around his knees, and his body skidding back and forth, around and around, like a drunken tenpin on a bowling alley suddenly stricken with St. Vitus' dance.

How and when would this mad race end? Old Pat asked himself. That was the one sweet thought that brightened the stormy hour. Somewhere, sometime, this wild hurricane must stop. Then would come the reckoning. Old Pat thrust out his jaw. That reckoning, he grimly promised himself, was going to be interesting.

But the end came a bit more violently than Old Pat had expected. The heavy limousine plunged blindly into a sharp right-angle curve, skidded, missed the turn and ended its meteoric flight with a nose dive into one of Glendale's choicest vacant lots.

"Now you've raised thunder, you—you scatterbrained young speed nut!" flamed Old Pat, poking an expectant finger into various parts of his anatomy and seeming actually disappointed to find nothing broken.

"Oh, have a heart!" protested Dusty. "You started it all with that dirty look you gave Hellis."

"Oh, I did, eh?" roared Old Pat. "Well, I'm going to start something else. Your engagement to my daughter ends right here and now!"

"W-w-what?" gasped Dusty. "You—you mean that—that you're going to stop the wedding? Just—just because of that little race?"

"Little race, hell! Any man who can't curb his speed tendencies long enough to get married ought to be in jail."

"But—but, listen here, Pat!" pleaded Dusty, hardly able to grasp the disaster that had overtaken him. "You're not really serious! You—you can't stop the wedding this late! Why ——"

"I can't, eh?" stormed the old man. "Well, you just watch my smoke!"

"But think of the guests!" argued Dusty desperately.

"Hang the guests! It's my daughter's happiness I'm thinking about."

"Virginia will never stand for it!" cut back Dusty, heating up.

"Oh, yes, she will!" the old man promised grimly. "Virginia's got some sense. She isn't a rattle-brained speed fiend. Now you trot back to Hellis, young man, and get your old job back. You've got too much speed for me."

Dusty's eyes blazed.

"Oh, I have, eh?" he yelled, fired by Old Pat's seeming unreasonableness. "Well, I'll show you some real speed—more than you ever saw before. And I'll make you like it, you—you moss-backed, caterpillar-geared old snail!"

But Old Pat, his crumpled hat pulled pugnaciously over his eyes, was trudging down the street toward the motor-bus station.

"Smart Aleck!" he muttered. Then presently one corner of his mouth twitched ever so slightly. "Br-r-r!" he rumbled. "That kid's a scrapper. He'd have trimmed Hellis if—well, we'll see, we'll see!"

III

FOR several days preceding the great Vanderbilt Cup Race the excited motor rialto had been agog over a most irritating mystery. Dusty Rhoades had failed to enter the big race. What was more, he had dropped from sight as effectively as though the Pacific Ocean had rolled over him. The wise ones of the speed fraternity had smiled knowingly.

"Better ask Old Patrick McMurran," they suggested.

But contrary to their belief, Old Pat was just as puzzled—and a good bit more worried. Although he would not admit it, Dusty's threat had caused him more than a little uneasiness. Secretly he had conducted a fruitless search for the young man.

Openly he had insisted: "Oh, he'll turn up for the Vanderbilt, never fear! All that kid cares for is speed and applause."

But Dusty had not turned up, and as the day of the race had drawn nearer, with still no word of the missing young man, the lines of doubt about the old man's mouth had deepened. Now, one brief hour before the starting time of the big race, he sat hunched up over his desk in the deserted Pakro agency and scanned and rescanned the last-minute news of the event. Nowhere was Dusty's name mentioned.

"That kid's up to something," the old man muttered. "I wish to thunder I knew what."

He got up, banged the office door and tramped restlessly about the silent salesroom. Everybody in town, it seemed, was down at Santa Monica, where shortly the palm-bordered aristocratic streets would be transformed into a roaring inferno of speed-mad conflict. Virginia, too, was there—had engaged a box in the grand stand and invited Billy Dawson and several other friends. But contrary to custom, she had not tried to persuade him to go.

The old man leaned against a car, puffing speculatively on his cigar. For the past several days he had had a pretty definite suspicion that Virginia knew quite a bit of Dusty's plans.

His subtle hints, however, had failed to elicit any information, and Old Pat disliked openly to question her. For since a memorable scene shortly following the crash of the limousine on Glendale's righteous street Dusty's name had become a forbidden subject of conversation. But Virginia had made it plain that, despite her antagonism to his plan of disciplining Dusty, she contemplated no open rebellion.

And how gamely she had kept the truce, Old Pat reflected. Only a few days ago she had danced into his office like her old-time happy self, perched on his desk and thrust a filled-in bill of sale and a certified check into his hands, exclaiming proudly: "Oh, daddy, I've sold a car, and now I want the commission check you promised."

The old man smiled softly at the memory. He had pinched her cheek, signed the bill of sale without examining it and sent her to the cashier for her well-earned commission.

For several minutes Old Pat stood staring out of the window, whistling softly between his teeth. If only that bill of sale had been a certain contract for the South American agencies! He hauled a crumpled telegram from his pocket and for the twentieth time re-read it.

"According to your instructions, factory will temporarily close on the fifteenth." It was signed "Williams." Williams was the general manager of the Indianapolis factory.

The old man's gaze strayed to the clock over the information desk. In a few brief hours the checkered flag, whipping before a thundering racing car, would be an open sesame to the South American business for some lucky motor manufacturer. And presently the old man, staring at the clock, found his memory slipping back to the many, many times he had crouched in the Pakro pit on just such a day as this, his figure incased in a suit of grimy overalls, stop watch clenched in his greasy paw and his eyes glued to the track where his cars awaited the starter's signal. Oh, those had been glorious starts—heart-tingling, hope-inspiring beginnings!

"This is our day," Jimmy Rodman would signal from his car. "We'll win to-day sure."

And then the misery, the heartache of watching his beloved cars limping around the track miles behind the leaders, hopelessly beaten.

After a moment the old man found himself stamping heroically upon a rebellious impulse to rush to the phone, call a taxi and dash down to Santa Monica. Maybe there would be an ironical pleasure in watching some other fellow's car get licked. Maybe it would help to quench the fire in his breast that at times seemed unbearable. Maybe the beaten cars would be Tyler Hellis' mighty Ronados that had so many times humbled his Pakros.

But, instead, the old man clenched his cigar firmly between his teeth and climbed heavily to the second floor. In the dim light the tarpaulin-shrouded car loomed white and ghostly.

"If we'd only won just once!" he muttered, a far-away look in his eyes as he gazed at the old racer. "If we'd licked 'em just once!"

Then with a resolute squaring of his shoulders he turned away without lifting the cover. But as he turned his hand struck some strange object that protruded from the front of the radiator. He stopped suddenly, ran his hand over the canvas, and his lips puckered in a surprised whistle. He seized the cover and flung it back. There on the blocks where should have rested the graceful crimson-painted racing car was a naked stripped-down Pakro stock-car chassis.

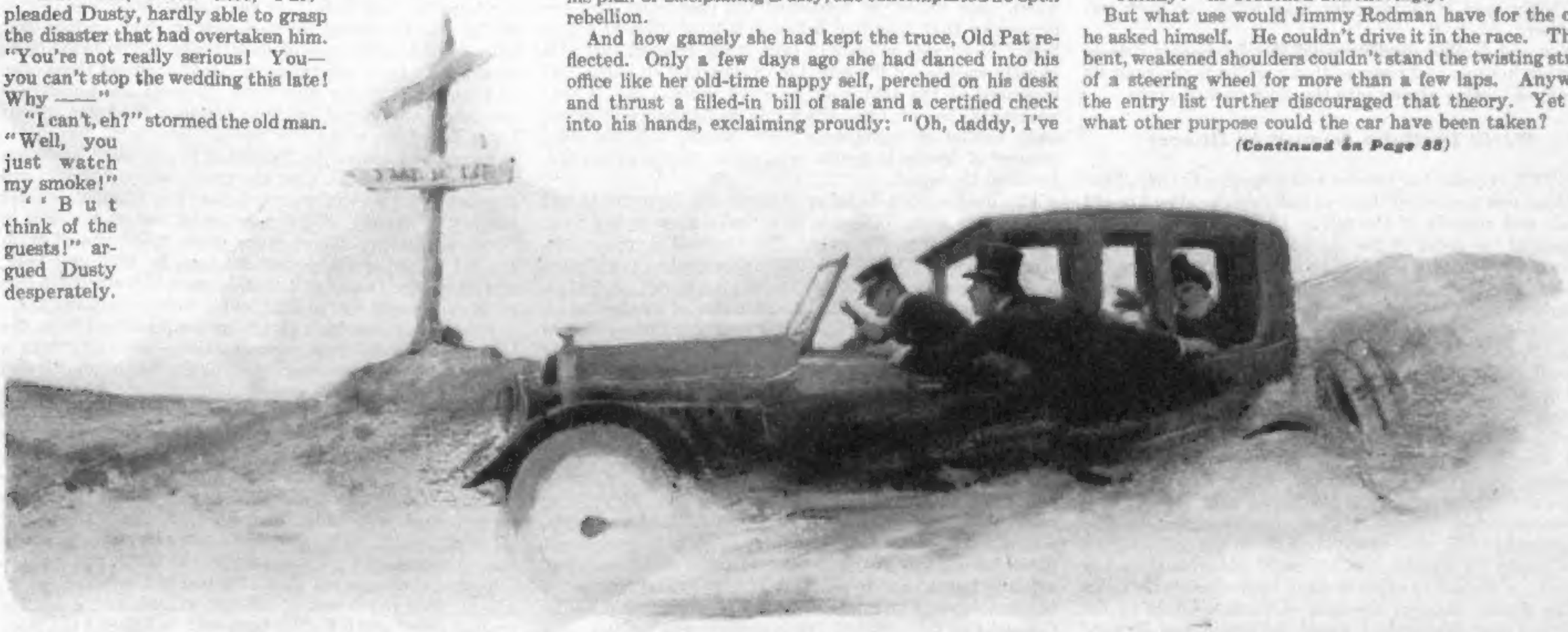
With a deep, suspicious snort Old Pat flung himself downstairs, grabbed the morning paper and ran his finger down the entry list for the race. No, there was no mysterious nom de plume there under which his Pakro might be hidden. He reached for the telephone, gave the police department's number, then hung up before receiving an answer.

Abruptly his mind had recorded a forgotten fact—the dustless seat and steering wheel he had noticed several weeks previous.

"Jimmy!" he breathed unbelievingly.

But what use would Jimmy Rodman have for the car? he asked himself. He couldn't drive it in the race. Those bent, weakened shoulders couldn't stand the twisting strain of a steering wheel for more than a few laps. Anyway, the entry list further discouraged that theory. Yet for what other purpose could the car have been taken?

(Continued on Page 88)



Ears, Snapped Open the Door and Was Edging His Way Along the Running Board Towards the Driver's Seat

Typhus—the Camp Follower

By WOODS HUTCHINSON, M. D.

HOW many of you can remember when it was considered dudish and stuck up to sport a nightshirt? But would it ever have entered into your wildest dreams to imagine that that bashful and elegant article of apparel was preparing to wipe out of existence one of the deadliest and most devouring plagues in all history? A great part this pestilence has played in history. Its real name is typhus, given it by the Father of Medicine himself, Hippocrates, in the fifth century before Christ, from the Greek word meaning "smoke" or "mist," on account of the drowsy, foggy expression of the patient's face. But ravaging, after the manner of most famous criminals, under a score of different aliases—war fever, jail fever, famine fever, ship fever, spotted fever, winter fever—it has swept away its millions every generation for the last twenty-five hundred years, fiercely defying every attempt at cure or curbing, to be finally conquered and brought to naught by a couple of yards of flannelette and a bar of soap.

PHOTO. BY KING BROS., PHILADELPHIA

The Interior of a U. S. Army Purification Truck. Above—A Train of the Sanitary Corps' Trucks on the Road

Few of us live to die a natural death of old age by the gradual decay and decline of our powers. The chief reason why we don't is a marauding swarm of vicious little vegetables and tiny but ferocious animals, bloodthirsty bacteria and piratical protozoa, who, like the devil of Scripture, go about like a roaring lion seeking whom they may devour.

Life is just one perpetual duel with these microscopic millions, these invisible assassins, who are on the job every living moment. The instant that our resistance weakens they leap over our lowered guard and dash up our nostrils or down our throats like flying sparks, to kindle that consuming fire which we call fever. Eight times out of ten our body fire department quenches the flames and we recover, but the scars and scorch marks remain to go with us to our graves, often in fact to carry us there. This it is that makes us old, and our age is determined, not by the years that have passed over our heads but by the colds that have passed through them. The Three Fates, the three dread sisters, Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos, who set the span and cut the thread of human life, are famine, pestilence and war, and the greatest of these is pestilence. It finishes what the others but begin, and is far deadlier than either, or both put together.

War and famine merely crowd the defenseless masses together in camp and town so that pestilence can pour its stream of blazing arrows into the close-packed ranks.

World Destinies Swayed by Disease

FEVER cripples the powers and strangles the life of nations just as it does those of individuals. The age-old puzzle and tragedy of the fall of the grandeur that was Rome and the decay of the glory that was Greece are now blamed upon neither the decline of racial fertility nor the invasions of the conquering barbarian hordes, but upon malaria and jungle fever, brought back from Africa by the conquering legions—captives which they did not lead in chains behind their chariots, in their triumphal processions through the Forum, but which they bore in their spleens and in the marrow of their bones instead, where they proceeded to avenge their country's wrongs with deadliest effectiveness. Like dead Polonius in Hamlet, the feasting and triumphant heroes of the African wars were at a banquet, not where they did eat, but where they were eaten, a royal convocation of plasmodia were e'en at them.

Our particular plague, typhus, cannot claim the distinction of having snuffed out civilization like malaria, but as a molder of history it is far more powerful than any dynasty or culture or other work of man whatever. Twice it has almost changed the fate of Europe—once in the Thirty Years' War, which raged backward and forward across Central Europe until it is estimated that the population had been reduced from thirty millions to less than thirteen!

Such a tremendous and lasting impression did this depopulation make that there are towns in Germany to-day which have never yet recovered the population and the prosperity that they had before this fatal third of a century. Naturally one would take it for granted that this ghastly wastage of life was due to slaughter in battle and massacre at the taking of besieged cities. But it was nothing of the sort, for in the whole thirty years only about sixty battles of importance were fought, and the total number of deaths in battle or in sieges was less than five hundred thousand.

Famine from the burning of crops and farmsteads and the driving away of herds and flocks slew at least ten times as many as the sword, but the real scythe of the grim reaper which mowed down the wretched population in swaths was typhus, which finished the work that famine had begun, and earned its dread name of famine fever. Very few human beings die of actual starvation. When their resisting powers are weakened about so far by lack of food, some merciful pestilence steps in and puts them out of their misery, most commonly either typhus, typhoid, dysentery or septic pneumonia.

The other time when typhus played the *deus ex machina* and swayed the destinies of the world was in the fatal Russian campaign of Napoleon. This tragic disaster, which shattered his dreams of empire and sent him reeling back to defeat, was due neither to the Russian armies, which after one battle, Borodino, most judiciously kept out of harm's way until after the retreat from Moscow had actually begun, nor to shortage of supplies on account of the wasting and burning of the whole countryside by the Cossacks as they retired, for Napoleon was far too old a campaigner to depend in the least upon the enemy country for supplies, and his commissariat service was as superb as his generalship. Still less was it due to the horrors of exposure to the blizzards and sleet of a Russian winter without shelter, on account of the burning of Moscow, as solemnly stated in many of those curious collections of fairy tales which we term histories. How this peculiarly asinine myth ever attained credence enough to get into print baffles the imagination, for the simple reason that the shattered and broken remains of that once high-spirited and magnificent army crossed the Beresina into Poland at the end of their fatal retreat in late November, barely two weeks after the beginning of the cold weather.

General Cootie

THE real conqueror of Napoleon was neither the Russian generals nor the icy shafts of winter nor the wrath of the Almighty, but a contemptible and disreputable little insect whose name is never mentioned in polite society, carrying in its stomach a still tinier parasite, now known as the *Rickettsia Prowazeki*.

In other words Napoleon's famous grenadiers, his matchless cavalry and his superb infantry of the line melted like snow before the morning sun under a furious onslaught of typhus fever, which burst out among them like a devouring flame, with a mortality of nearly 70 per cent, before they were more than halfway to Moscow. No Russian army ever yet had a decent supply of either food or ammunition, but it always had plenty of lice, and is patriotically willing to leave a supply of them behind to do its fighting for it. Long before they even came in sight of Moscow the French army was simply swarming with infected lice and rotten with typhus, and when Napoleon decided to go into winter quarters at Moscow he discovered that over half his strength was already either dead or on the sick list—according to Toll, out of 420,000 men, barely 95,000 were fit to fight—and his surgeons assured him that at that rate he wouldn't have a single brigade left fit for duty by spring. Russia's ablest general and best defender is the cootie, and by a curious coincidence the same useful little insect that protected her from Napoleon is the only agency in sight that seems likely to save her from the Bolsheviki. It has already killed one or two of the worst criminal lunatics among their leaders, and with the able assistance of cholera and plague bids fair to waken from their nightmare of misgovernment those sane and decent Russians who have survived the murderous massacres engineered by that precious graduate of our lower East Side, who is the Soviet Minister of War.

From the days of the Pyramids to the early Victorian Age typhus raged all over the world unchecked and unconquerable. Up to the early forties and fifties of the last century it was one of the commonest causes of death in Western Europe. There were fierce epidemics of it in Ireland following the potato famines, in 1832 and 1846, and there were two brisk little epidemics of it started in this country, brought by the Irish immigrants in 1846 and 1847.

It was a typical high fever—as distinguished from the low fevers, typhoid and consumption—beginning with a sudden chill, high temperature, backache, headache and severe prostration, followed on the fourth or fifth day by a striking dusky mottled eruption all over the body, which had a curious marbled or dappled appearance and persisted after death and gave it one of its common names, spotted fever, or, as the Spaniards and Mexicans picturesquely call it, *tabardillo*, the red cloak of death. The patient rapidly became drowsy, with the dull, stupid facial expression which gave the disease its name, his body tissues were literally burned up by the fever, and he rapidly wasted away until about the end of the second week, when either the forces of Nature rallied and a sudden profuse sweat and fall of his temperature brought the crisis and recovery, or else the delirium and wasting went rapidly

from bad to worse, until they ended in the sleep which knows no waking. The mortality was anywhere from 15 to 25 per cent, but in the Middle Ages or in the times of famine or war would frequently reach the appalling level of 50 and even 70 per cent, which last was duplicated again, only the other day, so to speak, in Serbia.

Bitterly familiar as it was and thoroughly as its course and history were known, so that the merest family doctor could recognize it at sight, not even an intelligent guess was made as to its cause and the method of its spread. Because of its notorious fondness for crowded camps and closely packed barracks and reeking tenements, with their accompanying stenches of crowding and uncleanliness, it was believed to be spread by bad odors and poisonous vapors. One of the remedies against it was to tie over the nostrils a sponge soaked in spiced vinegar, or to burn feathers and scrapings of stag's horn in one's rooms, while in later centuries tobacco smoke was counted a prophylactic.

One can scarce wonder at this naïve belief in view of its most celebrated historic performance, under the alias of jail fever, in the famous Black Assize at Oxford in 1577. The jail was directly under the court room, undrained, unventilated, without even a shadow of sanitary equipment, and fearfully overcrowded with prisoners awaiting trial. The stench which came up through the floor of the court room was almost too much even for the tough nostrils of that filthy and seldom-washed day. There were rumors of a pestilence among the prisoners, and the foreman of the jury and one of the leading lawyers begged for an adjournment of court until the building could be cleaned and ventilated. But the domineering old judge sternly overruled them and ordered the trials to proceed.

A Long-Delayed Discovery

THEN things began to happen. One of the witnesses collapsed in the box, two of the officers of the court were stricken down, three of the jury fell ill, then five of the lawyers in rapid succession, until finally the pig-headed old martinet on the bench himself was smitten, and died within three days. The pestilence was popularly regarded as a special judgment of God upon the savagery of the sentences imposed by the judge! Its first victim is said to have fallen in the court room directly after a wretched bookbinder had been sentenced to have both ears cropped off for some trivial offense. The net fatalities were thirty prisoners, ten witnesses, more than half the officers of the court, fifty spectators, over four hundred of the general population of the city, ten lawyers and one judge. How the lice must have reveled in the judicial ermine, snug as the proverbial bug in a rug!

Typhus has slain hundreds of thousands of wretched prisoners, fully half of them innocent victims of the law's delays, but it isn't often that the cootie can get under the lawyer's gown or the judge's wig.

About eighty years ago Gerhard in America, and Jenner and Murchison in England, began to suspect that two entirely different diseases had been grouped and treated together as typhus fever. The more carefully the problem was studied the more surely this division was established, and about seventy years ago the typhus group of fevers was split in two and a new, milder, less fatal form, with a somewhat longer course, was recognized as distinct. Because though it wasn't true typhus it looked like it, the name "typhuslike" was given to it, and when this was done into Greek it became "typhoid"—from "*typhos*" and "*eidos*," "like"—our now familiar and family friend.

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A Clothing Steriliser for Men of the A. E. F.—No Cootie Could Survive its Live Steam

But by a singular irony of fate no sooner had typhus been separated from typhoid than it began to fade away and disappear; like the Siamese twins, it could not survive being separated. Within fifteen or twenty years it had passed into history, and from one of the commonest and most destructive diseases had become little more than a memory. Many physicians of forty years' practice have never seen a case of the disease! Its only survivor or memorial of its former sway is the feebler though altogether different twin which was named after it. And the most singular feature of all was that not until many years later—1909, to be precise—was the reason for its disappearance even seriously suspected!

It is a severe and tragic reflection upon the alleged intelligence of our fathers in medicine and our ancestors in general that although the disease had been recognized and well known from the very dawn of medical history, it was more than 2000 years after its discovery and labeling by Hippocrates that it finally occurred to one of us, only the day before yesterday, in 1876, to suggest cautiously that possibly lice had something to do with the transmission of the disease! This was Murchison, the famous London clinician, but his suggestion was so radical and visionary that it was politely ignored for nearly thirty years more, when in 1903, at the International Sanitary Congress in Paris, a Spanish physician, Doctor Cortezo, declared that his experience led him to believe that this deadly disease was carried by the bite of lice and fleas.

It was actually not until 1909, after nearly 3000 years of the most intimate and disastrous acquaintance with the disease, the loss of at least 200,000,000 lives, and the experience of 147 distinct and separate epidemics in Europe and Western Asia alone within the last three centuries, that a French surgeon, Nicolle, working in Algiers, showed that the disease could be transmitted by lice, and only by lice.

It was a marvelous and blessed discovery, but what a cosmic pity that somebody couldn't have had the intelligence to make it or at least guess at it somewhere from 300 to 3000 years sooner, for the worst epidemic that ever ravaged could have been broken up inside of six months with nothing more magical or more expensive than soap and hot water and insect powder or a few barrels of kerosene. Man's inhumanity to man isn't a patch upon his stupidity when it comes to making countless thousands mourn. One of the classic diagnostic marks of typhus fever was a peculiarly offensive odor, half musky, half musty, which was usually described as a mousy sort of smell. One would have thought that somebody in the course of those 2000 years would have had gumption enough to change the "m" into an "l" and discover the cause of the pestilence by his sense of smell, even if he had no brains higher than an olfactory lobe.

But we may be very thankful that this discovery was made even as astoundingly late as it was, because without it there isn't the slightest doubt that in the World War typhus would have spread like a prairie fire, first up and down the trenches, borne by the swarming legions of cooties, and then out into the civil population of the whole of Western Europe and parts of our own country.

Studies of Spotted Fever

WE HAVE a right to a national pride in the discovery and its consequences, for although the first positive demonstration came from Algiers the proof which finally convinced the medical world of its truth and the methods based upon it for controlling the spread of the disease were the work of American investigators.

Our interest in it came about in a rather curiously indirect fashion through the study, by an odd coincidence, of another form of spotted fever, which had been causing a good deal of uneasiness in our Western mountain states, particularly in the Bitter Root Valley in Wyoming, and running from there out into Montana, Nevada and Eastern Oregon. It was no trivial disease, for its death rate not infrequently ran as high as 30 or even 40 per cent, though no doubt many mild cases escaped recognition altogether. The local physicians and health authorities were completely puzzled, though they soon began to suspect that the bite of a tick was concerned in the spread of this spotted fever, which in its general course was not wholly unlike its deadly namesake, typhus.

At their request two investigators were sent out, one a young bacteriologist from the University of Chicago named Ricketts and the other an officer of the United States Public Health Service, Doctor Wilder. They spent two or three summers studying the habits of the disease

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A Group in a Polish Village

Immigrants at Ellis Island, New York City

A VERY NARROW SQUEAK

By William Hamilton Osborne

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

JESSE OLIVER was decidedly annoyed. More than that, he was distinctly worried. He was worried by the presence in the court room of a certain individual who occupied a seat inside the counsel rail. Jesse was on the last lap of a three-day trial. The court room was deserted; and with reason. Jesse was counsel for the plaintiff in a case that held nothing of interest for a court-room audience. There were no pyrotechnics to offer to the hangers-on. Dry as dust from the standpoint of the layman, here was, however, a litigation for a lawyer. This was a contest saturate with legal drama and sensation Of its own motion it kept the court on the *qui vive*; kept both counsel on their toes. It was Jesse Oliver's kind of case; and he was apparently on the wrong side of it, to boot. He was therefore in his element. He played his hand with entertaining skill.

With one exception the only persons present were the essentials, so to speak: the court, the court officials and the jury; the parties to the suit, their witnesses and counsel; a ganglion, a quivering mass of human beings clustered about the dais of the judge.

Just these, and just one other. This other was the element that kept disturbing Jesse's finely balanced mind. This other was a man; a big, sleepy-looking man, whose chief characteristic was his unvarying repose of manner. For three days now this interloper—for to Jesse's way of thinking he was an interloper—had watched the progress of this trial. Every morning he had slumped easily into a chair near the other end of the long counsel table; every morning he had saluted the court with a clumsy wave of his big hand; every morning he had winked lazily at one or two of the jurors whom he knew. Lorenzo, for the defense, fairly gloated over him. Lorenzo vacillated between the counsel table and the big man's chair; chatted with him in low tones; chuckled with him over some feature of the case; smirked at him familiarly as the trial went on. Lorenzo impressed upon the court, and particularly upon the jury, the fact that he was in this big man's confidence. Here was a trump card for the defense; at least, so thought Lawyer Lorenzo.

Under a brief charge from the bench the jury filed out to deliberate at half past three. The big man rose and shook himself. Lorenzo tried to buttonhole him for the moment, but he failed. At the other end of the long table Jesse Oliver was busy gathering up his multitude of papers. The big man eased himself through Lorenzo's interference. He strolled leisurely toward Jesse; he tapped Jesse in a friendly way upon the shoulder. Lorenzo watched him with growing wonder and concern.

"Listen, son!" said the big man to Jesse. "Where can I talk to you to-night, alone?"

Jesse was startled. "To me?" queried Jesse.

"To you—alone," nodded the interloper.

Jesse thought about it. "My office, in the Monumental," he suggested.

But the big man only shook his head. "Not anywhere downtown," he said.

"I'm living at the Gouverneur," said Jesse

"I'll be there at eight o'clock to-night," nodded the big man. He started toward the door, halted in the midst of his career, came back. He held a pudgy forefinger in the air. "Don't spread it, son," he said.

Lorenzo from his end of the inclosure watched the big man as he left the court room. It was Lorenzo's turn to be worried and annoyed. He was worried and annoyed exceedingly; for this big man with the pudgy fingers held Lorenzo's future in the hollow of his hand. This big man was the Honorable Martin Griffin. He was the most powerful personality in that densely settled section of the state. When Marty Griffin held his right hand in the air the political traffic of a countryside stood still.

Lorenzo did some tall wondering as Marty Griffin left the court room; he suspected, feared. His fear had plenty of foundation; it was justified; and in the end his suspicions came to be confirmed.

It was exactly eight o'clock when the Honorable Martin Griffin made his advent at the Gouverneur. He accepted Jesse's proffer of a good cigar and sank comfortably into an easy-chair. He had the pleasing faculty of making himself always thoroughly at home.

"What Was in That Letter With the Red Seal That Was Handed to Judge Walkerry?"

"Your jury come in yet?" queried Marty Griffin.

"Not my jury, I'm afraid," smiled Jesse Oliver. "They haven't come in yet. Their staying out is in my favor, but they'll beat me in the end."

"Not a bit of it," said Marty Griffin. "Good jury, that. And you whipped 'em into shape."

"And you whipped 'em out of it," protested Jesse. "Are you interested in this case?"

Marty Griffin shook his head. "Dog-gone!" he exclaimed suddenly. "You don't mean to tell me that jury thought I was?"

"Two other juries in two other cases that I tried the other day—they thought you were an interested party," grumbled Jesse Oliver. "Those juries licked me to a standstill, and you know it. You were there."

"Rats!" returned his visitor. "Those were desperate cases, son."

"That seems to be," said Jesse, "the only kind I get."

"I get that," nodded Marty Griffin. "You're a sort of last resort. But look here! You've got me wrong, son. I'm always in the court rooms when I can spare the time. Part of my business to know what's doing there, and who's doing it, and how. When it comes to a showdown in my line I've got to know who's who—and I can't find out in any other way. I've been keeping tabs on friend Lorenzo for six months. Lorenzo wants a seat upon the bench."

"What bench?" queried Jesse.

"Supreme court," replied Marty Griffin. "There's a vacancy this fall." He tapped the table with his fingers. "I want to know," he went on, "what you think of this Lorenzo for the job."

"Logical candidate, isn't he?" returned Jesse. "Worked like a horse for his party, hasn't he? Ranks high in the organization."

"And you think that signifies?" retorted the big man.

"I'm compelled to think it signifies," smiled Jesse.

"Huh!" grunted Marty Griffin. "My opinion of Lorenzo is the same as yours. I'm an expert in this line. Besides that, I'm a lawyer myself. I've watched this man Lorenzo work. He doesn't even know the rules of evidence. He'll never learn 'em; they're based on common sense. He sees one side of a case, and only one, when it's his business as an advocate to take stock of what his adversary's got. He's partisan and prejudiced off the bench; he'll be partisan and prejudiced upon it. I wouldn't let Lorenzo judge a dog fight. Counselor," went on the leader earnestly, "I won't put any man upon the bench that lacks judicial temperament. I've picked my man. Counselor, I've picked you for the job."

"Me!" cried Jesse Oliver. "Picked me for a supreme-court job?"

"Ah," nodded Marty Griffin, "I've watched you work."

"But, great guns!" said Jesse Oliver. "I'm not a politician. There aren't half a dozen laymen in this town would vote for me. I've got no following."

"You don't need any," returned the leader. "I'm looking for a jurist, not a district heeler. I've had my eye on you for three years now. You're a young man, but you've got the ability and you've got the temperament. You're my meat. A bench was made for you. I know. Cut it short now. Will you take the job?"

"Will I?" echoed Jesse. "How do I go about to get it?"

"Just say the word," said Marty Griffin; "I do the rest."

"What's the *modus operandi?*" queried Jesse. "How do the rest?"

"You'll be slated for the nomination as my man," nodded the leader, patiently answering a childish question. "This makes you the organization candidate at the September primaries. You'll be chosen there as the party nominee. For twenty years our party nominees have been elected each November. Next November—in you go!"

"Simple enough," smiled Jesse sheepishly. A great hope surged within him. "And all I have to do is to say one word to you?"

Griffin was silent a moment. "To say one word," he nodded, "and to do one other thing."

"What other thing?" demanded Jesse Oliver.

The big leader glanced uneasily about the room. "I take it, counselor," he said, "that we're alone?"

Jesse became uneasy in his turn. "Absolutely," he replied.

"Good," said Marty Griffin. He jerked his chair a foot nearer to Jesse Oliver. "Jesse," he went on, "your term as judge of the supreme court will last twelve years. You'll get a salary of fifteen thousand a year. That's one hundred and eighty thousand dollars in all. You get me? You keep a hundred and fifty thousand ——"

Jesse started. "And the other thirty thousand?" he demanded.

"The other thirty thousand," said the leader, "you pay over to the Honorable Martin Griffin—in advance."

Jesse stiffened. "You mean," he returned, "that I'm to buy this judgeship from your organization?"

"Not in ten thousand years!" said Marty Griffin. "You buy this thing of me. This is my personal perquisite—it's my privilege. That's understood. Hands off for the organization. You pay me thirty thousand dollars in advance."

Jesse shook his head. "In the first place," said Jesse, "I haven't got thirty thousand dollars to my name."

Marty Griffin brushed the objection aside. "You can get it, Jesse," he returned. "You're going to marry into Monumental Life. Rutherford's got wads of it to burn."

"In the second place," went on Jesse firmly, "if I had thirty thousand dollars I wouldn't put up a dollar of it to buy a job from you."

The big leader stared at Jesse. "Dog-gone, man!" he exclaimed. "You say that as though you really meant it."

"I do mean it," returned Jesse. "This is one of those things that isn't being done."

"Do you mean to say," smiled Marty Griffin, "that you don't subscribe to the popular belief that seats upon this bench are bought and paid for in advance?"

"I do not subscribe to that belief," said Jesse.

"You know," persisted Marty, "that that belief exists? You know that many lawyers believe it's true, and all the laymen say it's true? Come, come!"

Jesse smiled. "I've been brought up on that belief," he said. "And yet," he added, "I know it isn't true."

"How do you know?" demanded Marty Griffin.

"I judge," said Jesse, "from the personnel of the men upon this bench. I know them all. I bank on their integrity."

Marty Griffin's eyes glistened. "Ah," he nodded. "Jesse, you've hit the nail upon the head. I'm going to tell you something. You can bank on this as well. Jesse, the popular belief hitherto is totally unjustified. You are right. Hitherto, Jesse, these jobs have not been bought and paid for. The public reached its verdict without evidence. Hitherto, with one exception, Jesse; only one."

Jesse smiled again. "I can hardly ask which one," he said.

"It wouldn't do you any good," nodded Marty Griffin. "Jesse, there's one man upon that bench that came to me the day after I put his name upon the slate; he came to me with thirty thousand dollars, Jesse. He slipped it to me on the sly. He whispered to me, quite as a matter of course, that he understood that to be the customary practice. See? That man is as straight as you are, Jesse. But he believed, with the public, that these jobs were bought and paid for in advance. He subscribed to the custom and never turned a hair."

"And there never was such custom," nodded Jesse.

Marty Griffin took a long pull on his cigar. "Hitherto, no," said Marty Griffin; "but from now on, unqualifiedly yes."

"The old order changes for the worse, then," said Jesse.

"The old order changes for the better," returned Marty; "and the change starts in with you. Jesse, the candidate that slipped me that thirty thousand dollars set me to thinking. I've been thinking ever since. The time has come to act. I'm getting on in years. I have a daughter. I owe her a competence. I've made up my mind, Jesse, once for all, that I may as well have the game as the name. It's money in my pocket to see to it from now on that the public estimate of me is wholly justified. Listen, Jesse! Lorenzo's offered me fifty thousand dollars to put him on the bench."

Jesse's eyes widened. "Why don't you pick Lorenzo, then?" he demanded

"Good Lord, man!" cried the Honorable Martin, "do you think I can be bought? My standing here depends upon my putting good men upon the bench. I've got to pick 'em right. No man can corrupt me—I tell you those. I wouldn't last three years if I played crooked games like that. I pick 'em, I tell you, counselor; and I pick 'em right."

"And the dear public doesn't get a look in," mused Jesse Oliver.

"The dear public," echoed the Honorable Martin. "Suffering Moses, the dear public! Oh, yes, the public gets a look in now and then. Back in 1910, you remember. Great reform wave then. The dear public of its own motion put two judges on the bench. One was Dorfendief—a peach! The appellate courts reversed him on every ruling that he made. The other man was Garveal—Garveal, the people's idol! Garveal was impeached for crookedness upon the bench. He was rotten to the core. The dear public had its fling—give it rope enough it hangs itself.

"Counselor, you don't mean to tell me that you would trust the public to fill the bench. Good Lord!"

"Look here," said Jesse Oliver. "You pretend to think that I'm qualified to take this job ——"

"I know you are," interposed the leader.

"And yet," went on Jesse, "if I don't cough up thirty thousand dollars you turn me down."

"Exactly," nodded Marty Griffin. "I've got to live."

"And having turned me down you'll nose around until you find a man who will pay you thirty thousand dollars."

"Or more," said Marty Griffin. "You're the best man that I know. But there are half a dozen more that I can pick. Not this Lorenzo. I've got to pick a man that the bar association will indorse."

"Will the bar association indorse me?" queried Jesse.

"Sure fire," returned the leader.

"What's to prevent me," smiled Jesse, "from taking the bit in my teeth and becoming the bar-association candidate?"

"Go as far as you like," grunted Martin Griffin; "the bar association knows just what it can do. It can prevent a nomination by withholding its support. You know that yourself. But the bar association can't put you on the bench. That's another thing you know yourself. There's just one man that can. That's me."

The telephone bell rang. Jesse lifted the receiver and listened for a moment. Then he turned to Martin Griffin.

"That jury's in," he said to Martin. "They're for the plaintiff—full amount."

"I told you so," nodded the big leader. He rose and shook himself, just as he had done in the court room that same afternoon. "Now, Jesse," he said curtly, "you think this thing over. I want an answer ——"

"The answer," returned Jesse, "is irrevocably—no!"

"I want an answer," proceeded Marty Griffin, quite unmoved, "say, in two days' time. You talk the matter over with Rutherford, of the Monumental Life. You take advice. Good night."

Jesse had no need to take advice—this illicit proposition was too preposterous for that. But he did feel the necessity, at times, of telling things to somebody. Amy Rutherford was a good listener, and this unquestionably was worth the telling. The Rutherfords lived over on the Parkway. Ten minutes after the departure of Marty Griffin, Jesse swung himself aboard a crosstown car, caught the whole Rutherford family together all at once, and told them all about it.

He might as well have exploded a bombshell in their midst. The Rutherfords were always pleasantly excitable and noisy and the three of them went up in the air in unison, leaving only Jesse with his feet firmly planted on the earth

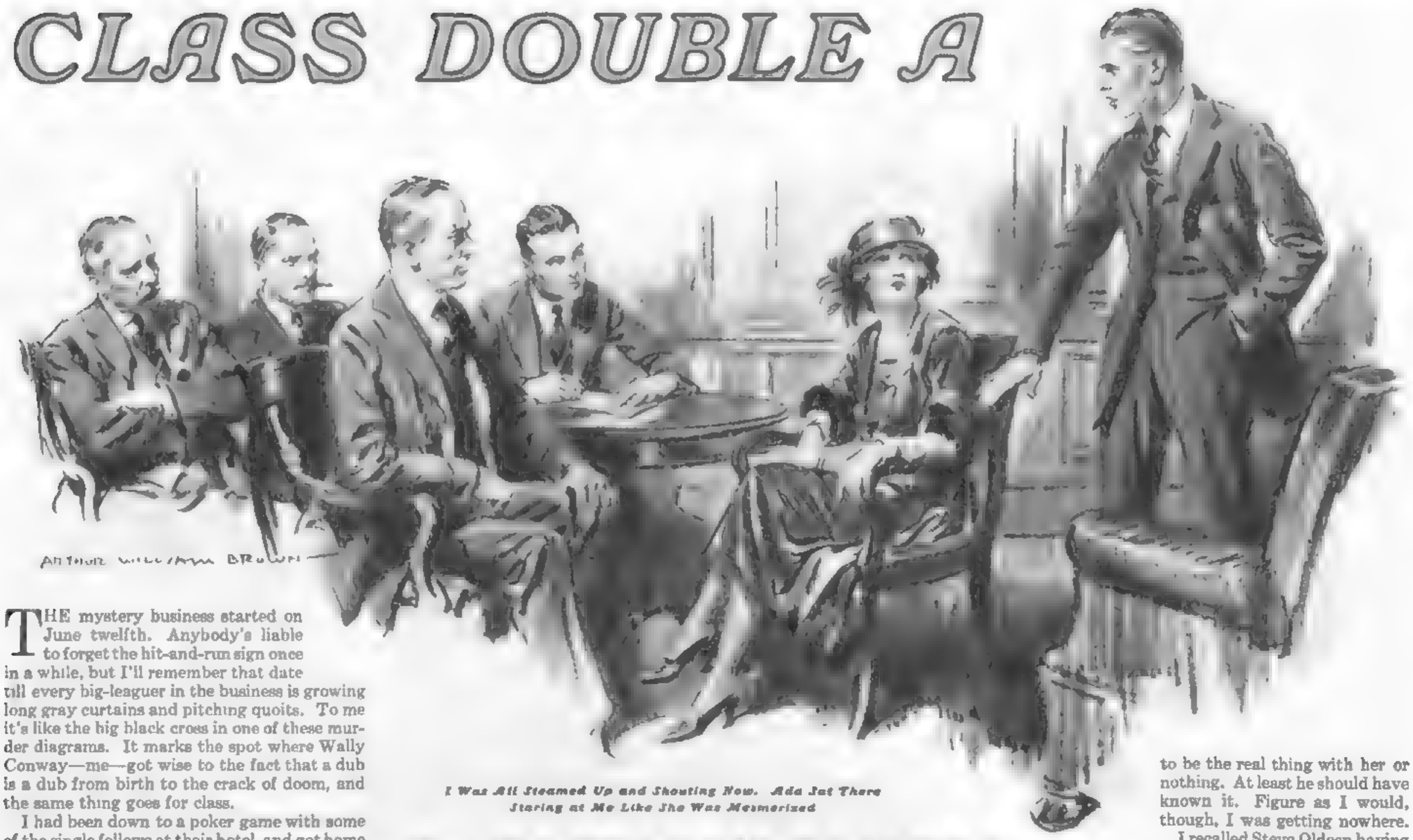
Amy's eyes shone with hero worship. "I knew it!" cried Amy. "I knew that it was bound to come!"

From her viewpoint the matter was quite simple. All men fitted to be judges eventually took the bench.

(Continued on Page 64)

"Jesse," She Cried, "You Couldn't Turn It Down! Just Think of Me"

CLASS DOUBLE A



I Was All Steamed Up and Shouting Now. Ada Sat There Staring at Me Like She Was Mesmerized

By BOZEMAN BULGER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

THE mystery business started on June twelfth. Anybody's liable to forget the hit-and-run sign once in a while, but I'll remember that date till every big-leaguer in the business is growing long gray curtains and pitching quoits. To me it's like the big black cross in one of these murder diagrams. It marks the spot where Wally Conway—me—got wise to the fact that a dub is a dub from birth to the crack of doom, and the same thing goes for class.

I had been down to a poker game with some of the single fellows at their hotel, and got home at one o'clock.

Ada was still awake and all steamed up. Under them circumstances a fellow is naturally kind of set for some kind of a blast, but this one knocked me for a goal.

"Wally Conway," she let me have the first barrel, "if you ever invite that Mr. Oldeen and his wife to this house again I'll order them out. I've had the most miserable night of my life!"

"Steve Oldeen, you mean? He been here?"

"Yes, Steve Oldeen, the first baseman of your team."

"Why, what's wrong with old Steve, honey?" I asked, surprised.

"They are simply not my kind of people, that's all. They are the coarsest and most vulgar couple I've ever seen in my life."

"Honey," I tried to argue, "you mustn't feel that way. I know they're ignorant folks—don't know any better. Now, maybe ——"

"Oh, I know ignorant and common people. Some of them are the best people on earth, at heart. But these Oldeens are not that kind. They are impossible. I've heard language to-night that I never heard before in my life. I simply won't stand it, that's all!"

"But, honey," I explained—truthfully, too—"I didn't invite them here; didn't even know they were coming."

"Well, I'm glad of that," she said. "But I insist that you let them know they are not wanted. Otherwise I will have to insult people at my own door. I don't want to do that."

"What come off, honey?"

"I would not repeat even to you some of the things they said. Oh, it was their attitude—the whole thing!"

Now, this kind of had me winging. I really had not invited Steve and his wife to my house. I knew very well that he was a tough customer and that his wife was pretty raw, and I never had any notion of inviting them. I couldn't imagine why they had come and why she would not tell me all that happened. What was I to do? I certainly did not want to go to one of my team mates and tell him to his face to keep out of my house.

It was putting me in a pretty tough spot. Already there was talk among the other players—oh, I knew it, all right—that my wife was too much of an upstager for baseball; that the old-proud-family stuff wouldn't go with them. I even overheard one of them say to the manager one day: "Where does a roughneck raised in a coal mine get off to be hooked up with a society gal? He'll get his, all right."

Nobody knew I overheard this, and I thought it better not to give the fellow a call. Still, it made me think maybe I had taken on a bigger load than I could carry.

You see, Ada and I met at a swell dance given by the big people of the town in honor of our team while we were on an exhibition tour on the Gulf Coast. At that time I was one of the biggest heroes in baseball. There's no use in being a liar just to be modest. I was the best third sacker in the business. On these tours I was advertised as the star.

Ada seemed to take a fancy to me right off, and I was wingbroke at the very first flash. Ada's father was a retired publisher and a prominent man down there. They were the classiest folks I'd ever known. The whole family were baseball fans and I guess that's why they thought it would come out all right if Ada married a hero.

Anyway, I went plumb crazy over her—believe me, she was a nifty looker and could out-hightone a queen in swell talk. Between ball seasons I stuck around that resort for two winters, until she finally fell for me and we were married.

There is no doubt about her being the class. Everything in our apartment looked like class, and in entertaining callers she was Class Double A. Now you know I had to step some to fit in with the scenery.

I was mighty proud of Ada, but I was also mighty skittish about what would happen when she met up with some of my roughneck pals. She had got away with it like a real thoroughbred so far, and I was beginning to feel a little easy when this thing with the Oldeens come off.

"Honey," I said to her, "you must understand that there's all kinds of people in baseball. Some of 'em have culture and education, but most of 'em haven't. Many are just rough boys, raised on the town lots, like me. They haven't had a chance, that's all. They don't mean anything."

"The Oldeens do," she insisted. "I quite understand the others. I've met those rough boys, and like them. They are genuine and boylike. I'm no snob, Wally, but these Oldeens are simply low in their thoughts. Why, they talked to me about things that I didn't know existed!"

"All right, honey," I agreed, seeing that I was licked; "I'll see that they don't come again. But that don't go for my other pals on the club."

"Of course not. Your friends are always welcome as my friends, Wally. But listen, dear," she stuck in—"these Oldeens are not your friends. They are nobody's friends."

I did a lot of thinking before I went to sleep. I had a hunch that Steve and his wife must have come to see me about something definite. You see, I couldn't figure them just to drop in for a social call. Steve's wife wasn't our kind of folks, and he knew that I knew it. He also knew the kind of folks my wife came from, and that people had to be the real thing with her or nothing. At least he should have known it. Figure as I would, though, I was getting nowhere.

I recalled Steve Oldeen having made a crack in the clubhouse once that he'd heard Ada was crazy for me to get sold to New York so that she could pick her company and live in style. His notion was that's all she cared about. I paid no attention to that, because there was some truth in it. Every ball player wants to play in New York for at least a season or two, and it was perfectly all right for Ada to be ambitious for me.

There really were just two things that Ada wanted right then—to live in New York, and for me to have a car like some of the other players did. Steve Oldeen had one. But we had no car because I was always kind of loose with my change and never saved a cent. Ada didn't even know what money was for. We had started out saving to get this car, though, and were within a thousand dollars of having the dough.

The Oldeen subject bobbed up at breakfast again, and I come straight out and asked Ada to tell me just what they said they had come for.

"For no good purpose, you may rest assured," she answered, cold-like. "For my sake, all I ask is that you see that they don't come again."

And that's all I ever got out of her.

Even though I had made a promise I wasn't going to hunt Steve up just to hurt his feelings. I would duck him as long as I could.

We were starting an important series with the Grays that day. They were shoving us hard for third place, and there was a lot of excitement over the games. Manager McGill had picked Ollie Peters, our best man, to pitch the opening game. It looked like we ought to breeze in with the first one and get the edge on the series. The crowd knew Ollie was going to pitch and we were favorites—always favorites when he tossed 'em.

In the stand back of third base I could hear betting going on. The wise gang was getting down on us, hook, line and sinker. They were cagy about making these bets though. The bulls were going through the stand looking for gamblers—they yanked a few, too—but I was wise to what was going on. I had been on that corner so long I could almost feel what was being done behind me.

The first break came in the third inning, when the Grays got runners on first and second bases with none out. It was a cinch the batter would try to advance them with a bunt. This meant, of course, that I'd have to be on my toes to play for the batter and at the same time be ready to jump back to the bag and take a throw if somebody else fielded the ball.

Steve Oldeen, at first base, played way in on the grass, figuring to let the pitcher cover his bag, so he would be in position to make a throw to either first or third. It was an old play of ours, and we were all set for it.

Sure enough, the ball was bunted down to Steve. He made a pippin of a pick-up and I got back to third to cut the runner off. Just as Steve got ready to throw, though, he half stumbled, it looked like, and whang! The ball went three feet over my head and rolled to the grand stand, letting both men score and the batter reach third.

Take it from me, that crowd was sore. And so was I.

The next batter caught a slow one square on the button and it came at me like a bullet. Ordinarily I get that kind, but the ball skidded and struck me on the sole of my shoe, ran up my shins and bounded away, allowing another run to score. Anybody's liable to boot one like that. But coming right on top of the other play, I'll admit it looked bad.

When the inning was over and the Grays had made three runs the crowd in the stand back of third gave me a terrible razz. Manager McGill, as square a guy as ever lived, didn't say a word. He'd been a third sacker in his day. He knew.

In the seventh inning I had another chance. Even though an old-timer, I'll admit that razzing back of third had me a little rattled. I was sore as a boil. A ball was hit at me and I jumped for it like a terrier after a rat. It wasn't a hard chance—so easy, in fact, that the crowd started giving me mock applause—the razzberry, we call it. I was so mad that I tightened up all over and put everything I had in the peg to first base. As a result I missed my aim. The throw went low and a little to one side. Steve Oldeen would have eaten that ball up nine times out of ten. This time, though, he made a graceful swoop—and missed it. Steve was the cleverest first baseman in the business and he could miss one so gracefully that the crowd would blame it on the infielder who made the throw. That's exactly what they did this time. Maybe you think I wasn't sore!

Well, my business ain't to tell you a lot of stuff about inside ball. I simply had a tough day, that's all. The Grays give us a good licking and Ollie Peters wouldn't speak to me or Steve after the game.

It's pretty hard to make an outsider understand what goes on in a clubhouse after a losing game, but, believe me, we had it hot and heavy! Everybody seemed to be picking on me.

"Kind of out a little late last night, Wally?" someone cracked at me, and that started the first hot argument.

"Give that hot one the shooks, didn't you?" another one nagged at me, and it broke out again.

For some reason the gang didn't ride Steve at all.

Now when a player gets in a slump like that it often lasts for two or three weeks. Nobody knows why; but it's so. In every game of that series with the Grays my work was like that of a busher. And, Lord knows, I tried. I think trying too hard to come back is what makes a fellow worse. It's like pressing the ball in golf.

The newspapers gave me a panning that I won't forget. They seemed to look on my errors as a crime, and take Steve's as a joke.

"Well, old-timer, you've got nothing to worry about," Steve said to me as we walked out of the clubhouse after the third game—the first time I had been close enough to talk to him since Ada's holler. "A little more of that and I guess they'd be willing to make that New York trade, eh?"

"What do you mean—New York trade?"

"Oh, you know, I guess," he said with a wise smile. "You're great, Wally!"

That burnt me a little, but something seemed to stop me from coming back at him.

"I reckon your old lady told you about the wife and me bein' up there to see you—told you about everything," he added.

"Yes, she did," I told him.

Right then I couldn't think of any way to tell him that all she'd told me was to see that the Oldeens came to our house no more. I was curious to know what sort of rough stuff he'd pulled, but I didn't know how to go at it.

"By the way, Wally," he asked, careless-like, "did you ever get a letter from a fellow named Davis? Got your car yet?"

"No, I haven't. Who's Davis?"

"I don't know," he replied, and laughed. "But I guess you'll get it, all right. I just had a notion, somehow, that a fellow named Davis had wrote you a letter."

"What's all this stuff anyhow, Steve? I don't get that kind of kidding."

"Never mind, old-timer," he said in a way that got my goat. "I guess the wife and me'll have to come up and see you folks again so we can talk it over."

"No, don't do that, Steve," I blurted right out. "Not for a while anyway. I'll explain ——"

"What's the idea?" he asked in surprise. "You don't want us for company?"

I was in for it now, and had to go through.

"Oh, well, Steve, you know how it is. Women folks is funny-like. You ——"

"Your old woman thinks we ain't good enough?" he snorted. "Oh, I'm on to that highbrow stuff. You'll be, too, some day."

"Now don't get sore, Steve," I tried to salve him. "Ada is mighty nervous. You know, she don't know much 'bout baseball folks yet."

"Aw, I'm wise. I didn't intend to tell you, but do you know, she even got all swelled up the other night when I calls her Ada."

"You didn't do that, Steve?"

"Sure I did. Why not?"

"Maybe that's it," I said. "You see, down in her section they don't call married women by their first names unless they're raised with 'em. I'll fix it though. Don't feel sore at me, Steve, but you and Mrs. Oldeen just wait till I give you the office."

"Now, listen, Wally. There ain't no use in this stalling. I know what you mean. That high-toned woman of yours thinks she's too good for us—don't want us. Just cut out that alibi stuff. I'll see there ain't no more calling. But"—and he looked at me funny-like—"everything's all right between you and me, ain't it, old-timer?"

"Sure," I told him. Believe me, I was some relieved to get that job off my hands.

I told Ada about it when I got home.

"I'm awful sorry to have caused you the embarrassment, Wally," she said, "but it will be better in the long run. Might as well have it over with now."

"Any letters, honey?"

"Two or three from fans, that's all."

Ada always opened my mail. That's one thing I never kicked about. It saves a ball player a lot of trouble bothering with these letters from bugs.

"Was one of 'em from a man named Davis?" I asked. She gave me a quick look.

"Why, I don't think so—let's see."

We looked over the two or three fan letters, but none of them was signed by Davis.

I had a hunch there was something under cover somewhere and that Ada was high-toning me a little. So I decided to not tell her what Steve had asked me about this Davis.

"You were expecting a letter from a Mr. Davis, dear?"

"Not exactly," I lied to her. "The bat boy told me that he thought a man named Davis had called me up on the phone while I was on the field, but said he would drop me a note to my home."

"Do you know this Mr. Davis?" She seemed to be interested about that. "I don't think we have any friends by that name, have we?"

"Oh, probably some bug," I answered.

We dropped the subject and sat down to dinner.

The natural thing was to figure that some fan had just got excited. But why did Steve ask me that? And why had Ada tried to be so careless-like in pumping me? She was just as sweet and nice as usual, but I had an inside hunch that something was on her mind. What was this Davis stuff anyhow?

Our next game was against one of the tail-end clubs and it looked like a chance to get out of the slump. Before the end of the first inning, though, the fans again opened up on me with the old razz. Those birds had it in for me for fair. Looked like they were going to ride me all week. "Some of the piking gamblers," I said to myself, "must have lost the price of a hat."

Instead of pulling ourselves together the slump seemed to get worse. We had a second-string pitcher in, and toward the end of the game the whole club went to pieces, taking one of the worst lickings of the season. Took it from a tailender too. I'll say it had my goat. Not only was I sore at myself but I felt bitter toward those fool fans. What chance was there for a fellow to get back on his feet with the crowd booing every play he tackled?

Even the players were beginning to give me the old fish eye.

"I'm sick of this town," I told my wife when I got home. "The sooner they get rid of me the better."

"Don't get discouraged that way," she tried to cheer me. "Just keep trying. In another week those same knockers, as you call them, will be praising you as a hero."

"Well, there's one consolation," I said. "The worse I play the better chance there'll be for being traded to New York."

"What do you mean by that, Wally?" she demanded to know. There was a keen cutting look in Ada's eye that I'd never seen before.

"I mean I'm getting to where I don't care. What's the use? The way things are breaking I'd just as soon keep going like I am, and be traded. That's how I feel now. Then we could go to New York, you could have your car and we'd have some peace of mind."

"Look here, Wally Conway!" she snapped at me. "You mean to say you would deliberately try to lose?"

"I wouldn't call it that. It's more like what the fellows call giving the magnates the old work. But of course you ain't wise to all the kinks in baseball, honey."

Right there is where I put my foot in it.

"I may not understand baseball," she hopped on me, "but let me tell you one thing, Wally Conway—I understand honor! You do a thing like that, and you need not expect to find me here. I'll pack my things and go right back home. I thought I married a man. When he is no longer a man, then I'm no longer married."

Oh, but she was afire! That flash from her eyes went right through me. I can feel it burn now.

"But, honey," I hedged, seeing that I had pulled a boner, "think of New York; of the car.

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"I'll Pack My Things and Go Right Back Home. I Thought I Married a Man"

DAVY CORBUTT'S BROTHER

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

JOHN CORBUTT, standing awkwardly beside his brother on the station platform, had a queer fancy that he was about to say good-by, not to Davy, but to himself. For the moment the old dream was more real and present than the reality; he seemed to be face to face with the John Corbutt of his silent, wistful imaginings, and the feeling somehow lessened the importance of his parting with Davy. Davy would come home at Christmas, but that other John Corbutt was never coming back. He had braced himself for the parting with Davy, but he had not foreseen this other good-by, and to face it suddenly and inevitably like this reminded him of the way he had felt when he and Davy had run in from the barn to watch their father die.

There was something very like death in the prospect here; that imaginary John Corbutt would die when the train started.

Every Time He Drew in One of These Stubborn Fellows Three or Four Others Drifted in After Him

Davy's speech came to him with the effect of a disturbing intrusion on more important things, even though he mechanically observed and admired its fluency. His ear caught an effect of relish in the tone, and the thought came to him that words tasted good to Davy. Certainly he knew how to use them. The gift had always drawn a kind of wondering envy from John Corbutt. Davy had done the talking for them both ever since he could remember, while John listened and nodded and groped and fumbled for the infrequent word demanded of him.

He envied Davy this faculty now. Davy had no difficulty in saying things which his brother's tongue refused to attempt.

"I'll miss you like the devil, John. First time we've ever been split overnight, isn't it?"

John Corbutt nodded. He didn't like the phrase. It had almost the effect of profanity to his half-accepted standards, and yet Davy's use of it seemed another evidence of his Hanford blood. John couldn't have said it like that. Indeed, as he tried to echo the sentiment, he discovered that he couldn't say it at all. He could only nod again and crane his neck to peer up the track, as if impatient for the sight of the engine. Davy chuckled.

"The cat's still got your tongue, John, hasn't it? I'll bet you don't even say good-by."

John grinned uncomfortably, and wriggled in the stiff collar which stamped the occasion as ceremonial. Davy always enjoyed teasing him that way. He rather liked it himself. And it was reassuring, in his speechlessness, to have this evidence that Davy understood his silence. He continued to stare along the track as if to keep his eyes from seeing the vision that would die when the train carried Davy off.

It was going to be lonesome this winter without Davy to listen to, and without that queerly distinct dream to consider. He had a brief glow of self-pity, a dim resentment toward his father. If he hadn't tied the farm up in that trusteeship they could have sold it; they could have gone to town together and the dream needn't have died just yet—might not have died at all. A sense of justice defended John Corbutt's memory. He had done the best he could by the boys. How could he have guessed that John wanted to study law instead of slaving away on the land? Why shouldn't he take it for granted, like everybody else, that farming was all that John was good for? If anybody was to blame it was John, for keeping his ambitions to himself.

Anyway, it would have been a waste of money, he thought. It would take more than a course in the Bufort Law School to change John Corbutt from the man he was to the man he dreamed of being. Probably he wouldn't have managed to pass the first examination. Davy would have been ashamed of him—Davy, whose entrance paper had earned him a scholarship! No, his father had been right to make it impossible for him to quit the farm. As it was, there'd be money enough to see Davy through college. And Aunt Mattie wouldn't have had a home, either, if they'd sold the farm.

That other John Corbutt would never have been anything but a dream, he told himself. It seemed suddenly absurd that he should have clung to the fancy so long, with his creaking tongue and his slow, plodding brain constantly in contrast with Davy's cleverness.

"One thing I wanted to say, John"—he became aware that he had not been listening to his brother's flow of words—"whatever I make of myself you'll always have a valid claim on most of the credit. If you wanted to be mean about it you could make me stick it out on the farm till the trusteeship's vacated. Don't think I'm overlooking what this means for you—double work and half pay, while I'm taking it easy up in Bufort. If I succeed it'll be your success as much as mine."

John shook his head, but the idea rooted and grew even before he finished the gesture. It was true enough; he was doing part of it by running the farm while Davy studied. In a way, as Davy said, he would have a right to think of Davy's success as his own. That was something—a great deal. Success at second hand was very different from failure. He saw himself as the brother of David Hanford Corbutt, sharing in the greatness that waited for Davy, realizing all those old, queer visions merely through Davy instead of in his own person.

The thought glowed in his mind. He wanted to talk about it, to tell Davy about the foolish fancies and this admirable compromise, to shake hands, as Davy loved to do, on the suggested compact. But speech evaded him more than ever. He could only grin and wag his head, as if Davy had said something smart and funny. The train must be extra late this morning. He'd hardly be home by noon at this rate, and those beans ought to be pulled before night.

He turned at a new note in Davy's voice—the tone he had learned to associate with Davy's occasional moments of humility in the presence of the mighty. Judge Hanford and Ruth—he had a stab of pleasure at the thought that the Judge had taken the trouble to see Davy off in person. And Ruth, too—he tugged his eyes away from her direct, friendly gaze for fear that she might read the thought which stirred behind them. The right girl for Davy when he came back to stay—just the wife for a man with a career to build. And she must like Davy or she'd never have bothered to climb the hill to say good-by.

It was different with the judge. Davy was his namesake, and it had always been understood that there would be a place in his office when Davy came home from college. There had been moments, when the two boys were younger and Aunt Mattie's talk of their Hanford blood had been more impressive than it was now, when John Corbutt had wondered why he hadn't been named David Hanford, after the judge. He was the elder. It seemed as if they might have given him first chance instead of waiting till Davy came along. John Corbutt, after his father—somehow the name had seemed to determine his destiny and his character. Aunt Mattie's declarations always confused his understanding of cause and effect in this. Davy was a regular Hanford, she loved to say, usually in connection with an irritated comment on the dumbness of his brother—an equally regular Corbutt, it appeared. John was a fairly big boy before he realized that the choice of names had not accomplished this differentiation.

The judge nodded at him now, surveying him between half-closed eyelids, the faint hint of amusement at the corners of his lips which had always made John uneasily afraid that the judge was laughing at him inwardly. He was more serious as he turned to Davy. John liked this. The judge could do a lot for Davy, if he chose. His nod carried more influence in the county than any other man's argument. Davy might go to Albany if the judge so decided—Congress, perhaps, when he was older. There wasn't any reason why he shouldn't go even higher—be governor maybe.

"Nice day for you, Davy." The judge inspected the sunlit September country with grave approval. "Sort of straining at the traces, I guess, eh?"

"Yes, sir." Davy glowed as John watched him. He gave the words the effect of a declaration. "I can't wait to be at it."

"Right idea," said Judge Hanford. He thrust his hands deep into the sagging pockets of his overcoat. "Learn all you can. Never hurts a lawyer to know a bit of law."

Davy grinned deferentially at this familiar pleasantry. John was vaguely disappointed. He wished the judge would say something more in key with the occasion. Davy was just a boy, after all, going away from home for the first time to face strange conditions. A word of caution, of sound counsel from Judge Hanford would have a good effect on him. John had tried to say it himself, but could find no proper phrases.

Ruth shook hands with Davy. John observed the gesture critically. She seemed to make it mean something beyond the commonplace. There was a kind of intention in the frank, straightforward movement of her arm, the brief, strong contraction of her fingers. She liked Davy, he assured himself, and her eyes held a wholly visible pride too.

"Nice of you to come up, Ruth." Davy said it very well, John thought. Just the right amount of earnestness below the smile. "I didn't expect ——"

"Oh, I'm looking ahead," she laughed. "When you come back all covered with medals you'll have to acknowledge the acquaintance. We're all going to be proud of you, Davy."

John Corbutt brightened. That was his own idea. They'd have Davy to be proud of. He could count on that in the stead of that other John Corbutt who'd never be anything but a dream. "I'm going to break my neck to give you a chance," said Davy.

John nodded approval. That was exactly the right thing to say—not too confident and not affectedly modest either. He saw the judge's chin move slightly in the same gesture and guessed that the older man had also liked the speech.

A whistle from beyond the curve sent a throb of panic through him. Davy would be gone in another minute and he hadn't said a thing he had meant to say. A protective instinct seized him. He hadn't any right to let the boy go off alone like this, to take all sorts of risks among sharp-witted city people who made a business of preying on such youngsters. He foresaw a cloud of blurred disasters. Anything might happen.

The train barely paused. Davy shook hands all round and sprang to the steps with the new, shiny suitcases. He waved gayly, and the train seemed to snatch him away impatiently, almost jealously. John Corbutt stood still, looking down the vacant track.

"I didn't even tell him good-by!"

He did not realize that he had said the words aloud till Ruth's voice broke in on his self-reproach. "Oh, yes, you did, John. You said it the way it ought to be said always—by just feeling it."

He turned to her slowly, his mind confronting a new, doubtful idea. How did she know how he felt, when he'd stood there like a stick, without opening his mouth?

"You think he guessed how I felt?"

She laughed. He was puzzled by the sound of it. There wasn't any mirth in it, as there was when she laughed at smart things Davy said.

John Corbutt Stood Still, Looking Down the Vacant Track. "I Didn't Even Tell Him Good-By!"

"He didn't even know that you didn't say it," she declared. "Don't worry, John. Some people don't have to talk. You're one of them and Judge Hanford's another."

She laughed again, and drew her arm through the bend of the judge's elbow. It came to John Corbutt that she was right about the judge at least. He never said anything if he could help it, and yet a fellow always knew what he meant somehow. He wondered if he could be like that, as Ruth said. It would save a lot of trouble if he was.

"You mean you can tell what I'm thinking without my saying anything?"

He was a trifle apprehensive. If she could she might have guessed that idea about Davy and her ——

"Of course I can!"

Their eyes met briefly, and he saw a frank amusement in hers. This relieved him. If she'd guessed that notion she wouldn't think it funny. She didn't know, therefore. They walked across the planking together. She stood beside him while he unfastened the tie strap from the ringbolt. He decided that he could safely strike a gentle blow for that suddenly conceived plan about Davy's future. It wasn't easy to find the words though.

"We're all going to be proud of Davy one of these days."

She did not answer at once. He glanced up, wondering at her silence. Her face was queerly thoughtful, almost questioning. As if—as if she didn't altogether believe in Davy's future.

"Don't you think so?"

She smiled suddenly.

"Oh, I'm sure enough about our being proud of Davy—as sure as you are. But I was wondering how proud he'd be of—of us."

"Climb in, Ruth."

The judge had cramped the wheel. There was no time for John Corbutt to ask her what she meant, if he had needed to ask. He stood holding the tie strap and staring at the puffs of dust lifting behind the buckboard.

How could Davy ever find anything to be proud of in a brother like John Corbutt?

II

"DREW that will myself," said Judge Hanford. "Like to see any jack lawyer in this county break it."

John Corbutt nodded, barely aware of the slight his suggestion had implied. His mind could consider only one idea at a time, and it was still preoccupied by the thought which had brought him here. It all went back to that will. If the courts would set it aside he could sell the place and bank the money against Davy's needs and strike out on some career for himself. Of course he couldn't study anything; but he was pretty old to be going back to school, anyway, and there were plenty of things that a man could do besides law and politics. He could get a job in the city somewhere, and work his way, as other farm boys

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"I Wish I Hadn't Said Anything. Let's Just Keep on Hoping That He'll Come Back"

EQUIPPING MR. D. BOONE

By a Veteran Camper

LAST winter I was in a party of six hunters encamped in a log hut on the edge of a fresh-water lake five miles wide, but so remote as not to be officially mapped. We were eighteen miles from the Eastern coast and twenty-odd miles from the nearest inland habitation, a little settlement on a lumber railroad. It was New Year's Day, but warm enough for a bath in a branch that ran off from the lake. This bath, by the way, was a monstrous event to the negro boy who drove our mule, gathered wood and made up the bunks. But it was compulsory. The bath had been decreed by the council assembled as a necessary preliminary to the New Year dinner, all hunters having been cautioned to get in early so as to get the job done before dark. Two of the party had gone for bear and turkey and two for wild duck. The other two of us had remained in camp to prepare the dinner.

The darky kept a big log fire going for the special benefit of the brave bathers. Between times he busied himself decorating the table of pine boards with holly, mistletoe and gall berries, all of which grew around the hut. The bear and turkey hunters came in empty-handed. The duck shooters fared better. They had taken the wagon as far as the coast the night before for some open-water shooting. In addition to a good bag, they ran across an oyster bed and brought back a corn sack full.

With everybody cleaned up for the New Year, we pulled up to the table, lighted by an oil lamp and the flickering log fire. The incessant honking of incoming wild geese furnished us music. It occurred to one of the party that we had not been in touch with civilization for two weeks; that we were really cave men. He looked over the feast and smiled.

"Gents," he said, raising a glass of persimmon beer brewed by our darky helper, "it's a tough life. Think of it—many of our pals are right now browsing around the fine restaurants and clubs, while we, Nature's noblemen, have to sit here chewing at coarse camp chow. I'll say it's tough!"

During the afternoon the other hunter remaining at the camp—an artist—had drawn and decorated six menu cards with a fountain pen. The speaker was regarding one of these as he spoke. It read:

Oysters on Half Shell
Purée of Tomato Soup
Spaghetti Franchetti
Broiled Mallard Duck, Currant Jelly
Creamed Potatoes . Water Cress Salad
Burgundy—Persimmon Beer
Dried-Apple Pie Cheese
Coffee Cigars Cigarettes

We drank a toast to our isolation. Yes, we all agreed with the speaker. It was a tough life!

That wasn't any joke bill of fare either. Every item on that menu was served bountifully. It was as well cooked as one could expect in a Broadway restaurant. The duck and spaghetti were better. The *pièce de résistance* of this New Year's dinner in the wilds, of course, was the broiled mallard. In popularity, though, the spaghetti almost ran it a dead heat.

The Outdoor Girl of the Yellowstone

Franchetti

THE artist had called the spaghetti Franchetti in honor of an Italian sculptor by that name who had once served it to him in a studio. It is like ordinary spaghetti, with the addition of roasted chicken livers ground up and added to the sauce of tomatoes and onions, stewed down in oil and vinegar and seasoned with paprika.

Spaghetti Franchetti can be made in any camp or in any home with little trouble. The ingredients do not take up so much room in a pack. The liver from any wild fowl—duck, quail, turkey or goose—will do. In a pinch I have made it from deer liver. The trick is in boiling the spaghetti until tender—not long enough to get mushy—in a long pan so that it will not be broken. It can be softened and then curled into an ordinary frying pan if necessary. When the spaghetti is done pour the sauce over it and that's all there is to it. There is really nothing on that fancy menu that a camping party cannot have for a special occasion if someone will take the trouble to prepare it. I mean, of course, the food. The bottle of Burgundy and the persimmon beer were accidental additions. One man happened to have brought along the Burgundy, and we were camping in a persimmon country. Persimmon beer is an old beverage in the South, and is not regarded as intoxicating.

Broiled mallard is unusual but not difficult. If selected by a practiced eye marsh-fed mallards are tender enough for broiling. Just split them up the back and pin on strips of bacon. Hang them on the end of a long green stick, which can be propped in front of a hot fire, and allow them to cook slowly. Don't be in too much of a hurry or they'll be too rare. A fish, if not too large, can be broiled in the same way.

Pie Making in the Wilds

THE soup came in cans. We boiled the dried apples and made a pie crust of prepared flour brought along for flapjacks. There is not nearly so much science to pastry as folks would have you believe. All you have to do is mix the self-raising flour with water and roll it lightly over dry flour. If you don't knead it you'll find the crust light and flaky.

The water cress we got from the little branch where we took the bath.

I was telling a friend about this dinner when we got back home. He was a fisherman, and he made careful notes of everything right down to the pie.

"But," he argued, "how are you going to bake a pie if you have no stove?"

The answer to that is that nine parties out of ten do have a stove at the main camp. If not, there is still a way.

Up in Canada one fall on a moose-hunting trip two authors, well known to most of you, put that proposition up to a guide and myself, and on a bet we nailed them for a pair of shoepacks and a Mackinaw.

Moose tenderloins day after day and partridge picked up on the trails occasionally had become a little monotonous. Those fellows just naturally craved something sweet. They wanted pie and nothing but pie. Flapjacks and sirup were tabooed. While the pie talk was going on after dinner one of the guides, a Micmac Indian, and myself did a little rummaging in the grub outfit. I ran across a package of prunes and winked at him. On a former trip the Indian and I had discovered some possibilities in prunes. He caught the wink instantly.

"How much you give for pie, gentleman?" he asked.

"Clothes, shoes, rifle—anything," declared one of them.

"You bet we can't make one?" the Indian challenged, nodding to include me as a partner.

"Outside of some kind of fruit to put in it and an oven in which to bake it I reckon you could do the trick. But why torture us, Sam?"

"All right," declared Sam, pointing my way, "he bet you."

The two authors and their guide went on a trail around a lake next morning that we knew would take them all day. Sam and I made it back to the camp, a simple lean-to, about two o'clock in the afternoon and got busy to win that bet. It was simply a lark to the

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Campers in the Yellowstone

Indian. Pie, as food, was nothing in his life.

Our cooking outfit consisted of three frying pans and a large boiler with a top. Of course, the Indians had their kettles for boiling tea which they always carry on their backs, but those didn't count. Our only gamble was whether the large boiler top would fit over the big frying pan. During the night Sam had found that it did. He was gambling with an ace in the hole. The Indian put the prunes on to boil while I dug out the flapjack flour and started to mix the pastry. To make sure, I added a little lard, which I cut into the flour before stirring in ice-cold water. We had plenty of sugar, and in the package of salt, pepper, and so on, I found a small tin box of ground cinnamon. We were all set. As a touch of finer art we took the trouble to extract the pits from the prunes when they had boiled soft.

After rolling out the pastry dough with a bottle we spread a layer of it over the bottom of one of the granite plates from which we ate and which had been greased with lard. We then poured in the prunes and sugar and sprinkled it with cinnamon, rolling out enough additional pastry to make a cover. We set this inside the big frying pan and then covered the whole thing with the large boiler top, the edges just overlapping.

The Indian in the meantime had built up a birch fire which quickly burned down to coals. On these coals we set the frying pan and then piled more coals on the boiler top which covered it. We had to keep putting coals on top and around the sides to keep the heat as even as possible inside our trick oven. In exactly half an hour we peeped under the lid, and the pie top was a nice brown.

The pie turned out a dandy, and the authors cheerfully paid the bet. I still wear that pair of shoepacks in the woods and I guess the Indian still has the Mackinaw. We split up our winnings that way.

I have spent a considerable portion of my life in the woods, having camped out for a part of every year since I was twelve years old. I am now edging on forty-five. I feel that I can speak with more than novice knowledge of camp cooking and camp equipment.

I have had some lively experiences in the big-game country, and have had a few lucky escapes from injury on salt water and in canoes; but since reaching an age of discretion never have I been without food. I have never seen any excuse for a man going hungry in the woods or without having a certain degree of comfort.

Camping Foresight

LAST summer I was talking with Stefansson, the explorer, when someone came up and asked about his reported adventures and hardships on his last trip.

"I didn't have any," he said. "You know"—and he smiled good-naturedly—"I haven't much patience with these tales of hardships and adventure. A better name for adventure is inefficiency. A party should lay its plans with foresight and intelligence and be prepared."

That is a good thing to remember, whether the expedition is of a serious nature or just for fun. The pleasure of an ordinary camping trip can be entirely spoiled by lack of preparation. This is surprising, too, when it is almost as easy to be fully equipped as to go off half-cocked.

As a little boy I was not very strong. Every spring I had to be taken away from school because of a recurring fever. This was especially disappointing to my father, because he had planned to send me to West Point. It was finally decided to make me strong by rough methods. My father, though a lawyer, was of the pioneer school. He had a notion that every boy should learn to swim, to ride and to shoot; that he should manage to live part of the time in the woods. Those things he reckoned as important in the basic equipment of a youngster as his studies. Consequently when I reached the age of twelve he caused my mother great distress by announcing that I should spend part of the spring, my usual sickly period, out in the woods and on my own resources.

"Oh, he can take Curry along and they can shuffle for themselves," he said to reassure my mother.

Curry was a negro boy about sixteen years old, brought up on the place. He was big and strong. Though sickly at times, I was a rather precocious lad in mechanics and in a knowledge of firearms Evidently my father had figured that we would make a good working team in the woods.

On this first trip we were to take along a horse and an old spring wagon. With that arranged, my father gave me ten dollars and directed that we start out the following Monday morning. He was a very stern man. If he felt any anxiety he did not show it. Purposely, I suppose, he gave us no instructions whatever—not a suggestion as to equipment or route. A month was the time limit put upon us for reporting our whereabouts. Privately, though, I promised my anxious mother to send her a message by any passer-by.

Trying Out a "Hole" in Icicle River, Chelan County, Washington

Babes in the Woods

IN THE face of this adventure, Curry and I had many thrilling conferences. Our main objective was fishing. It was too late for hunting, though there were no game laws then. We figured that we might pick up a quail occasionally. We took along an old muzzle-loading shotgun for that purpose, as well as to shoot some birds or small animals for fishing bait.

We knew enough to take blankets. These we got from the family linen closet. It was not cold and we needed no extra clothes. Our main mistakes were made in food supplies. Canned goods were not common in those days. Neither was loaf bread. I was sixteen years old before I ever saw any bread other than biscuit or corn bread. Obviously, we lived in the South. Prepared flour for flapjacks we called 'em batter cakes—had not been heard of then.

So our first purchase was a fifty-pound sack of corn meal. Next we figured that we should take along a slab of bacon. I was a coffee drinker even at that early age, and I included in the outfit three pounds of ground coffee. I remember distinctly that the price was three pounds for a quarter. That's about all it was worth too.

Feeling confident of being able to live off the woods and the streams—as so many misguided campers do to-day that is all we could think of for a month's expedition!

At the very last minute we raided the pantry and got two dozen eggs. That made us think of salt and pepper.

With all this preparation going on my father didn't say a word.

"Oh," he would say to my mother, I afterwards learned, "if they run shy they'll come home and know better next time. Let 'em alone. They've got to work out their own salvation. It'll do 'em good."

"But if the boy should get his fever again?" she protested.

"Then they'll come home quicker."

"If you really get in trouble," my father advised me on the day of departure, "make your way to some mountaineer's place and tell him who you are. He'll tell you what to do."

My father was known to every man and woman in that section of the country. He had no fears as to our physical welfare and had a general idea as to where we would be all the time.

Sending out two boys—mere children—into the wilds like that may strike you as a foolhardy proceeding nowadays, but nobody regarded it so then.

At the last minute my mother, hiding her distress as best she could, walked out to where we were hitched up and ready

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PHOTO BY A. J. BAKER, PORTLAND, OREGON

Rising Wolf Camp, Glacier National Park

THE ISLANDERS

VI

By Josephine Daskam Bacon

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

SUDDENLY what had seemed a gun fired, then sharp claps of thunder, last, persistent knocking on a distant door woke Judith. She struggled to her feet, stretched, yawned, spread the blankets over the bed mechanically, and called "Come!"

Still the knocking persisted, so that, frowning, she walked to the door and threw it open.

"For heaven's sake, what is it?" she cried, staring horrified at the figure before her.

Preston, dressed as he had been the night before, with the addition of a faded red jersey, sat stiffly on the side of the cot, his left leg thrust straight out in front of him, resting on a chair. Two boards were bound splintwise on either side of the knee, secured by knotted bandanna handkerchiefs. His right wrist, clumsily bandaged, hung in a sling made from two hideous red neckties. His cheeks were pale and his tossed untidy hair gave him a startlingly unfamiliar face for her. He laughed.

Blankets Were Piled on a Chair, and Lifting Two of Them Carefully He Covered Her

"I've done it now," he said. "Don't stumble over all that wood. I threw it at the door. I thought I'd better get some coffee into me, if you could manage to make it. I found it and got the fire going ——"

"But what is it? What have you done?" she cried.

"Oh, I thought I'd be clever and get a lot of wood moved in here to dry," he answered. "I climbed up on that woodpile and slipped with my arm full—that's all. I rolled down in some lunatic way and wrenched my knee pretty badly and sprained the other wrist; bent it all up under me. Fortunately, I learned to bandage left-handed, and I've always been able to tie knots with my teeth. But I got rather faintish, and I thought some coffee would help. So I threw the wood at the door to wake you. If I don't put any extra strain on the knee for a bit it'll be all right. There's nothing to worry about, Miss Wells."

"I should say there was a good deal," she said brusquely. "Where is the coffee?"

"That's the idea!" he returned approvingly. "I'd just ground it—it's a percolator. Understand 'em?"

"I never made any coffee."

"You take off that glass top and fill the upper part with coffee, that's all. Then put the top back. Lift off all that will come, put three cups of cold water in her and set her on the fire. The steam does the rest."

Clumsily, with several narrow escapes, she followed his directions and set the pot on the stove.

"There's no bread of course, nor butter. But there's condensed milk—two or three cans. And we could have some porridge if you'll put it on to boil. That's a good enough ration—for a start-off. I found a bag of brown sugar."

"How do you cook porridge?"

"You boil it in water, child. Didn't you ever ——"

"I am not a cook," she said hastily. "I never pretended to be."

Inquiring at every stage of her simple cookery, like an uncertain-tempered child, she managed finally to prepare the meal.

"What do I do now?" she asked shortly, standing perplexed among a litter of soiled dishes.

"You hunt up plates and spoons and two cups, and set a place for yourself somewhere. Then, if you will, you arrange something for me on a chair beside me. I'm living on the smell of that coffee!"

Silently she hunted out the tableware, pushed a clean place on the work table and spooned out his meal.

"Can you take it yourself?" she asked.

"Perfectly, thank you. Did you find the sugar?"

"I don't eat brown sugar, thanks," she said absently. "Shall I pour out this condensed stuff or take a spoon?"

"Take a spoon. I'm rather fond of sugar on my porridge, myself," he suggested.

She flushed deeply.

"I'm sorry. Excuse me," she said.

After a few moments of eating she looked curiously at him.

"Does your knee hurt?" she asked.

"It might be worse, thanks," he answered gravely.

"Oh—and your arm?"

"Less than my knee," he assured her. "The main thing is to move as little as possible. I got the knee bandaged in time, thank God, and that's the principal thing. I doubt if it'll swell much, if any."

"Isn't there anything I can do?"

"I'm just as much obliged to you, Miss Wells, but there really isn't a thing," he said. "I know you would if you could. But I'm afraid you'll have a lot of housekeeping to do—to say nothing of the fires. These little shacks get pretty damp and cold, you know."

"Oh, well," she answered, evidently abstracted, "I don't suppose there'll be much more of that. The question is, how will they get you down to the boat?"

"The boat? What boat?" he cried, startled.

"Why the boat they come for us in," she answered placidly. "You don't suppose Possum will wait a moment, after it's actually safe, before he comes to get us?"

"But—but how will he know where to come?"

"Surely they'll try all these near points," she answered impatiently. "Old Danny will find the Skoota, won't he? They know all about this house, don't they?"

"Ye-es, they know about the house," he said slowly, "but I doubt if they come here. They think I'm at my place, you see."

"Your place? The sanitarium?"

He nodded.

"But what about me? They don't think I'm there!"

"That's the trouble," he said; "they do."

She stared, half frightened, half contemptuous, at the awkward figure on the edge of the cot.

"What are you talking about?" she asked roughly. "How can they?"

"Because I agreed to take you there," he said. "I'm afraid we're in a bad fix, Miss Wells. Your clothes and things went over there yesterday, and your aunt and cousin understand that if they don't hear from you this morning they mustn't expect to for a fortnight. It's my unbreakable rule. No letters; no messages. You were leaving them for two weeks, from their point of view."

She stared. Rigid as a monument she stood, the forgotten kettle hissing and steaming behind her.

"You—you—I—— Oh!"

She began one of the choked, snarling groans that had waked him, months ago, in the sleeping car.

"I'm sorry," he said gently. "I couldn't foresee ——"

"You beast!" she cried thickly. "You utter, contemptible beast!"

Her face, dark red, seemed swollen suddenly; she picked at her throat. Stiffly she began to sway from side to side, the pupils of her angry eyes contracted to pin points. He watched her narrowly, one hand on the edge of the cot. She nearly toppled, and he gathered his free leg under him and bent forward, like an animal ready to spring.

"Steady! Steady!" he warned her.

Just as she was on the point of falling she caught the table quickly and righted herself. Her pupils expanded slowly; she wiped her lips nervously with a shaking hand, gasping like an exhausted runner.

"I'll die first! I'll die first!" she panted and, whirling round, she dashed out of the kitchen door into the rain.

Preston relaxed his tense muscles, sat back and shook his head. His face was very pale.

"That was a near thing," he said softly. "A very near thing! Poor girl."

Reaching up to the shelf above him he pulled down a pipe, a tobacco pouch and a box of matches and filled the pipe expertly with one hand.

"Well, here we are!" he said, and fell to smoking.

An hour of steady rain outside and perfect silence in the cottage. Preston after a second filling of his pipe had drawn his leg up carefully, adjusted his bandaged arm to an old rainwashed cushion, stretched himself out and gone placidly to sleep. The fire in the cookstove burned itself out quietly and even the snapping of the wood ceased.

After an hour of this stillness the front door of the shack opened softly and a dripping, draggled Judy stepped into the room. Water poured from her skirt, her soaked tennis shoes squeaked and bubbled as she walked. She went into the kitchen and stood looking down resentfully at the figure on the cot. Preston snored softly.

After a few seconds of this she set her lips firmly together and stamped her wet foot decidedly.

"Wake up!" she said.

He turned, scowled, and opened his eyes vaguely.

"Oh—did you get wet?" he muttered.

"I did," she answered.

Then as his eyes traveled over her with a growing consternation her entire face changed and she burst into a wild fit of sudden laughter.

His staring, helpless surprise merged into a sort of relief as she laughed.

"I'm glad you're amused," he began, and she subsided into a giggling, shivering girl under his curious gaze.

"If I wasn't amused I'd go and commit suicide!" she announced tremulously. "In fact that's what I went out to do, more or less, Doctor Preston. But I got thinking."

"Oh, you got thinking?" he repeated.

"Yes. And all of a sudden it occurred to me that, wicked and inexcusable as you've been to me, you've certainly been well punished—haven't you?"

He hung his head.

"It looks so, Miss Wells," he said soberly.

"I should say it did! Suppose I had had one of those—suppose I'd been ill here?" He shrugged his shoulders helplessly. "That's it. How would you have felt then, Doctor Preston? And you laid up like that! Why, you can't even wait on yourself!"

"I—I know."

"You're going to be worse off than I am; do you realize that?"

"I certainly do, Miss Wells," he said.

"All right. Then listen to this: I shall never forgive you for getting me into this, but until we can get out I'll do anything I can for you. If you were not so helpless, I shouldn't speak a word to you, but as you are, I am willing to act as if you were anybody else."

"That's very kind of you," he answered meekly.

"Of course we shan't need to stay here any such time as two weeks," she went on decidedly, "because it won't be difficult to arrange some kind of signal, I'm sure, to attract passing boats, and once you can be gotten away, you will understand that I hope never to see you again. Do you understand it?"

"Any way you like," he said promptly, "provided you take those wet things off instantly. Your lips are blue."

"But I haven't any skirt now," she began uncertainly.

"There's a pair of knickerbockers in the closet," he replied; "and your own underclothes must be dry by now, aren't they? And there are more shirts."

She walked slowly into the front room and he heard her rebuilding the hearth fire.

In less than half an hour she swung into the kitchen, an excellent Adirondack huntress except for her bath slippers.

He smiled a decided approval.

"Thank goodness I had 'em," he said. "What a blessing you're not a Charles Reade heroine! The lady would have died quietly on the beach rather than put those on."

"Really?" she questioned. "They're very comfortable. And much easier to live on an island in, I should think. What made them so silly then?"

"Anno Domini, I suppose," he said. "Do you think you can manage this fire?"

"I did the other," she answered briefly, and with a little advice from him she managed it.

"I put some beans to soak last night," he announced, "and they might as well be started now; they'll do for supper. I think we might go as far as sardines and canned corn for noon. And of course if you wanted to mix some baking-powder biscuits I could tell you about it."

"If you'll guarantee them," she agreed.

After what seemed to Judy a surprisingly long and complicated period of time a meal of sorts emerged from the chaos of her stove and table.

She ate with deep satisfaction, in spite of the burn on her thumb and the cut from the can opener, one eye on her fire, which required more attention than she would have believed possible.

"We'll have the beans and a can of pears for supper, and some cold biscuits and tea," he decided, "and that means no more cooking, you see. Sanford and I got very wily at planning ahead."

"There isn't any room to cook anything, anyway," she said innocently, "and the biscuits took all the dishes."

Preston laughed shortly.

"I hate to break it to you, but you'll have to wash up," he explained.

She gasped.

"You mean ——"

"Every last one of 'em. We always meant to stock up with wooden ones, but we always end in the dishpan," he admitted gloomily.

Judy glared furiously at the mass of littered tin and crockery.

"Did we need all those?" she burst out.

"Heavens, no! Sanford would have done it all with a knife and a frying pan. But no amateur can. There was no use worrying you with it. Now, see here, Miss Wells! You go in and find a book—there's a pile of old magazines in there—and forget your troubles for a bit. That's fair enough. We're cooped up here for the rest of the day anyway, and there's water enough, heaven knows. When you get rested ——"

Judy rose, walked to the door, then flung herself back suddenly.

"No, I'll do it and get it over!" she said grimly. "What's the use?"

Preston smiled admiringly at her.

"That's the stuff!" he said cordially. "Good for you! It's a lot better, anyhow; the leavings don't stick to 'em so hard, that way."

With his leg supported on a chair he watched her, a curious smile in his eyes. Judy trudged defiantly from kettle to table, hanging pathetically on his every word. A steady stream of precept poured from his lips, for her first movement—which indicated a theory of dishwashing more remarkable for its originality than its ultimate efficiency—convinced them both of the need of an administrative head.

"You see," he explained gravely, "if you dump them in just as they are, it's bound to make things pretty messy in the end."

"But it's a messy job, isn't it, anyhow?"

"There are alleviations," he informed her.

"Thank heaven, you remembered to start enough water!" she observed fervently, after the second kettleful had been offered up in the lustral sacrifice.

"That's the first thing you learn," he assured her. "No camping without cooking; no cooking without washing; no washing without water."

"What do I do with this?" she inquired briefly, after an hour of bending over the primitive sink, nodding toward the despised plate of scraps.

"You empty it into a dog if you have one, or the stove if you haven't," he said.

She brushed the floor, at his suggestion, with vigorous, amateurish, golfing movements, washed her hands, hastily placed another kettle of water on the stove, at which he smiled approval, and sank into a chair.

"And this goes on like this?" she asked with resignation.

"Over and over and over," he answered placidly. "Only, of course, after a bit you get so used to it you think of other things while you're doing it. I worked out the hardest case I ever had, washing up."

"Goodness!" she sighed.

"I'm afraid you're in for worse than the ordinary, this trip," he went on; "and nobody could regret it more than I, Miss Wells."

(Continued on Page 77)

"Really," He Said Stiffly, "I Don't Know Anything About It. If You Want the Boat, She's There"

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 28, 1921

Wall Street Conspiracy

IT IS common knowledge that in the personal and social intercourse of everyday life the most hopeless of our friends, acquaintances or fellow citizens to deal with are those who are suffering from the conspiracy of delusion or the persecution complex. The man who persistently regards his fellow men as in a conspiracy to slight him or do him less than justice is properly an object of pity. But there is just as much futility in the efforts of spokesmen for labor or farmer groups to ascribe all the economic and industrial troubles of a postwar period to the machinations and conspiracies of the Wall Street money power.

The search for a conspiracy always indicates inability or unwillingness to face real issues. To be exact, it is a herring drawn across the trail. It is the setting up of a straw man, a mythical opposition, vague and shadowy enough to serve well the rhetorical necessities of the case but having no other practical value.

Individuals and institutions in what is called Wall Street are guilty at times of very bad judgment, narrowness, bigotry, ignorance, and even of graft and faithlessness of trust. They suffer losses and make mistakes like other men and organizations. Old leaders drop out and new ones come in. Fortunes are made slowly or suddenly, others disappear in the same way. Men who a few years ago were supposed to be of the inner circle are now in many cases retired, broken in health or discredited.

It is doubtful, indeed, if there is the intelligence or continuity of leadership, even granting the power, within the so-called Wall Street money trust to work its will upon the country in any carefully thought-out or predetermined fashion.

The issues that arise between labor and management or between producers and middlemen can be settled only on the basis of the questions involved. The disputes usually rest upon technical points around which centers controversy. Justice is to be had by getting at the truth of the particular dispute, not by railing at an intangible thing called the money power.

If justice could only be had by pounding Wall Street every intelligent person would favor such action. If merely by lambasting the money trust we could repair the wastes of the war, restore the demoralized exchanges, make Europe happy and wealthy again, eliminate all the losses and waste inherent in a highly complicated civilization, instill perfect efficiency throughout industry, and solve the age-old problems of unemployment and business cycles, there would not be a dissenting vote. But a belief in such simplification of modern industrial problems is about as serviceable as a belief in fairies.

Human Specifications

IT IS suggested that in course of time the great industries and educational institutions of the country must get together to decide upon the sort of training that young men need to qualify for important business positions and how much of this training the facilities of the schools and colleges permit being given. In other words, a joint specification will be marked out. No doubt this is a very complicated problem. All sorts of men with a great variety of training and possessing many different temperaments and qualities manage to lead useful and even successful lives. It is a subject that does not call for dogmatism.

But though it would require much temerity to propose the complete joint specification there can be no great harm in alluding to one or two points that might be included. Indeed the impressively organized council that has in its charge the building up of a joint specification need not spend much time or trouble in discovering a few essentials or fundamentals. Almost any manager of a large business could supply them in a half hour's conversation.

"We are very proud of the fact that all our officers are promoted from within the organization," was a recent statement made by the assistant to the president of one of the richest and most successful manufacturing corporations in the world. "Very few concerns retain and develop their men in the way we do. Men who come with us look forward to a life career. There must be a mighty good reason for anyone's leaving us. But"—and the note of conscious pride changed to one of wistful regret—"there is one drawback in keeping men the way we do. There are always a few who talk too much; you know the kind I mean—the kind you cross the street to avoid. Then there are those who stay out too late the night before and tell you all about it."

Or turn to a great railroad system. A new superintendent went to a division where the spirit among the employes had been so ugly as to be the despair of the management. The first day he was approached by a subordinate who wanted to know what the new super's attitude toward questions of clemency would be.

"I don't know enough about this division yet to say," was the reply; "that is, I don't know just what attitude I will take toward most offenses, but I can tell you one thing right now and you can repeat it broadcast: I will listen to no appeals and will grant no clemency for four classes of offenses—for insubordination; for lying to superiors; for drinking or being drunk on duty, which as you know is the one thing which absolutely does not go in the railroad business; and for fooling with the womenfolks of other employes."

In only a single case did the new boss relent enough to grant clemency for one of these offenses, and as a result the division returned to normal in short order.

Or listen to the brief theory of a successful executive concerning the qualities needed by his assistants. When manager of a large plant he had employed two young college men.

"One of them left shortly because, as he put it, the position was not big enough for him. The other man, holding a similar position, rarely said anything or attracted any attention as possessing unusual qualities while at work, but gradually he came to get a reputation throughout the plant because whenever he finished a job it was especially well done. I left the company several years ago, and when I went back recently to visit the plant I asked the manager where this young man was, and the answer came, 'Oh, he has a fine job now.' Of course I have lost track of him again, but I am absolutely certain he will come to my attention once more. I know he will stick up somewhere again."

The manager of a large concern was lecturing to a class of university students upon the problems of a general manager. He said that until a few years ago he had worked in his office from eight in the morning to six in the evening, and with a stenographer at home until two the next morning. But that proved too great a strain, he admitted, and was very foolish. So now, he said, he never works at home later than midnight. Most of the students knew that this manager, a comparatively young man, was the son of the wealthy president of the company.

Human specifications do not change much from year to year. Success in any large sense, whether it be in public service, in building up an industry or in winning the affection and loyalty of employes, seems to be quite independent of wealth and poverty, advantages and disadvantages.

Wealth and education merely give a start. It takes more personal and less adventitious qualities to carry a man on to distinction. If it be true that increasing wealth and the ever-growing educational system, together perhaps with the effects of the war, have made the young men of to-day more smug and self-satisfied than those of earlier years, their elders need not worry. These qualities will not take the youth of to-day far. The race is still to the fit, to those who are willing to sacrifice ease and comfort for the high prizes of life.

Imperfect Governmental Effort

"IMPERFECT organization of governmental effort" is a splendid definition of red tape. President Harding used the words in his first message to impress upon Congress why thousands of our war-disabled, two and a half years after the armistice, are suffering from a deplorable lack of hospital accommodations.

Official Washington's policy has resulted in a situation in which only 6000 of the nation's 25,000 patients are being given the kind of care they merit so amply. These are the figures of the American Legion, whose investigators report that of the grand total 9000 men occupy contract or nongovernment beds, and 10,000 more have only unsatisfactory accommodations.

Our legislators and executives cannot protest that the emergency descended upon them without forewarning. Last January the Senate listened to a letter from Surgeon General Cumming, of the Public Health Service, in which he stated that there was urgent need then for 10,200 additional beds.

The President has been commendably prompt in confronting the issue. His recent investigating committee turned up some of the conflicting facts that helped to make the whole situation possible. According to the newspapers, Surgeon General Ireland, of the Army, stated that 4000 additional beds could be provided by next October; Brigadier General Sawyer, the President's personal physician, said that he could offer 11,000 vacant beds forthwith; Dr. Thomas W. Salmon, of the Rockefeller Institute, asserted that not even 1000 new cases could be properly treated. And there you are.

Whatever definite constructive action ultimately results from President Harding's recommendations, the problem of the ex-service man is only beginning to gather headway. The Government's own authorities expect that with a present monthly increase of more than 1000 hospital cases the peak will not be reached until 1927 or 1929. In great majority the sufferers are stricken with tuberculosis and insanity. Of course there are some goldbrickers or fakers among the veterans, but they can be weeded out once a threefold rehabilitation bureau, covering the physical, financial and industrial needs of the men, has intelligently coördinated its functions.

There will be parades all over the land next Monday—parades and cheers and tears, just as there were two years ago for the returning youngsters—and the missing—who, after all, were not too proud to fight. But our sick and wounded are too proud to beg. Charity may begin at home, but in this case it does not even begin. The most effective cheering that the people at large can do at this time is to make the national voice so thunderously heard at Washington that there can be no shadow of mistake as to our intent in the prompt and effective medical and surgical treatment of our war-afflicted.

Let us not wait until, as a penitent nation, we have to say it with flowers on untimely graves.

THE SWORD AND ITS SHEATH

By Major Sherman Miles, U. S. A.

A SOLDIER looks at the world about him. He sees "humanity once again on the march"; sees restless people everywhere quite unwilling to accept the old conditions of life that led up to the World War; sees many of the old standards either on trial or completely wiped out. When he looks at his own profession of arms he sees the utter havoc which a great war has wrought in the civilized world; sees the unmistakable evidence of the far greater destruction which his new tools—gas, aviation and the tractor—will cause in the next great war; and he sees the almost universal human desire and need to put an end to war. And then he thinks about the League of Nations, The Hague Tribunal and the disarmament projects, and wonders why. These attacks on war seem so indirect and so confused by apparently irrelevant aims and processes. If we want to put an end to war, why don't we do it?

Perhaps the answer to this blunt question is, we are doing it. But the problem has a distinct military bearing; and the soldier, in the solution of any problem, always looks for two things—a single, clean-cut mission and a force adequate to its accomplishment. He does not find them in the much discussed solutions of disarmament, arbitration or the League of Nations.

Suppression of war is the principal aim of the League. Now, quite apart from America's refusal to join the League and the reasons for that refusal, let us look at the League idea for a moment from the point of view of machinery for the suppression of war. Two points about the League are obvious: First, its intimate connection with the peace settlement of the World War; and second, the multiplicity of its aims and the complexity of its machinery.

It resembles the Holy Alliance in that it is a league established by victorious powers after a great war for the maintenance of peace and the regulation of various other international questions incident to the peace settlement. Like the Holy Alliance, it is unable to dissociate itself from the peace settlement which gave it birth, because it provides for the continual supremacy in its administration of those great powers which won the war and imposed the peace. The world still remembers and abhors the Holy Alliance, largely because of the reactionary hands into which it fell. Its ghost haunts the League to-day and whispers the story of its failure—the story of the religious fervor and idealism in which it was conceived; of its indissoluble connection with the political aspirations of the victorious powers; and of its gradual and inevitable use by the ruling reactionary chancelleries of Europe as a political machine for the accomplishment of their own designs.

The Suppression of War

AFTER any war it is inevitable that the peace settlement should be influenced by the conditions under which it is made. These are war conditions. The nations are still controlled by war psychology, and their entire economic life is still largely operating under war organization. Great readjustments follow the peacemaking period. Most of these readjustments come slowly, as the profound transformation from the nation in arms to the normal is slowly brought about. So, well after the peace settlement has been made, the world finds itself under an entirely different system of stresses and strains, both in national and in international life. It is because of these new stresses and strains that war alliances so often break up in the years following the peace; and it is in these years that the peace settlement, made under war conditions, must suffer inevitable discredit through being more or less out of joint with the times. If a continuing league or alliance has been grafted on the peace settlement, it must face the years to come with the burden of that discredit on its back. This does not make for efficiency in the suppression of war.

The second point I have mentioned about the League is the multiplicity of its aims and the complexity of its organization and processes. All this acts as a detriment to the League as a war-suppressing machine, simply because multiplicity and complexity make a difficult problem still more difficult. If we are really looking for success, why should we burden the men who are trying to suppress war by asking them at the same time to supervise the suppression of the white-slave traffic, to define the authority of mandatories, etc., etc.? Why should we complicate the difficult task of suppressing war by complicating the machinery, both in its construction and in its functions?

It is obvious that the suppression of war is in itself a matter of sufficient difficulty and importance to warrant concentration of effort upon it. It is equally obvious that any international organization for the suppression of war rests finally on the existence of credit in international good faith, and that that credit is shaken whenever any other undertaking of the same international organization—the suppression of opium traffic or of gun running or what not—is discredited through failure. And yet the League was crippled as a peace organization by these damaging complications and divergencies. The idea of a clean-cut mission and a single-minded purpose was lost. Why? I am afraid the answer is that not all of those who founded the League put faith or even hope in it.

Another means by which we are attempting to suppress war is disarmament. Here the soldier speaks with hesitation, for complete disarmament would mean the end of his profession, and he cannot therefore be credited with an impartial view of the subject. Nevertheless, he must risk whatever charge of partiality may be brought against him in saying this: Though disarmament would, proportionately to its degree, lighten the burdens of peace and remove certain psychological factors tending towards war, it could not of itself prevent war.

To assume that disarmament would prevent war is a clear case of putting the cart before the horse. Prevent war, and disarmament would follow, yes—but not the converse. For under any system of disarmament we should always have inequality in the military strength of the nations. The United States and Guatemala cannot pare down and build up to an equality. Some nations must remain stronger and some weaker than others, and

(Continued on Page 93)

- NOTICE -
SHOOTING UP THE WORLD MUST CEASE!
ANY NATION THAT STARTS ANY ROUGH STUFF WILL BE FORCIBLY DEALT WITH -
BY ORDER
PEACEFUL NATIONS VIGILANTES
HM! IF NOBODY DAST MAKE A GUNPLAY WHAT'S THE USE PACKIN' A GUN?
LAWLESS NATIONALISM
WAR

"I Reckon I'll Have to Stop Totin' This Six-Gun"

WEST BROADWAY

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

VII

OUTSIDE the window the Indianapolis street cars roared and jolted past with protesting shrieks, and the hoarse, confused murmur that belongs to big cities could be plainly heard in the silence which fell between I and Jim as we looked at that terrible peice of news from home. "Read it!" says Jim. "I'll bet your highbrow friends of the Intelligencia gang are back of it!"

Well, I let that pass, because I wasn't so sure but that they was. And so all I done was read, and this was what the peice says: It seems that on the very day that Tom Westman kidnapped me—just two hours earlier, in fact—a terrible explosion had happened on lower Broadway, killing ten people. At first it had been supposed that a wagon with dynamite for blasting had been accidentally hit, but now the cops thought it was the Reds, and not only the Reds, but that the whole thing had been guided by a master mind. Of course, I at once thought of Karl Westman. Anyways, he had disappeared the day before we left—I knew that—and although no names were mentioned by the paper, he flashed into my mind right off. And here in the confusion of getting away from home we had not even heard of the explosion. Ain't that New York for you though?

Somehow the whole thing, terrible as it was, seemed awfully dim and unreal to me; even that night at dinner in the Mocking Turtle, with Karl's ugly purple face gleaming through the haze of smoke while his thick lips shouted that the capitalist ought to be blown to hell—that it was the only way to teach them. It all seemed like a queer, unhealthy dream to me, it was so far away from the clean, fine country we had been riding through day after day; the calm country with its rich wide fields, its busy, clean-cut people, its bright prosperous young cities. In reading that paper I felt like I was looking at New York, and especially at radical New York, through the wrong end of a telescope, and it appeared like a small glowing coal at the far end of a long, cool, green valley. It seemed like the beginning of time since I had been back there listening with a real disturbed heart and mind to those queer people, shut up in their smoky café and talking, talking, talking about a revolution in a country they had never even seen; that since then I had been traveling for years through a land of peace and plenty. I felt so safe, so secure up to now that I had pretty near forgotten what I had come for—to spread Americanism—and all at once I realized that what I had actually been doing was absorbing that very thing myself. It had come into me naturally out of the very air I'd been breathing. And if I had read that newspaper in any place but the first big industrial city we had hit I don't believe I would of paid half the attention to it that I did.

"Dam those crooks!" says Jim. "We ought to deport the whole crew—these fellers that love revolution so. Why don't they go back to their native Russia, or wherever they come from, where they can have a fight every morning before breakfast if they want it? I'm fed up with this straddling—one foot in America and the other foot back home!"

"And it isn't as if they was all direct from the other side either," I says, glad for once to agree with my husband. "The ones which get my goat are the second and third generation ones who still love the old country so that they are willing to do everything for it except go live there."

"You said a *hors d'oeuvre!*" says Jim, lacing his older boots briskly because of having decided they was good enough for the car. "You said a pickled herring—it'll keep! But what I wonder is, did them highbrow members of the Intelligencia gang have anything to do with this business, eh? First thing you know, Tom'll be running us off a cliff and wrecking the car just to show us where we capitalists get off."

"That very thing oozed through my own bean," I says, putting on the same waist as yesterday because the laundry was commencing to pile up something terrible, and as we had forgot a laundry bag, what to do with our dirty linen unless we washed it in public was getting to be one of the most important things in life. Well, anyways —

"I did think of it, but I canned the thought," I says, "because I'm not going to frisk myself of a perfectly good chauffeur until I got some reason I can put my teeth into," I says.

And Jim agreed with me, but just the same when Tom come up and knocked on the door, not expecting anything worse than the usual morning bags and ecteras, we give him the paper to read and watched him like a pair of cats while he done so. A drawn look come into his face which had up to now been growing younger every day, making him look still young, but faded, the way he had been that first night when we talked about bombs across the dirty dishes.

"I've seen it!" he says very quietly. "It seems like a nightmare, don't it?"

Well, what could a person say to that except you bet or something? So that was all we did say, and as soon as possible set off West again, glad to leave Indianapolis, for all its noisy prosperity, because in the great manufacturing towns somehow a person could feel the disturbing, clutching, unrestful hands of the East, and—oh, well, what's the use trying to explain it? I don't know what is the matter with industry, but I do know that industry is one of the

(Continued on Page 24)

I Left Her and Tom to Fix the Car Between Them, Because Without Lifting the Hood I Knew It Was Going to be a Long Job

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELLS SOUPS

Take this along on your outing!

Campbell's Beans never taste better than out in the open air when hours of exertion are behind you and your hunger calls aloud for real food. Then how you will relish such rich, hearty pork and beans and their delicious tomato sauce! Easy to carry, no trouble to prepare, and just the kind of substantial food active people require.

Serve cold **2 cans for 25c** Serve hot

Except west of Mississippi River and in Canada

Campbells' BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 22)

things that is the matter with the country. And that the farther west you go the less industry—in a factory sense—you see and the more sane you feel.

At any rate, when we started the sun was shining in a blue sky that looked as if it had come to stay, and it was real warm—over seventy even then—so I took off my coat and wore only a duster, because after all it didn't matter in the car, and also took off my hat to let the sweet moist air blow my troubles out of my brain, and so it did after a few miles.

There is something so kind of big and endless about driving across America that it gives a person a sense of having been cut loose from time and place; it rests you the way nothing else can. You are a kind of atom or something, traveling free from the maddening bill collector and under no obligation to get anywheres on time, because how could you promise faithfully about a car? No mail can reach you up to a certain point, and if the cook at home leaves or the house burns down or the ice don't come or they raise your taxes you should fret. You don't even know about it, and if you don't like one place you can easy move on to another. You are the freest you are ever likely to be, and if you add trouble to the other baggage in the car you got nobody to blame but your own self, and anybody which don't leave old dog Trouble Ever Faithful checked at the home station don't deserve to make the trip. Just remember what the Hints to Tourists on the back of the map says—"Load your car light!"

Well, anyways, I did feel happy this morning in spite of the thermometer going up and up in company with the moisture out of the ground. Because, believe me, the Ohio flood, which we had thought fairly wet, was only damp compared to Illinois, and anybody which has crossed that state after a seven weeks' rain will understand me perfectly. And also it was this morning that I learned a brand-new truth about garage men, which is to say they had a brand of wickedness up their sleeve which I had not suspected before, and I'll say I had suspected quite a few and actually known of even more; and this new vice was giving directions to innocent strangers about pet short cuts of their own. Tom sprung one as we was putting Indianapolis behind us.

"The feller at the garage was telling me," he says, "that the national road is in bad shape from here on, and to go north by Montezuma and keep on the Ocean-to-Ocean trail as far as Springfield."

"All right!" says Jim, and off we started, thinking how kind and helpful these garage men are. And kind he was, because pretty soon we found out that this knowing piece of information was perfectly correct, because there was a big sign across the road which says the National was closed to all except swimmers and no boat traffic allowed, and so we steered north, taking the gentle hint of a detour sign in letters not over two feet tall, and pretty soon we was riding along one of the backest back roads I ever hope to see, with corn ten feet tall growing like a forest on the both sides of us in cute little fifty-acre fields. I expect this was what they call intensive cultivation—it certainly was intensely large. And there not being anything else to look at, why, of course, we took in every little thing about it, from how big the ears was to how black the earth was—like chocolate frosting it looked. That's another remarkable thing about this trip—it forces you to notice a whole lot of things you would never notice any other way. Imagine me noticing fields of corn, for a sample! But out in this part of the country you just got to notice 'em, because they are every place you look.

Well, after a while we come to a little group of houses which was Montezuma, and there ahead of us in deep discussion with the boys who was holding down the post-office steps who would we see but the new gray Colby-Droit, the one which had been so proud back in West Virginia on the wet clay. When he saw us he started to speak like we had just left off talking the minute before. My but that guy hated himself!

"The road ahead is impassable!" he says. "Three cars tried to get through to Springfield yesterday and had to turn back. You'd better go down to Terre Haute and take the main line. That's what I'm going to do. Our cars will get through all right, I know. I've had a lot of experience motoring."

Well, believe me, having one state road closed because of mud and repairs and the other one closed because of mud and no repairs gives you a kind of feeling like the camera man had turned sixty feet without opening the shutter—in other words, perfectly blank. But if a person is stopped by little things or big things either they might better stay at home and make their thirty-five hundred miles register riding round and round Central Park instead of driving from coast to coast.

"We got to get to St. Louis to-night, that's all!" says Jim. "If we turn back we may be stuck a week. But I got no intention of going over a road that's marked 'Closed,'" and he looked off after the other Colby, which was by now heading back the way it had come, lickety-split, or as lickety-split as the road would allow of.

"There ought to be some other way," says Tom. "Let's ask the natives."

And with that he hopped out and was met halfway by a nice old bird in blue jeans and a black felt hat, while we sat in the car at ninety in the shade, only we was in the sun, and pretty soon back come Tom with a few notes on the back of a envelope.

"He says he'd go back if he was us," he announced. "Because his wife's cousin's been trying to get through for a week, and he's boarding free with them yet. But I got the dope on a middle road, and I'm game if the rest are."

"We got to be," says Jim. "The hellovit is we haven't time to lay off until the world dries up. We got to get through, that's all."

I Bought a Couple of Hats to Make Me Feel Better Groomed, But Jim Kicked at the Extra Nather

"Sure we have!" I says. "Put on the chains and go!"

"We don't need chains!" says Tom scornfully. "They don't do no good. Why, I've drove all over New York without chains!"

"Well, I wish you'd put 'em on just the same," I says. "The book says put them on."

And with that off we started, innocent and gay, glad of the blue sky, the beautiful friendly fields and the country, which at last was beginning to look a little different from home; and if we had a picture of muddy roads ahead, why, we supposed of course they would be only pretty bad—like, say, the Boston Post Road detours—that was fully capable of splashing up the car enough to make a wash necessary in St. Louis, but not so bad as the Ohio flooded ones, because nobody round here had said anything about that Noah stuff, even though it had been raining for days. But ye gobs and little fishes! We was to learn the real truth about why a car is called a boat! It was nicknamed so by an Illinoisan, I'll gamble, and nicked is right, because beneath the underdone mud are holes—large but unseen—and nicked is what your boat pretty soon is. I personally myself can testify that after the seventieth wallop in the sixty miles through Terre Haute to Paris our tire bracket had a nervous breakdown and the tires had to be sustained with the tow rope that Jim had given me the merry laugh for bringing. And when they was all bound round with that hangman's handy tool we looked about as much toured against as touring.

But there was one comfort in the bus being covered with mud and rope, and the dog having put mud all over the bags with his dirty paws—we could let down a little more about our personal appearance, and I even went so far as to borrow a cap off of Jim, because a person has to shade their eyes, no matter how it looks; and anyhow, I didn't know anybody in Paris, Illinois. Besides, comfort is something you simply got to have on a trip like this.

Well, anyways, I was glad to see Paris, Illinois, because of all I have read about it, and also because of a girl I know in the dressmaking business who calls herself Estelle Modes, Paris, and she comes from this town, but allows the public to infer anything they like. And it's a good town, and I personally myself would just as soon admit the Illinois part of it after I once seen it, even if you do come into it out of absolutely nowhere and go right back into the void ten minutes after leaving. It was the most surprising citylet we had come on so far, because while it was as perfect as any—courthouse, traffic cops, street lighting all complete, and a ladies dressing room in the big garage that no kidding beat the Ritz for space, cleanliness and little comforts—well, while this was true, we come on it out of a wilder wilderness than any we had been through before, and in all these places I and Jim both passed the remark many times how strange it is they have absolutely no suburbs—no scattered houses lying around on the outside of the town and getting thicker as you get nearer, but you plunge all at once without any warning into the heart of the Metropolis, as the newspapers say. And this true fact never ceased to get a rise out of us all the way from Ohio clear through Kansas. The citylets of the Middle West are in a uinque class by theirself, and the more of them I see the more I wondered what ever started that N. Y. idea that they was jay.

Well, anyways, when we had admired Paris and admired in particular a fifty-cent dinner we had there of only soup, fat broiled chicken and candied sweet potatoes, two vegetables, ice cream, coffee and pie, we dashed down to the abrupt ending of Main Street, taking the road which the garage man, which it's a fact he was stronger on plumbing than on directions, had told us to take, with the pleasing result that presently we was completely lost. We tried to turn round and go back to Paris and was shortly even more lost, and the only signs on any corner was Chew Cub Plug and Whatsis, or some place we never heard of before, fourteen miles.

And what is further, we never struck a farmhouse on any corner. They seemed to build them in the middle of the block, if you get that, so's to be as far away from each other as possible, when wouldn't you think they would make it on the four corners so they could at least fight with each other, and for the further convenience of tourists? But they don't—not out West—and I would think they'd die of a lonesomeness that could easily be avoided, especially as lots of that land is

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9c *for* one

WHITE OWL has quality. White Owl has character. You'll recognize White Owl by his fine appearance, which is only a hint of the still finer smoking qualities which lie beneath his imported Sumatra jacket.

There isn't a leaf of White Owl which doesn't contribute to your pleasure and satisfaction. Burns evenly! Draws perfectly! Tastes right! *Is* right! There is no other cigar in quite the same class.

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NATIONAL BRANDS
NEW YORK CITY

WHITE OWL

3 *for* 25c (9c *for* one)
Box of 50: $4.00

(Continued from Page 24)

taken up in quarter sections, which means the four corners often do come together.

Well, anyways, we was lost all right, and so I says the next farmhouse we come to we will stop and ask, and we went on—and on—and still yet again on. Somebody had to live some place pretty soon, we knew that, because somebody must of planted all that corn we were going by unless it really grew wild. And meanwhile we were doing our daily stunt of desperately trying to beat the sunset to our hotel, but with St. Louis still the other side of Jordan.

"Say, do you realize we are not only sluing from side to side up to our hubs in goulash," I says at length, "but that we are only making fifteen miles an hour at that?"

"I was thinking," says Westman, who was wrestling with the wheel, which tugged him about like it was alive and mad at him and trying to pull his arms out by the roots—"I was thinking," he says, "of the pioneers who come through the mud out here on ox carts," he says, "and how there must of been times when they didn't make over fifteen miles a day."

He said this so serious that I shut up and only looked at him with sort of new eyes. It was strange to have this kid—foreign born—think of that before I, a born American, did. But I passed no comments on it, feeling it better to let the country do its own propaganda without any interference from me in this case, and then pretty soon we actually come in sight of a farm, and as there didn't seem to be nobody round but one lone woman, I says I would get out and ask. And so I threw my main supports over the door, and following them went up and said hello, would she tell me the road to St. Louis. It sounds like a simple question, but you don't know the half of it, or what I had started.

This lady was a good substantial one. She sort of reminded me of ma, a white American woman in a clean gingham and starved for a gabfest like a suburban wife for a matinée, only a hundred per cent worse. There was a talk-hungry look in her faded eyes, and the way she stalled to keep me almost made me cry. She took in my clothes one by one, and I could see she was disappointed they wasn't better.

"Where you from?" she says first of all. "New York? My heaven, all the way in that car? Where you going ter? What? California? You don't say! There was a lady and gentleman through here last month, but they was only going far as Kansas. I got a cousin in Kansas—near Cottonwood Falls. Ever been there? No, not yet, of course! Well, you was asking about St. Louis. Well, you might take your right—no, your left—down to Shelbyville and go croat to Vandalia. I know a man works down to Vandalia—and he says it's on the main road to St. Louis."

"Then we better take that," I says, starting to go. "Thank you a lot."

"Well, I don't believe I'd take it this time o' year," says the lady. "I hear there's a bridge gone down that way. Better keep on through Hillsboro and Staunton. How far did you say you was going?"

"California," I says again.

"Wisht I could go!" says she. "I never get to go no place. They always got some other use for the flivver. Sometimes I feel like if I ever once got off this farm I wouldn't never come back to it outside of a coffin!"

"Why, what's wrong with it?" I says.

"Lonesome!" says the woman, her lips shutting into a thin line. "And besides, I ain't needed here."

"Not needed?" I says. "Why, who would do the housework?"

"Oh, a camp cook can always do that!" she says bitterly. "Women ain't actually needed on a farm. The menfolk could get along just as good without us. Now in the cities, that's different. I often think of being a saleslady or clerk or a cook, even. But I'm too old to commence again. Lots have, though. Three out of every four families hereabouts has moved to the cities these last ten years."

"Say," I says, "you are quite a thinker! What makes 'em go? I would think a swell farm had it all over the city unless you are real rich."

"Think?" says the woman. "Of course, I think! I got nothing else to do except when I'm working, and you don't have to keep your mind on my kind of work, so I think then too. And I'll tell you, young woman, no modern, up-to-date girl will stay on a farm if she can get offen it—and no wonder! She'd rather marry a soda clerk in a town than a fine young feller that owns his one hundred and sixty acres of good farm land. And I don't blame her, nuther!"

"I'll say that's real radical!" I says. "You talk like you wanted a soviet!"

"What's a soviet?" says the woman suspiciously. "If it's one of them newfangled reaper machines or a motor plow I don't want even the name of it! Everything on this farm has been for the farm—see?—and I'm sick of it! Every penny that goes for improvements goes for farm improvements, and not a nickel for me—not a dollar for the farmhouses or us farm women. And let me tell you, young lady, the farmhouse is the heart of the farming business, and until the farmers their own selves understand this the young girls will refuse to tie theirselves up in marriage to farmers. Until they get improvements—electric washers, lights, decent houses they can take some pride in, and then get some freedom from drudging about with old-fashioned inconveniences—they are going to prefer city boys. I know what I'm talkin' about. I got two daughters married in the city, and a son gone and left us too!"

"Gee, that's rough!" I says, real interested by now.

"Farm labor?" says the woman. "Who wants to be a farm worker in the kind of homes we got—far off, no picture shows, nothing but work? Why, there's no law in this country against children working on farms, and a mother hates to see her kids done up with chores—yet the father always wants 'em to! Women hate farms! I hate this one! I tell you, young woman, the farm-labor problem is going right on the way it is until the farm women get something better in the way of living than they got now. For every tractor, a equal new household equipment—that's my motto! My land, but don't I wisht I was going along with you folks!"

Jim was by this time honking badly, so I had to go.

"Maybe you'll get away soon," I says, shaking hands with her, and she give an awful funny answer.

"I wisht he'd buy a phonographt!" she says.

But I understood. And when I had given Jim the direction and got back in the car again I kept looking back at her and waving as long as I could and wishing I had thought to ask her name so's I could send her a picture postal. And the last we seen of her I think she was still talking, and so was Jim about how it was getting dark and all my fault for delaying the game like that, and meanwhile we was going on and on without meeting a town anywheres.

I begun to think all the towns had been drowned in the mud, and the old familiar ache of utter tiredness was creeping over me, and we all had the usual evening edge, not meaning in any liquid sense, because liquor and us had been strangers since the start of the trip, and nobody in the places we had been seemed either to have any bootlegs or to want any—well, anyways, I mean edge to our tempers, and the daylight had no consideration for us, but just went on giving out regardless and finally went altogether, leaving us soshing and struggling along over a road which was ruts and mud and mud and ruts and washouts on either hand lots of times when we would come to a hill. The only way to drive at all was keep in the shallowest of the ruts and pray to heaven. And then, with Jim driving, we went over a little bridge, shot up a incline, skidded to one side and stopped dead, our differential snuggled down deep into the lovely Illinois blue gumbo.

"I guess we're stuck!" I remarked as if I needed to call their attention to it. "And in all this wet! Say, Jim, didn't all this part of the world used to be an ocean?"

"What d'yer mean, used to be?" growled Jim savagely, climbing into not over two feet of earth that hadn't jelled. "Get at that wheel and spin her around, Tom, while I cut some brush."

Well, Tom spun her, and around went the wheels all right. They could easily, because the car was resting on the pan, which left the wheels entirely free—there was no bottom to the ruts. I thought about chains and how somebody or another—meaning me—had several times suggested putting them on when the car got up and dressed in the morning. I say I thought it, but I kept my thoughts to myself. I had no wish to be murdered by two strong, angry men on a dark and lonesome back road, and I was taking no chances. So I merely switched on the dash light, put the three cushions on the floor, and realizing that this was the first evening since we started out that I'd had a chance to read, or hadn't been so sleepy I couldn't, got out Shakspere.

"What are you doing?" says Jim when he saw me. "Reading—when we got all this work to do?"

"Well, you say there's nothing I can do to help," I says, looking up at him over the top of Romeo from my harem seat.

"Well, you might at least stand around and watch!" he says.

"I can see very good from here," I says.

And then he went off, awful mad, to look for brush that wasn't there. Literally there wasn't any—not a handful except of briars, nor a fence they could pull down nor anything, and they had to go looking for it with the pocket flash at that. Finally Jim come back from the bridge behind us with one loose board he had caught, and threw it behind the left hind foot of our churchyard rabbit, giving meanwhile a exhibition of some of the language he had learned in the pictures—pure Studioese of the strongest kind. And when the stick proved a mere nothing he and Tom got out all them things they had kidded me so for buying—the shovel, the ax, the puller and so forth—and commenced to play with them. And while they done so for two hours I read the script of Romeo and Juliet and had a real good time, once in a while stopping to hand them a plier or something, and showing almost superhuman self-control in never once saying "I told you we would need them," and a good thing, too, because the puller broke on the first pull; but that was before we found out that the wheels was going around merely in space and no purchase nearer than China.

"Better walk back to the nearest farmhouse and get someone to come pull us out," says Jim at length when they had for over an hour mined with the ax and pick and shovel and ectera all around the bus, but only got her in a little deeper by doing it. "I hate to do it," he says, "because I've heard these Illinois farmers is a bunch of hold-up men when it comes to pulling a car out, but I don't know how we can help it."

"Well," says I, "don't give 'em a nickel over twenty-five dollars," I says.

"I won't!" says Jim. "They better not try to rob me! But we can't stay here all night."

"I'll go back," says Tom. "I saw a place about two miles down the road."

Jim went through the motions of protesting, but Tom wouldn't listen even.

"I don't mind a bit!" says he, lying cheerfully. "And I'll bring help if I have to use a gun!"

He grinned at us, struggling into his sweater under the headlights, and with a wave of his hand vanished into the darkness, leaving I and Jim to wait without speaking for a time that seemed longer than the whole rest of my life put together. And then, just as we had about decided he had been drowned in the mud or maybe murdered in the lonely farmhouse, we heard a car and his voice calling, "There she is—right beyond the bridge!"

Now I've heard a lot of good music in my time—we got a two-hundred-dollar phonograph, for one thing—and I've had the best orchestras always when doing my society dances in the old vaudeville days, and once Al give me two seats to hear Caruso in person and I didn't want to waste them. But never—no, never on my word of fair-to-middling honor have I heard any music as sweet and beautiful as the engine of that car, excepting maybe that of our own car when it got pulled out and was running.

As for the two he-farmers who had come out at nearly ten P.M. in their Sunday clothes, they were without doubt two of the handsomest men I ever seen, and real Americans, too, of the first water and no German accent or anything, or mean like you read about keeping mudholes as a source of income. Why, from their talk you would of thought it was a pleasure to help us, and the most remarkable part yet—they wouldn't take a cent! Not a cent! Not even one of Jim's cigars, though I don't know that I blame them for that, he having kept his small-time-salary taste in tobacco. But anyways they wouldn't hear of money.

"When somebody else is in trouble you'll help them," says the biggest, handsomest farmer. "That's the way to pay such things."

And then we shook hands all around and gathered up the mining outfit and chased the dog, which of course took that minute to run off, and finally got in and was on our way.

Oh, the heavenly relief of it! Believe me, if you want the most exquisite sensation of pleasure, go get stuck in the Illinois gumbo for two hours and then get out of it. I'll tell the world that never—no, not even when I got my first good press notices did I have a sensation like the one I had when that bus give a lurch, come clean out of the bog and stood purring and ready to go on her way. The joy of feeling her move is something no poet can tell about and get away with. It's one of them things which has got to be experienced to be understood.

"Follow the heavy electric cables when you come to them," says one of the Angel Farmers, "right into Hillsboro. Good luck!"

And then we was actually off, driving for miles and miles, Jim at the wheel and trying to make time in spite of I begging him to be careful. But he was nervous and tired, and the more I asked him to be careful the more he wouldn't, but took corners in a simply crazy way, and when I thought the road must be washed out in the darkness on either side my hair stood on end, or would of only for my cap.

"Jim, you nut," I says, "have a heart! Let Tom drive, please! Oh, Jim, you make me so nervous!"

"Shut up! I won't!" says Jim. "I know how to drive this bus! I've drove it all over New York City!"

"But this ain't New York!" I wailed but to no avail

And then what I had been expecting but yet not really expecting, if you get me, happened. We dashed down a grade where a rickety little bridge showed fantastically ahead in the spotlight, slued violently to the right in the treacherous mud, missed the bridge and went over the bank. For one awful moment I thought "I'm going to die! Oh, Jim, I told you so!" and then my head hit something with a noise like a battlefield, everything went black and I knew no more.

VIII

WHEN I come to I imagined that the whole entire world, including its excess baggage, had fallen on top of me, with apparently no intention of getting off. I thought my head was ruined and my legs was all broke and that my screen value was gone forever. Also that it was

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Essex Combines Light Car Economy With Costly Car Reliability

What Your Friends Think of Essex

Ask any owner—Fifty Thousand Praise its Fineness, Reliability and Endurance

Convincing proof that the Essex does not grow old is to be found everywhere. Cars two years old are running today as smoothly as when new. They are free from squeaks and rattles. Long gasoline mileage is shown in the reports of thousands. Oil consumption is reported as averaging 1,000 miles to the gallon, and tires last far longer than they are guaranteed.

But with these lasting qualities Essex has given an unusual performance. Because it has been recognized as a car of great ability, drivers have put it to service not demanded of other cars of its weight or price class. Its owners admit no car its superior in any demand they impose. It is first away at the crossing. It leads in every procession in cross country driving. The limits of Essex performance are exactly those placed by their drivers.

This makes what owners tell you all the more convincing. It gives Essex the distinction all speak for it as the light weight, moderate priced, economical car having long life and the performance range of large, costly cars.

And then when you note that Essex is a favorite with those who have had and can afford much costlier cars, you appreciate more than ever how its beauty, ease of riding and driving and pride of ownership must satisfy.

In face of what Essex owners tell you, can there be a rival in its class?

What One Owner Says, Nearly All Repeat

"Have driven my Essex 16,400 miles. Had driven eight different makes of light cars, and none would last me a season. I drive a car hard—bad roads, all weather. Upkeep has been practically nothing. Its remarkable performance and the satisfaction it has given have led to many more Essex sales, as I believe I have been instrumental in selling more Essex cars than any of your salesmen. I have never been bothered with squeaks or rattles."

A. I. BRUETT
A. I. Bruett Piano Co., Milwaukee

Touring - - - $1595 *Sedan - - - - $2450*
Roadster - - - $1595 *Cabriolet - - $2100*
F. O. B. Detroit

ESSEX MOTORS DETROIT U.S.A.

E S S E X

ESSEX MOTORS DETROIT U.S.A.

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

Servantless Homes

A PLAN was recently initiated in this country to encourage the construction of so-called electrical homes. The results from thus linking together the real estate and the electrical industries have been surprising. During a recent seven-month period five of these electric homes were completed and opened for inspection in four cities. These five new residences were widely advertised, and 154,000 people examined them and were introduced to the conveniences of modern electrical equipment in a home. Hundreds of people who investigated these up-to-date houses altered the plans for new homes of their own to conform to the scheme of wiring of the exhibition houses.

The electric-home idea was started on the Pacific Coast. Although but little more than a year old, the scheme has already reached across the country, and New York City has its first group of electric servantless apartments. Progressive builders in Cleveland and other cities have been quick to sense the interest of the general public in the electric-housekeeping idea, and projects of a similar kind are under construction in a number of localities. The expense of building the first house for exhibition purposes is borne by local electrical and real-estate interests. The idea has been not to permit any one concern to utilize the enterprise to advertise any special brand of equipment.

The electric homes were called to the attention of the public through coöperative advertising, the average cost of which amounted to about $3000 for each home. The houses were kept open from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M. Current was furnished without charge by the local power company, and the appliances were loaned and installed free of cost by the jobbers and manufacturers. Local music companies furnished electric phonographs and pianos of different makes at their own expense. The popularity of the electric home, in view of its practical solution of the servant problem, has caused a number of real-estate firms to announce their intention of building only electrical homes.

Those who originated the movement started with the belief that the whole purpose of the plan would be defeated if the public received the impression that the equipment recommended is either superfluous, impractical or extravagant. Equipping an electric home complete means the installation of from 110 to 150 or more outlets for making electrical connections in each house. In one house having 110 outlets the cost of wiring amounted to $1250. Here is the equipment of the first electric home built in Los Angeles:

LIVING ROOM
1 Electric Piano — 1 Table Lamp, 1 Portable Heater — 1 Stand Lamp

DEN
1 Electric Phonograph — 1 Reading Lamp — 1 Desk Lamp — 1 Portable Heater — 1 Vacuum Cleaner

FRONT BEDROOM
1 Reading Lamp — 1 Hair Drier — 1 Warming Pad

HALLWAY
1 Portable Telephone

BATHROOM
1 Portable Heater — 1 Curling Iron — 1 Immersion Heater

REAR BEDROOM
1 Three-Pound Electric Iron — 1 Electric Sewing Machine
1 Hot-Water Cup — 1 Curling Iron — 1 Vibrator
1 Boudoir Lamp

DINING ROOM
1 Coffee Urn — 1 Toaster — 1 Grill — 1 Samovar
1 Quadruple Table Receptacle — 1 Vacuum Cleaner

KITCHEN
1 Electric Range — 1 Dish Washer — 1 Buffing Motor
1 Oscillating Fan

BREAKFAST ROOM
1 Toaster — 1 Percolator — 1 Waffle Iron
1 Portable Heater — 1 Quadruple Table Receptacle

LAUNDRY
1 Ironing Machine — 1 Clothes Washer
1 Six-Pound Electric Iron — 1 Circulating Water Heater

GARAGE
1 Storage Battery — 1 Rectifier — 1 Portable Extension Cord

PHOTO BY WURTS BROS., NEW YORK CITY

The Kitchen of an Electric Servantless Apartment in New York City

One investigator states that 95 per cent of the women in the United States do their own housework. The majority of these women could spend their hours in a much more profitable way. Of all classes of household drudgery, dishwashing is the most disagreeable. It is not surprising, therefore, that dishwashing machines are coming rapidly into use even in small homes. In past years, in an average-size American home twelve acres of dishes were washed annually. The time required for one person to do this work by hand is about forty ten-hour days. The trend of the times was shown by an advertisement in the Positions-Wanted columns of a metropolitan paper the other day. A young woman advertised for a place as a dishwasher and stated, "Know washing only by machine."

With the introduction of machinery even dishwashing now becomes somewhat of a science. You must have really hot water. Use a soap powder. Remember that suds are unnecessary for cleaning and are hard to rinse off. With an electric dishwasher you need an ash powder which will cut grease. Dishes covered with egg, flour mixtures, and the like, should first be held under the cold water. Hot water boils these mixtures and makes them stick closer to dishes. If you have a small family do not wash the dishes after every meal, but stack them in the dishwasher and wash them once a day—say, after breakfast. To get the greatest service out of an electric dishwasher, glass, aluminum and enameled cooking utensils are recommended, wherever possible without handles, so that they do not take up too much space in the machine. The ideal location for the mechanical dishwasher is near the dining room or pantry door, so that it receives the dishes without extra steps and is near the cupboard where the dishes are put away. An electric dishwasher will not break dishes unless they are dropped into the machine. During the operation the dishes remain stationary, while the hot soapy water swirls in and among them.

The latest idea in household electrification is to wire the furniture. If for no other reason than to eliminate the need of bending so often, electric outlets in furniture would be justified. Before many years in every modern home the dressing tables will be carefully wired with outlets in them to receive such accessories as the electric hair waver, hair drier and vibrator. When we get to the point of wiring our dining-room tables it will then be an easy matter to connect the percolator, the toaster and waffle iron without getting up from the table and going to a near-by lamp socket or floor outlet. The wired bed will make it easy to use a heating pad in bed, and we shall then be able also to turn the electric fan on and off while in bed, or to light the reading lamp, illuminate the clock dial or turn on the radiant heater near the bed. Dozens of different kinds of furniture can be wired with great benefit to the householder. China closets, serving tables, davenports, kitchen cabinets and refrigerators might all be electrified to advantage.

Here are a few things to remember in planning the wiring of an electric home: In general, receptacles should be installed in the baseboards. However, it is better to have the receptacles for connecting the vacuum cleaner located at waist height so that the operator will not have to stoop. On the porch, of course, the receptacle must be high to be out of the wet. In every bedroom, if the furniture is not wired, it is advisable to install a duplex receptacle in the baseboard beside the bed so that both a reading lamp and a heating pad may be connected. In the laundry install a special connection for the flatiron, with a red light to show when the current is on.

Be sure that the meter is placed where it can be read by the lighting company's man without entering the house. If the meter is to be placed in the basement it should be so located that it can be read through a cellar window. Be sure to have a switch for controlling the lights of each room from a point near the door. Every house and every room in it should be equipped with radium spots on side-wall switches and radium beads on all pull sockets.

Install lights in all important closets and let these lights be controlled by automatic door switches.

Have at least one bedroom in the house wired up for an extension telephone, bell extensions, extra outlets for heating pad, fan, immersion heater, and the like, with a switch for side and center lights. Such a room is sure to be of great value if anyone in the house becomes ill. Have the attic light close to the door and see that it is marked with a radium pendant. Install a red light or a buzzer at the top of the cellar stairs so that it operates in circuit with the cellar lights and reminds you to turn them off as you come upstairs. Although the kitchen is the heart of a house and the busiest room in it, the important work performed in the kitchen is often done in bad light. An extra light over the sink will save much breakage of china.

Be sure to arrange all flatiron outlets in proper relation to the light so that the ironer will face the windows with the cord coming from her right side. The man of the house, who probably shaves himself, will appreciate a bracket light on each side of the mirror in the bathroom. More electrical accidents occur in the bathroom than in any other room in the house. In the interest of safety all sockets should be of porcelain, with insulated pull chains, while the wall switch should be in a grounded switch box. Never handle or turn on an electrical appliance or light when standing in a bathtub.

A house telephone connecting the master's bedroom with the kitchen and the maid's room adds very little to the cost of wiring a house and saves many steps and much time. A phone in the garage is useful when the husband is tinkering with the car and must be called to dinner. The owner of the house should install a master switch near his bed that will control the principal lights in the house. This will prove very satisfying when one hears a noise downstairs in the middle of the night. No modern kitchen is complete without an exhaust fan. It keeps the cooking odors out of the house, and the kitchen cool. It saves deterioration of hangings and upholstery and can be used to ventilate the sleeping rooms on warm nights by closing all downstairs windows and running the fan. This draws a current of air in through all of the upstairs bedroom windows.

The time has come when men must view the operation of their homes, in respect to efficiency, the same as they do the operation of their business. With the coming of electricity into our homes a large part of the drudgery of housekeeping will disappear, and we shall effect an important economic saving through releasing the women of the nation for work of greater value than slaving in a kitchen. It is also true that the electric-home idea is a most successful stimulator of real-estate operations. One electric home in a Western city brought 75,000 visitors to a new real-estate development and is said to have resulted in the sale of $250,000 worth of building lots. Such a campaign is not only novel but it is shaped on true lines of progress.

IT is common knowledge that the Hupmobile does uncommonly well exactly those things which make a motor car worth what it costs.

You pay for long life in a motor car—and get it in the Hupmobile.

You pay for low repair and operating costs—and get them in the Hupmobile.

You pay to keep going, and for freedom from constant adjustment—and get both in the Hupmobile.

You pay for satisfaction as long as you use the car, and satisfaction in the price you get when you sell it—and owners will tell you these are precisely the things you get in the Hupmobile.

"Step Aside, Sonny, Please!"

By BARON ROSEN

Former Ambassador From Russia to the United States

THE above might seem to be an ill-chosen heading for an article the purport of which is thereby left in obscurity sufficiently dense to give rise to most unexpected interpretations. There was, however, a reason for such a choice, and thereby hangs a little tale. When told, as it presently will be, it may enable the reader to realize why the author should have seen in the above-quoted casual remark a deeper meaning illuminating one of the essential points he has set himself the task of bringing out, with such lucidity as he may be able to command, in the disquisition which is to be the subject of the present article.

Some time ago the author, in a friendly chat with a military member of his club, ventured to remark that one of the great attractions of life in this happy land is the absence in its moral atmosphere of that consciousness of social inferiority in the mental make-up of what in Europe would be called the lower orders and here the plain people, a consciousness which in less-favored lands finds so frequently an unpleasant expression either in offensively self-assertive rudeness or else in cringing servility. To this remark his military friend, a gentleman holding a high rank in one of the services, replied reflectively:

"Now that I come to think of it, I realize that there is a deal of truth in what you said. It may be illustrated by what happened to me just now: On my way to the club I stopped on the sidewalk in front of a building in course of erection and stood still watching some occurrence on the opposite side of the street, when a laborer engaged in handling some piece of the iron framework used in the construction of the building, and whose presence behind my back I had not noticed, wishing me to get out of his way, called out to me, 'Step aside, sonny, please!' At the time, I must confess, I felt neither shocked nor even surprised at being addressed with a familiarity so little in keeping with what I am used to on the quarter-deck of my vessel. Nor could the jovial laborer have been suspected of even the faintest desire to show disrespect to a gentleman who happened to stand in his way."

To this happy absence among the laboring classes of any consciousness of social inferiority corresponds, among the overwhelming majority of those who in Europe would be classed as forming the upper ten, a no less gratifying absence of that consciousness of social superiority which leads some elements of European diplomatic and military swelldom to accentuate their pretensions to that superiority by an assumed haughtiness of demeanor, and by what a satirical writer called the monocular insolence of the wearing of the aggressive single eyeglass. As regards, by the way, this habit of questionable taste, a characteristic anecdote is told of Lord Kitchener, who is said to have had a marked dislike for the affectation of the wearing of a monocle. Having asked a young officer addicted to this habit whether he really considered it necessary to wear a glass in his right eye, and having elicited from him the reply that he certainly did, the field marshal is supposed to have said that he regretted to hear that this was so, as he had intended to appoint him to a position on his staff, but that he wanted to have on his staff men who could see.

Why Marmaduke Was Knighted

IF THE little incident of a gentleman being familiarly addressed as sonny by a workingman, without any offense being taken or intended by either side, throws such a pleasant light on the absence of class consciousness as a result of the nonexistence of officially recognized class distinctions, a similarly illuminating, although likewise unintentionally used or emphasized, expression might be cited as illustrating no less pleasing and satisfactory conditions prevailing under a widely different régime, a régime of strictly defined and willingly accepted traditional class distinctions.

The author remembers having read, years and years ago, at the time when Trollope's novels were popular, a book of his under the title He Knew He Was Right, wherein he tells the story of how the hero of this novel, a young man of independent means, having reached in his travels a certain British colony, had married a daughter of the governor of that remote group of tropical islands, a certain Sir Marmaduke Somebody, and how this deserving functionary, after long years in the colonial service, had at last reached the top rung of the ladder of that service in the shape of a governorship, and had been knighted, apparently not so much in recognition of his services as, according to Trollope, in order to afford the colonials the satisfaction of handling the title.

A community supposed by a popular writer to be gratified by an opportunity to handle a title, and an American gentleman familiarly addressed as sonny by an American workingman—could anything throw a more illuminating light on the difference in the mental attitude toward the social question of two great nations, both substantially of the same stock, both entitled to be justly proud of the unshakable solidity of the social fabric such as each of them calls her own, and both destined to be the leaders of civilized mankind? The time may be near when both will have to face the onslaught of the forces of destruction which the World War has let loose on the world, and which feed and thrive on the misery and despair the war has brought in its train. Time will show which of the two is better prepared for victoriously emerging from the death struggle between the present-day capitalistic or—to use a more comprehensive term—bourgeois civilization and revolutionary socialism aiming at the destruction of its very foundations, a struggle which the future seems to hold in store for the modern world.

The advantage would seem to be on the side of this country, owing to what may be called the social homogeneity of its entire native population. To illustrate my meaning I will relate a conversation I had with the representative of an American newspaper some time in the spring of 1918 at Petrograd, then agonizing under the yoke of its Bolshevist tyrants. He said to me:

"I have been living in Russia now over a year, but I have not yet been able quite to understand the real meaning of the term 'bourgeois,' or 'bourjoui' as some Russians pronounce it, which one finds constantly employed in speech and print, and I have come to ask you whether you could enlighten me in this regard."

The Dread of Conservatism

"LOOK at that mirror," said I, "and you will see a bourjoui, and then look at me and you will see another; and if you want to know something about the light in which we are regarded by the people, let us go into the street and your curiosity will be satisfied by observing the hostile glances which they reserve for us in strong contrast with the friendly indifference with which they will look at a passing enemy prisoner of war in whom they see merely a fellow proletarian pressed into service by his own hated bourgeois rulers. But your country's salvation lies in the fact that all its native population is practically bourgeois, and that your proletariat is an imported foreign one."

Nevertheless, it would be the part of wisdom always to remember that socialism, under whatever insidious guise it may present itself, is in essence nothing but Bolshevism with more or less mild reservations, and to keep in mind the warning so eloquently expressed by Professor Emery in his remarkable article on Bolshevism in the Yale Review of July, 1919:

> There are those who have a morbid dread of finding themselves on the conservative side. They have always taken great pride in being in the vanguard of the forward movement. Their greatest fear is that they will be classified as reactionaries; this feeling is quite intelligible and in some cases arises from noble sentiments of sympathy. But the time has come when many of them must recognize that the so-called forward movement has been such a rapid movement that the position in the front guard means nothing less than allegiance to the cause of red revolution by force of arms. If they are not prepared to go this far, they must be reconciled to hear themselves classed as conservatives and reactionaries. No one should be afraid to have epithets hurled against him by the enemy. . . . Let every thoughtful man of liberal views search his heart as to whether or not he is giving sympathy to the self-declared forces of destruction. On this point there must be no wavering or doubt. He who is not against Bolshevism is with Bolshevism. The time has come for each to answer the question, "Under which king, Bezonian? Speak or die."

As far as the American people are concerned, the answer to this question cannot, it seems to me, be doubtful for a moment.

One of the principal elements justifying such confidence would seem to be, as mentioned above, the so-to-speak social homogeneity of the native population, due to the fact that this country has never known historically established and traditionally maintained class distinctions—except, of course, the slavery of the negro race, the abolition of which could, indeed, be secured only at the cost of a sanguinary civil war. But however troublesome may become its heritage in the shape of an ever-present race question, it has nothing in common with socialism in any form, let alone the extreme one of Marxian socialism, unless it come to be worked upon and exploited by Bolshevism for purposes of propaganda. Besides, the social homogeneity of the overwhelming majority of the people creates a condition unfavorable to the eclosion and development of the class hatred preached by the Bolsheviks as the principal stock in trade of their propaganda.

Moreover, the mentality of the American people, it seems to me, is decidedly averse to the fundamental conception of socialism as a reorganization of society on such a basis, as Professor Emery has it, "that there shall be no private or individual property in land or any of the means of production, and no other form of income than that paid by the state for productive services rendered to the state." The socialistic dream of the possibility of curing forever the poverty of the many by destroying the wealth of the few and preventing its accumulation is a dream that can hardly have much attraction for a people full of energy and self-reliance, calling their own a country of immense extent, as yet far from densely settled, favored by Nature in every respect, replete with inexhaustible reserves of natural riches of every description, a country of unlimited opportunities open to all, where no one's prosperity need be made dependent on the restriction of the prosperity or the spoliation of another.

And then the American people possess a quality, the most precious of all, which they owe to their freedom from atavistic influences of ancestral narrowness and prejudices, the quality that enables them, as Matthew Arnold somewhere writes, "to think straight." They can be relied on to display this precious quality whenever political wiseacres themselves are led astray. Who does not remember the time when the fiat-money lunacy, the silver craze and the mild reservations of bimetallism seemed to threaten the country with financial disaster; the time when mankind was proclaimed to be crucified on a cross of gold and the people cheered to the echo that eloquently expressed sentiment, but wisely refrained from voting for the inspired prophet who launched it forth to a shuddering world? And did they not conspicuously display this same most precious quality by a recent overwhelming vote when confronted with a complicated and perplexing situation demanding a decision of uncommon moment and far-reaching import for the future of the country? Did they not, in the midst of all the din and endless discussions and conflicting opinions, discover for themselves that the real objection to the League of Nations was not that its covenant, indissolubly intertwined with the Treaty of Versailles, contained this or that unacceptable stipulation—which could be rendered innocuous by reservations—but that it could not be ratified without ratifying at the same time and indorsing with the approval of the United States a settlement of European affairs for which the American people had no call to assume any share of responsibility? Was not the decision reached by the people and supported by an unprecedented majority a great victory for American principles and American common sense?

Wartime Propaganda

THAT this decision of the American people should not have been received with unmixed satisfaction by either side in the great conflict is not to be wondered at. In times like those through which a distracted world has been passing all these years, and from which it has not yet emerged, partisanship runs too high for sober judgment to silence the voice of passion. It is the penalty of greatness and the drawback of holding the balance of power that this country is fated either to raise or to disappoint hopes and thereby to incur reproach from either side when its policy does not come up to eagerly entertained expectations.

From the very beginning of the war it was being realized by either side that the accretion of its forces by the whole weight of the moral authority—let alone the armed forces—of the United States would turn the tables in its favor. And the greatest efforts to enlist American sympathies were accordingly being put forward by both sides. Propaganda for the German side was being conducted with characteristic clumsy tactlessness and noncomprehension of another nation's psychology, and in the end not only failed in its object but had a diametrically opposite effect. Allied propaganda, on the contrary, was being conducted with the utmost skill, and was, besides, powerfully aided by the influence of racial affinity between the two English-speaking nations and their common antipathy to the political régime prevailing in the enemy countries.

The existence in Russia of a similar régime, even in a more pronounced form, was indeed felt by her Allies as a serious handicap, and that was one of the reasons why its downfall and the Russian revolution were at first hailed with such general satisfaction in Allied countries as well as in the United States. Allied propaganda at first, however, had to overcome not only the earnest recommendations of President Wilson enjoining upon the people of the United States the duty of observing the strictest neutrality in regard to the belligerents, but also the natural reluctance of the people to become entangled in European affairs.

(Continued on Page 32)

When there's nobody home but the cat

There's a Paramount Picture at the theatre, and puss is welcome to the most comfortable chair.

A cat may be content with dream pictures in the firelight, but humans know where there's something better.

What a wonderful spell Paramount Pictures exercise over people's imagination, to empty so many thousands of homes in every State every day for two hours!

And to empty them for a beneficial purpose! Tonic for spirit and body!

For you get the best in Paramount Pictures

—the best in story, because the greatest dramatists of Europe and America are writing for Paramount.

The best in direction, because the finest directing talent is attracted by Paramount's unequaled equipment to enable it to carry out its audacious plans.

The best in acting talent, because Paramount gives histrionic genius a chance to reach millions instead of thousands.

The modern motion picture industry is the shrewdest blending of romance with business that the world has ever seen. At least five million people in the U. S. A. every day rely on Paramount Pictures to satisfy their urgent need of entertainment.

Figure this, over a whole year, in terms of either finance or entertainment, and you begin to see what a striking achievement it is to lead this industry.

Two-thirds of all the theatres show Paramount Pictures as the main part of their programs, and that's why those theatres are the best, each in its locality.

For a great theatre is nothing but a triumph of architecture until the latest Paramount Picture arrives

—and then,

—why, *then*,

there's nobody home but the cat! Because *that* theatre is the home of the best show in town.

Paramount Pictures

listed in order of release

May 1, 1921, to August 1, 1921

Ask your theatre manager when he will show them

Thomas Meighan in
"The City of Silent Men"
From John A. Moroso's story
"The Quarry."

Cosmopolitan production
Proxies
From the story by Frank R. Adams

Dorothy Dalton in
"The Idol of the North"
By J. Clarkson Miller.

Paramount Super
Special Production
"Deception."

Sydney Chaplin in
"King, Queen, Joker"
Written and directed by the famous comedian

Lois Weber's production
"Too Wise Wives"
An intimate study of a universal problem.

Elsie Ferguson
in "Sacred and Profane Love"
William D. Taylor's Production
of Arnold Bennett's play in
which Miss Ferguson appeared on the stage

Sir James M. Barrie's
"Sentimental Tommy"
Directed by John S. Robertson

Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle in
"The Traveling Salesman"
A screamingly funny presentation of James Forbes' popular farce.

Cosmopolitan production
"The Wild Goose"
By Gouverneur Morris.

Thomas Meighan in
"White and Unmarried"
A whimsical, romantic comedy
by John D. Swain.

"Appearances," by Edward Knoblock
A Donald Crisp production
Made in England. With David Powell

Thomas H. Ince Special
"The Bronze Bell"
By Louis Joseph Vance
A thrilling melodrama on a gigantic scale

Douglas MacLean in "One a Minute"
Thos. H. Ince production of
Fred Jackson's famous stage farce

Ethel Clayton in "Sham"
By Elmer Harris and Geraldine Bonner

George Melford's production
"A Wise Fool"
By Sir Gilbert Parker
A drama of the Northwest
by the author and director of
"Behold My Wife!"

Cosmopolitan production
"The Woman God Changed"
By Donn Byrne

Wallace Reid in "Too Much Speed"
The ever popular star in another comedy novelty by Byron Morgan.

"The Mystery Road"
A British production with
David Powell
From E. Phillips Oppenheim's novel.

William A. Brady's production "Life"
By Thompson Buchanan
From the melodrama which ran a year at the Manhattan Opera House.

Dorothy Dalton in "Behind Masks"
An adaptation of the famous novel by
E. Phillips Oppenheim
"Jeanne of the Marshes."

Gloria Swanson in Elinor Glyn's
"The Great Moment"
Specially written for the star by the author of "Three Weeks"

William deMille's "The Lost Romance"
By Edward Knoblock

(Continued from Page 30)

Besides, in the beginning opinions as well as sympathies were very much divided.

This point was brought home to me when in the summer of 1916 I met in London a young American, himself an enthusiastic believer in the necessity of the United States entering the war on the side of the Allies, who told me of a discussion he had had on the steamer in which he had crossed to Europe with two fellow passengers and fellow citizens as well hailing from the Middle West. He had endeavored to convince them of the righteousness of the cause of the Allies and the wrongfulness of that of their enemies; but seemingly with little success, since the next day they had come to tell him that having thought the matter over they had come to the conclusion that as far as the question of right or wrong was concerned, it seemed to them to be a case of the pot calling the kettle black. I ventured to suggest to my young American friend that he would perhaps have succeeded better if, instead of dwelling on the question of right and wrong—each belligerent being of necessity firmly convinced of being in the right—he had confined himself to a demonstration of the indisputable fact that the World War was an unmitigated calamity, and of the reasonableness of the proposition that its termination was desirable before it turned into a world catastrophe, a termination which could best be brought about by the United States taking its stand decisively by the side of the Allies, either with its moral authority or with its armed forces.

That the viewpoint of the two citizens from the Middle West must have been shared by a very large number of people seems to be sufficiently proved by the part which the slogan "He kept us out of the war" apparently played in the reelection of President Wilson in November, 1916.

The Peace Pacts of Other Days

BUT Allied war propaganda found its most powerful countenance and most effective support in the incredible perversity and downright folly of the German militarists, who not only foiled the active efforts the President was making in the cause of peace, but deliberately forced his hand into a reluctant declaration of war by their insane proclamation of ruthless submarine warfare. It was the act of a reckless gambler who, having risked and lost his deluded employer's fortune in a criminal venture of gambling hazard, hopes to redeem it and to save himself from deserved punishment and disgrace by a last and lucky throw of the dice. It not only sealed the doom of Germany, but led to consequences the possibility of which and their sinister import were apparently never thought of by either side.

In any case, it had closed the door definitely to the possibility of the settlement of the war by a negotiated peace of conciliation – the only hope of saving Europe from chaotic conditions and maybe of preserving modern civilization from the fate of so many civilizations that have preceded her in the history of mankind.

The result was the firm establishment among the ruling classes of all belligerent countries of the undisputed sway of the militaristically thinking mind, wedded to the ideal of military glory with its knock-out blows, crushing of the adversary and dictated peace, to the exclusion of all considerations of sound statesmanship. The havoc wrought by the triumph of this kind of mentality the world will have to suffer from maybe for generations, and the advent of that new international psychology which President Wilson, in one of his great speeches in Europe, declared to be the most pressing need of mankind—if indeed its advent may be hoped for—will have been relegated to a future more remote than ever.

Nothing could have been truer and more to the point than the saying attributed to that great French statesman, Talleyrand, when he was supposed to have declared that war was far too serious a business for it to be left entirely to the direction of military men. He must evidently have meant not the conduct of a campaign but the determination of its object and of the time and mode of its settlement. But then Talleyrand was speaking at a time when statesmanship had still the undisputed direction of affairs and had not yet become the slave of demagogy.

In the good old days of dynastic wars, to which bleeding mankind may look back now with regret, such wars were being fought between small armies of mercenaries or forcibly conscripted peasants; they affected but small areas and the ruin and devastation they caused were correspondingly limited. Besides, they could be carried on only so long as hard cash was available to pay for what was indeed the sport of kings, who were waging their own wars for glory or conquest or military and political supremacy. They were not wars between peoples and did not leave behind them such a formidable volume of international hatred and thirst for revenge as did the Franco-Prussian War of 1870–71 and the present contest.

I have myself lived through three great wars in which my unfortunate country was engaged before it met its doom in the present one. I mean the Crimean War of 1853–56, with a coalition of France, England, Turkey and Sardinia; the war with Turkey in 1877–78; and the war with Japan. In two of the three Russia was worsted, but all three were terminated in obedience to the dictates of reason and sound statesmanship by treaties of peace negotiated with our quondam enemies, which were immediately followed by the resumption with them of entirely friendly relations.

No such wars will probably ever be fought again. Nor will such treaties of peace be possible in the future. The profound alteration which the general adoption of compulsory military service has brought about in the character of warfare precludes the possibility of future wars being anything but wars aiming at the complete destruction of the enemy, which the ingenuity of mankind in the invention of ever new and more perfected means of destruction will render possible. When belligerents must put in the field ever so many millions of combatants, almost the whole of the country's youth and most of the middle-aged population liable to military service, it becomes necessary, in order to inspire them with the required fighting spirit, to raise the formidable phantom of hatred and of fear. Millions of peaceable citizens could never be torn from their homes and labors and made to fight save for the defense of their country against its threatened destruction by a hated foe. That was the motive force of mass psychology which it was the duty of war propaganda to cultivate, for the side which first would experience the fatal moral collapse would be irretrievably defeated.

Into this caldron of seething passions the American people were drawn through the unspeakable folly of the German militarists. To these passions they were strangers, as they were strangers to the centuries-old feuds between the leading nations of Europe, which had bred, developed and were keeping alive these passions; as well as they were ignorant of the complicated play of commercial, industrial, economic rivalries, of political ambitions, jealousies and intrigues which at any time were apt to cause the smoldering fire of these passions to burst into flame.

When I undertook to write an article on my impressions of America I hardly realized how recklessly I had acted in so doing. To begin with, to treat such a theme exhaustively, as it deserves, would require not an article but a whole book. And then it would have been either a work of supererogation or else of plagiarism, since what exactly corresponds to my own impressions of America had already years ago been expressed as a Briton's view of his American kin by a distinguished English writer, James Fullarton Muirhead, in his Land of Contrasts, with a keenness of observation, a delicate fineness of touch and a winning charm which I could never even attempt to emulate. All I could have done would have been to appropriate as my own the words in which he dedicated his book—"To the land that has given me what makes life most worth living."

When I first was enabled, half a century ago, to satisfy the longing I had entertained since my boyhood days by a visit to this country I found it fast recovering from the aftermath of the Civil War, in which all the immigrant races who had sought shelter and the blessings of freedom under the glorious Stars and Stripes had been fighting with enthusiastic loyalty for their common adopted country's greatness and unity.

A New Morality Needed

THESE various races—Teutons, Latins, Slavs, Semites—were dwelling side by side in peace and good will in the country to which they had fled from all the various burning questions such as monarchy or republic, church and state, dominating languages, perennial interracial feuds, and so on, and where all these questions had been definitely settled or had never poisoned the minds of the people with the virus of incurable hate. They had found what they had sought—liberty and peace. They were dwelling among themselves in peace and amity, and so they were regarded by their native fellow countrymen. One had but to observe the good-natured chaff bandied between stage Englishmen, Irishmen, Germans, Jews and Yankees to gain an impression of the essential friendliness prevailing among them all in real life.

The United States presented an ideal of what a real League of Nations might be—if it were possible to cure the deadly feuds that divide the ruling classes of the leading nations of Europe, and which have been disastrously intensified and embittered by the World War and its results. One of the tragic effects of that catastrophic upheaval in Europe has indeed been its reflex action on the racially mixed population of this happy land where racial animosities had theretofore never played any appreciable part.

With the entry of the United States into the war it was apparently deemed necessary for rousing the spirit of the nation to the required fighting pitch to inflame the minds of the people with hatred of the enemy, the Teuton or the Hun, just as on the other side of the barrier the Hymn of Hate served to rouse the wrath of the German people against Great Britain. This task fell to the lot of propaganda, that latest perfected weapon of modern warfare, which in its lasting effects is deadlier than poison gas, inasmuch as it poisons not the bodies but the souls of men, and which, until its vicious influence is definitely spent, will ever stand in the way of the genesis of that new international psychology so urgently needed if real peace is to come and heal the wounds inflicted on civilization by the World War. In the words of a most remarkable editorial in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of June 26, 1920, every word of which deserves to be carefully weighed and taken to heart by every true patriot and lover of his kind and of peace:

> The press, more than any other single factor, can help give the world that psychology by standing for a policy of national and international tolerance, by fostering good will and understanding between nations. . . . The world needs a new psychology and, even more, a new morality—a morality that will brand the man who foments hate between nations, whether he be king, statesman, journalist or demagogue, as a dangerous criminal

But more was needed to cause a naturally peaceful people, with a strong idealistic strain in its moral make-up, to go forth enthusiastically in their millions to fight sanguinary battles in a far-away foreign land. They needed an ideal to fight for. It was "to save the liberty of the world," to "make the world safe for democracy," or "a war to end war."

The World Against War

NOW, if I may be permitted to borrow some more from the above-quoted editorial:

> No matter whether the rulers and the prime ministers and the diplomats meant it when they told the fighters that the great struggle was a war to end war, the soldiers meant just that, and they still mean it. The great mass of people and their real leaders in the press and on the platform must start a campaign to pound into the heads of rulers and ministers and diplomats and writers and talkers who are preaching hate, keeping alive strife and trying to lay the foundations of an even more monstrous war, that the world will have none of it or of them, whether they be Americans, Britons, Frenchmen, Italians or Germans. . . . Finally, if the world has a spark of humanity, a bit of imagination left, let it call back the bloody and mangled millions whom it has half forgotten and ask whether what the bunglers and the parrots and the bullheads say is true—that this thing is necessary and inevitable. If it is, there is just one redeeming feature to the whole business—the new war will be an affair of strangling death on land and swift destruction from the sky. . . . And the new war will be the last—at least the last that this civilization need worry about, for it will send mankind back to the caves and the jungle for a fresh start.

Once war had been declared, the whole nation, carried away by the pursuit of a high ideal, threw itself into the contest with unequaled patriotic fervor and with the boundless energy of a young giant happy and proud of an occasion to stretch his powerful limbs. It is a notable fact that whereas at the time of the Civil War, when the fate of the nation was trembling in the balance, conscription provoked serious draft riots in New York, the metropolis of the country, this time conscription was effected everywhere with the greatest ease, with hardly any show of opposition and with but very few evasions. The colossal effort made filled the world with astonishment and admiration. But it was achieved, and indeed could only have been achieved, as in all belligerent countries, by the assumption of dictatorial powers by the Administration; that is to say, by the temporary sequestration of the liberties guaranteed by the Constitution. This sacrifice was unavoidable.

It enabled, however, a distinguished English writer, Mr. Alleyne Ireland, in his latest work, to refer to it in the following caustic terms:

> The war compelled the United States, as it compelled Great Britain and France, to abolish democracy for the duration of the war in order that when the war was won the world might be made safe for the kind of democracy which had to retire into the remote background while the world was being made safe for it.

It was American intervention that at last decided the fate and brought about the end of the war which European statesmanship had shown itself incompetent or powerless to terminate in obedience to the dictates of reason before Europe had been reduced to the condition of ruin and chaos in which she is helplessly groveling at present. For "statesmanship"—to quote the prophetic words of a distinguished English writer put down six years ago in his diary on March 23, 1915—"has no right to contemplate war to the bitter end. The time may be near when it will be possible to consult the needs of humanity as well as to secure our war aims. If such an opportunity is missed the war will not go on forever. It will end in revolutionary chaos, beginning no one can say where and ending no one can say how."

What rising British commonwealths in the New World, to whom belongs the future, think of this kind of statesmanship may be held to have been illustrated by the weighty words, full of portentous meaning, spoken by Mr. Rowell, the Canadian delegate to the assembly of the peace league in Geneva at its sitting on December 8, 1920, and supported by his Australian colleague—as reported by cable by the correspondent of the New York Times, Mr. Edwin L. James, and printed in the issue of that paper of December ninth. These were his words:

> You may say that we should have confidence in European statesmen. Perhaps we should. But it was European statesmen,

(Continued on Page 34)

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Ask the man who owns one

Jim Henry's Column

A New Message

Our sales of Mennen Shaving Cream are growing so rapidly that I am going to let the Cream ride for a week or two and use my column to boost Kora-Konia.

There's something baffling about Kora-Konia. It's unquestionably the most beneficent thing our chemists have ever invented—means more to the human race in comfort and escape from skin misery—but it doesn't sell the way it should.

Of course, we sell a lot of it, but nothing like what we would if more people would try it.

Some people blame it on the name—say you can't remember it. The other day I heard a lady ask for Korna Kopia. It seems easy enough to me. It's a classic name, too—comes from the Greek and Latin though I don't know why. Try it yourself slowly—K-O-R-A K-O N I A.

Kora-Konia has a lot of gracious virtues—marvelous for babies; but I feel more in my element talking about its goodness for men, preferably over-size, heavily muscled men.

To put aside all false delicacy—do you get raw when you walk or play golf?

Chafing isn't organic—it's a matter of faulty design—a problem for an engineer rather than a doctor.

Your bearings need better lubrication.

Kora-Konia covers the skin with a clinging film of powder which stays where it's put—perspiration doesn't wash it away. A film of Kora-Konia absolutely prevents friction and chafing

But Kora-Konia is also a healing powder of extraordinary potency. It dries up raw flesh, reduces inflammation and removes soreness. Perfectly miraculous for sunburn.

I wish you would try it. Let me send you a big trial box for 15 cents and keep it at the club. The first application will give you undreamed-of relief.

If you are permitted to talk about such things, recommend it to some mother for diaper rash.

Remember the name—Kora-Konia.

Send 15 cents for a big trial box.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 32)

European policies and European ambitions that drenched the world in blood and from which the world is suffering and will suffer for generations. Fifty thousand Canadian soldiers under the soil of France and Flanders is what Canada has paid for European statesmanship.

It would not, perhaps, be fair to blame what used to be understood by the term "statesmanship" for the sins and failings of the men who represented the governing bodies of the belligerent nations. None of them were statesmen in the exalted sense of the word. Some of them possessed the qualifications which under different conditions would have enabled them to be statesmen. All of them would no doubt have preferred not to be what inexorable conditions of modern political life compelled them to be—that is to say, mere demagogues. It would be doing them an injustice to doubt for a moment that they were fully aware that once the war had become—as was perfectly plain since the French victory of the Marne—a war of position, that is to say, of slow attrition and gradual exhaustion, its duration was impossible to be foreseen and that such a war would demand the sacrifice of millions of lives of the flower of the manhood of the belligerent nations, which would mean their physical ruin, unavoidably entailing also the resort to frenzied finance, the piling up of colossal loans and the issue of hundreds of billions of irredeemable fiat money paper which would achieve their financial and economic ruin—in a word, that they fully realized that the indefinite prolongation of the war would spell ruin and disaster to all concerned, victors as well as vanquished; or in the words of Romain Rolland, one of the noblest minds of France: "Whoever issues victorious from this war, the defeated will be Europe." But then the governments of the belligerents, on both sides, were the slaves of the monster of public opinion which their own propaganda had created.

That is the psychosis that carried the warring nations of Europe over the precipice and landed them in the mire of ruin and despair in which they are hopelessly struggling at present and from which nothing but a new international psychology can help them to emerge. Salvation can come to Europe only from within.

America, having sacrificed the lives of thousands of her sons, and having burdened coming generations of her people with a colossal load of debt in a generous attempt at saving Europe from the consequences of her suicidal madness, has ended by incurring the hardly concealed displeasure of both the victors and the vanquished. Having fought for a noble and high ideal, she felt no call to concern herself in the distribution and securing of the spoils to the victors, nor a moral right to shield the vanquished from the extreme consequences of her crime in beginning the World War, thereby disappointing the expectations and the hopes of both. The reproaches directed against America for having withdrawn from participation in that settlement are as unjust as the frequently heard appeals to her for help in order to extricate Europe from her tragic plight are unreasonable. Europe's plight is entirely of her own doing. No salvation can come to her from the outside. She will have to work it out herself, from within, by the abandonment forever—as did the United States and Great Britain when, in 1817, they agreed to abolish their navies on the Great Lakes and to leave their land frontier entirely undefended—of the perennial struggle for military and political supremacy between the leading nations, and not by the temporary replacement of a defeated militarism by a victorious one.

Disarmament will never be possible so long as the policies continue to be pursued which render them necessary and indeed justified. These policies are the outflow of national hatreds and rivalries, of lust of power, of domination, of conquest, of supremacy—in a word, of psychological motives. So long as these psychological motives sway the minds of men, so long will there be armaments, and the palpably intensified influence of these psychological motives, consequent upon the World War and its temporary settlement, will cause their further development, as the post-bellum growth of the military budgets of all the victorious countries, not excluding the United States, amply demonstrates.

Any endeavors, therefore, aiming at general disarmament or limitation of armaments are bound to remain feeble attempts at palliating effects whose cause is left undisturbed. This cause, being a spiritual one, can only be combated with spiritual weapons, with ideas spread by means of the printed or spoken word. Everyone who possesses the faculty of effectually using his tongue and his pen should hold his gift to be a sacred trust, for he has it in his power to make his fellow beings listen to words of reason and of truth, or to poison their souls with the evil passions of ambition and greed, of jealousy, of hatred and of revenge.

But America has gained a victory a hundredfold more glorious than the success of her arms. She has disclosed to a sorely stricken world the secret of the immortal soul of a great and true-hearted people, their noble passion for the relief of suffering humanity, their unbounded generosity, the unselfish devotion to the work of relief of so many thousands of their sons. I cannot refrain from quoting the following touching words from one of Mr. Hoover's recent speeches:

> Over Central and Eastern Europe to-day there are three million five hundred thousand children who daily gather in our institutions and there in fourteen different languages recite the Lord's Prayer. With these children, sending to heaven their prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread," as they sit under the protection of the American flag, I see there a challenge to the American people such as has never been equaled in our history.
>
> We have fed in all fifteen million hungry little ones. I would rather have the American flag flying in those children's hearts than over any citadel in Europe, for these children are the men and women with whom your children and mine will have to deal twenty years hence. These children carry in their little hands to-day the safety and hope of civilization.

What could I add to these noble, deeply moving words, save that the name of Herbert Hoover and the name of the country that gave him birth and for whom he has won greater glory than any victory on the battlefield could achieve will ever be blessed by tens of millions of fathers and mothers whose little ones they have saved from an unutterably cruel fate.

As I write these lines I have before me a snapshot photograph which appeared not long ago in one of the Sunday papers in New York. It represents Admiral Newton A. McCully walking in a Washington street accompanied by the seven little Russian orphans he saved from the Crimean horrors and whom he has adopted as his own. It is with profound emotion that I look at the benevolent face, beaming with such truly fatherly kindness, of the brave and generous old sailor, and at the happy faces of the little waifs to whom he has given a country, a father and a home. May this picture prove symbolic of the nature of the future relations between our two nations!

Having begun this article in a jocular vein, and having been involuntarily drawn into a discussion of the momentous questions which at this hour cannot but occupy constantly the meditations of every thinking being, I can do no better than conclude with quoting another of Herbert Hoover's terse and weighty sayings:

"Peace itself is not made by documents. Peace is made by good will among men."

EQUIPPING MR. D. BOONE

(Continued from Page 17)

to start and handed me a parcel. Then she turned to console Curry's mother, our family cook, who had begun to wail. We clucked to the old horse and were gone. Before we reached a turn in the road curiosity forced us to open the parcel. In it were some sandwiches, a glass of strawberry preserves, a large piece of cake—and a small Bible. I confess that the latter did not interest us so much as it should have—then.

Long before noon we began to nibble at the sandwiches. By night they were gone.

We struck straight into the mountains, making for a river where we had heard there were wonderful big fish. About an hour before dark we had covered fifteen miles and had reached a remote ford on the river, a perilous place it seemed to us, and crossed. In the edge of the woods on the other side we had spied an abandoned shack and had decided to make that our camp. As the sun went down both of us began to get a little skittish, but neither would admit it. We hurried to get wood and water to prepare our supper.

To our dismay we found that we had forgotten to bring any feed for the horse. In a horse country that is a serious crime, and we knew it. So we stopped all other work and went to a near-by meadow to cut grass. After a half hour of this it occurred to us that it would be simpler to make a picket line of the harness reins and hobble the old horse right where the grass grew longest, and he could help himself.

Though we did not realize it then, my father's idea of making us resourceful was bringing quick results.

It was getting dark by this time, and we were frightened. There was not a farmhouse within three miles. We tried to fight off the feeling of fear by working. It was pretty hard to keep down that lump in the throat though.

When the fire got going good we made several unsuccessful attempts to balance our boiler—a plain tin dinner pail—on two logs. Then it dawned on us that we could accomplish the coffee making much easier by the use of a kettle stick, a small green pole about five feet long. We stuck the big end of this in the ground and leaned the tapering end over the fire, the middle being supported by a forked stick stuck upright. On the small end of the pole we hung the boiler.

Knowing nothing about the making of coffee, we poured a big handful in the hot water and stirred it round. Of course it boiled over and we lost about half of it, not having had enough experience to move the pot to one side, pour in a little cold water and let the grounds settle. But that stirred-up coffee had to do for Curry and myself that night out in those lonely woods.

As I wrestled with the coffee Curry got out the frying pan, our only other cooking utensil, and with a dull case knife sawed off some bacon. With this he fried the eggs. We then made a hoecake of corn meal. This is simply meal mixed with water, some grease and a little salt, and spread out thin on the bottom of a pan. If one learns the knack, a hoecake can be flipped over without breaking, so as to brown both sides. We had seen Mandy, Curry's mother, do this trick, and naturally we gave it a try. The failure was complete. The cake broke up, and we finally had to stir the whole thing up and eat the brown, greasy fragments.

Our next discovery was that we had neither sugar nor milk to go in the coffee. This was heartbreaking to Curry. He liked his like warm sweetened water. But we wanted coffee that night, and drank it straight. We learned to like it that way in a day or two. I drink it that way to this day. By having to drink coffee for coffee's sake we began to make it stronger and to be more particular about the method.

I was about to empty the frying pan when Curry stopped me.

"Doan pour out dat gravy," he warned.

"It's no good," I retorted.

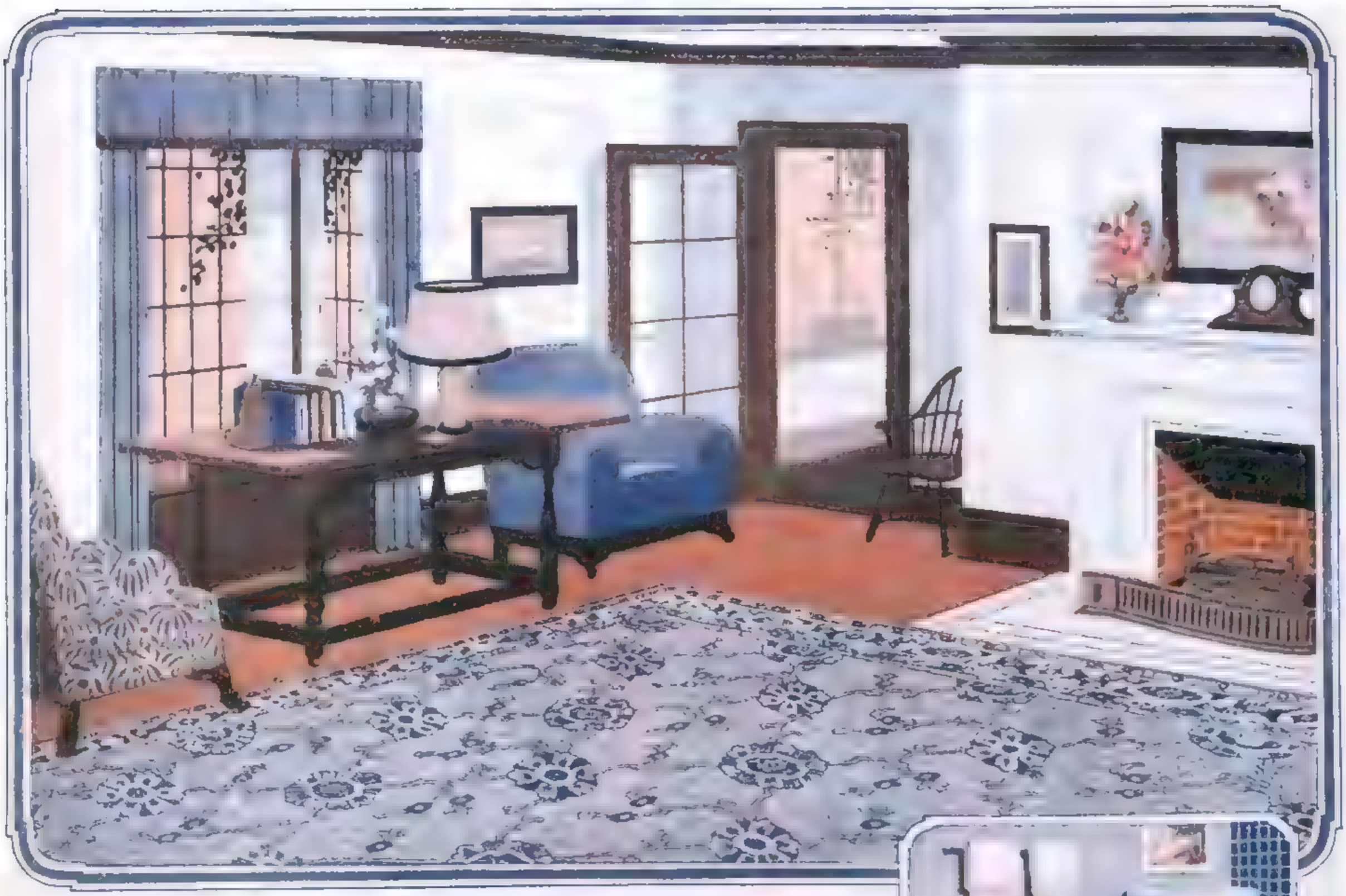
"How's we going er fry fish ef'n we ain't got no grease?"

This was the first time I had thought of fish or of the future at all. It also reminded us that we had forgotten to bring some lard.

Finally our messy supper was over, and we sat by the fire trying to feel brave and appear like cowboys or gypsies. Both of us were afraid to think about going to bed. The abandoned hut had no floor, but instead about six inches of finely powdered dust with smoothed-out spots in it. This ominous sign meant nothing to us at the time.

The shadows were heavy around us and grew more frightful as the fire died down. The spaces between the trees looked like big black holes. Suddenly a terrifying noise made our hair stand on end. It was the cry of a screech owl. Yes, and that will terrify anybody the first time it is heard. With our teeth still chattering, Curry suggested that I read something from the Bible. Fully as frightened as he, I thought it a real idea. I'll never forget that Bible reading as long as I live. Without thought of text or purport, I opened the book and began to read in a small trembling voice, hesitating at many of the words, while

(Continued on Page 37)



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(Continued from Page 34)

Curry's eyes grew wider and whiter. But that Bible had to be read, and I kept right at it until the last flicker of fire was dying out and we were beginning to nod.

The chapters that I read from had to do with Elisha's making the ax float and of Elijah's going to heaven in a chariot of fire—a mighty soothing subject to the two little boys out there on the river, and both scared of ghosts!

It must have been eleven o'clock when a yell of terror from Curry woke me. I was burning all over from some kind of sharp sting. When fully awake I also let out a yell. All under us and around us we could hear the angry snarls of what we took to be the wildest of wild animals. Something ran right under my plank, turning it over and dumping me into the six inches of dust. I reached over and caught Curry's arm. In a moment we were locked in embrace, terror-stricken. I finally had sense enough to strike a match.

The place was full of hogs—wild razorbacks that had strayed from some farm and had been sleeping in the shack. We should have known that from the dust, but we didn't.

We started a fire of fat pine. My face, so Curry said, looked as if I had the measles. Both of us were nearly crazy from scratching. The place was simply alive with fleas. We finally dropped on the ground by the fire and went to sleep. Dawn found two mighty weary and exhausted little boys out there on the dew-wet grass.

There were serious thoughts the next morning about going back home; but Curry, as the sun got brighter, remembered the time when his grandfather killed a bear single-handed. Immediately we got braver. I then recalled the time when my grandfather or somebody's grandfather had been a daring spy in the war. By this interchange of pride in our inherent bravery, and with the sun shining brightly, we took on more of a swagger. With one night of terror under our belts we were beginning to feel more like veterans.

Playing Swiss Family Robinson

That one night had taught us a lot besides the ax-floating feat of Elisha and the fiery chariot of Elijah, and by the time we had fried some more eggs and bacon and had gulped down what was left of the warmed-over coffee we set about fixing a place to sleep for the next night. As we did so I told Curry about the Swiss Family Robinson. All day he wanted to know why I hadn't thought to use some of their schemes for preparing our camp the night before.

We took the long boards and leaned them against a horizontal pole laid from the fork of one tree to another. Though ignorant of the name, we were really constructing a lean-to. We secured a lot of brush and piled it on the end of the planks where they rested on the ground. Then we got some more poles and placed them upright so as partially to inclose the A-shaped sides. On the inside we spread dead grass and leaves. We planned to lie on one blanket and cover with the others.

Laboriously we brought in dried pine wood until we had a big pile in front of the open side of the lean-to. If we had brought a lantern our new place would have seemed like a little house, but of course we hadn't thought of that. Grown men to-day don't think of it either. When everything seemed in shipshape and the horse had been watered I took the old muzzle-loader to go out and shoot a crow or a yellow-hammer for bait. I had forgotten to bring along percussion caps! Here we were, without bait and with a trot-line to put out and two hand lines to work—a fine fix.

A trot-line, by the way, is a long cord about one hundred and fifty feet long with smaller lines and hooks hung from it at intervals. One end is tied to a tree or stake on the bank and the other is weighted down in midstream. This was our idea of making fish catching a sure thing. We had seen the professional fresh-water fishermen do it. It is not a bad idea at that—even though lacking in sportsmanship—to make sure of food when in camp. The trot-line remains in the water all the time and is run twice a day.

With a sharp stick we dug red earthworms out of the soft bank, but try as we would we could not get a bite.

We were too tired to cook dinner, and so ate the cake. We had bacon again that night, and to our surprise slept comfortably and without much fear. Due to fatigue—or something—we dispensed with the Bible reading. In fact we didn't want to think about that chariot of fire any more.

A man came along on a horse the next day and told us that fish would not bite on worms dug from the banks of a stream. He suggested that we go into the woods about two miles back and get some wood sawyers—white grub-looking worms that bore under the bark of rotting logs. Also he said we could catch some grasshoppers. Finding wood sawyers and catching grasshoppers is not what it is cracked up to be. We did manage, though, to capture enough to bait our hand lines, and we caught four fish—bream, they were. We had to give up the trot-line. We fried the fish in bacon grease and corn meal and had a wonderful meal

The man, who had been to town and had seen my father, though he didn't let us know it, came back across the river two days later and asked about our luck. He seemed to enjoy the narration of our experiences. He told us of a much better place farther up in the mountains. When I told him that I had seven dollars left out of my ten he expressed surprise that I should be out in the woods with that much money. He agreed, though, to let us have some salt pork, some sugar and some lard if we would come to his mountain home. Also, he said we could have a jug of home-made sugar-cane sirup.

The Heroes' Return

We promptly pulled in our lines, hitched up and drove over with him. Being experienced now, I borrowed a big pail for carrying water and bought an old pick and shovel. He loaned me a badly nicked hatchet. The man did not want to take my money, saying that he would get it from my father the next time he went to town. I insisted that I was on my own, and he agreed to accept two dollars and a half for the supplies, tools and a small bag of hard corn for the horse.

Newly and more thoroughly equipped—as brave as you please—we clucked to our old nag and started out for more adventure. The mountaineer's wife, we found, had slipped some spring greens and a few onions into our wagon while we were talking to her husband. Curry knew exactly what to do with those greens and a piece of salt pork. He simply put them together in a pail of water and boiled them for two hours. My, how good those fresh vegetables were!

I left a message for my mother with the mountaineer.

We lasted out the full four weeks, and you should have seen the welcome we got when our outfit pulled into the little home town. My father was so proud he almost lost his sternness. My mother thought Curry and myself heroes. So did we.

I was brown as an Indian and had gained six pounds. Curry also had gained. The old horse, with a little real currying, was as slick as you please. From that day I never had another attack of the fever and I never have been sick a day in my life.

I relate that boyhood experience in the hope that it may contain a useful hint or two to some inexperienced grown folks who may soon be getting ready for a stay in the woods. It was the greatest camping trip of my life, and from it I learned every basic principle necessary for enjoying any kind of trip in the wilds. The need of preparation forcibly impressed upon us then has guided me on every expedition from duck shooting to hunting big game in the far north. Without such a practical lesson I have seen grown men start out in recent years just as green and lacking in foresight as the little darky and myself were back there in the mountains.

Within a month or so now men and boys will be organizing parties and outfitting themselves for camping expeditions. Some will go for fish and some will just go camping. Those who have the definite objective will have the better time. Many will get disgusted and quit. A few, thoroughly cured of their professed desire to be rough diamonds, spurning any suggestion of comforts, will throw up their hands and say, "Never again!"

If it were possible for an experienced hand to inspect their equipment before starting out practically all would have a good time. But it isn't. Some people will not listen to advice from old-timers anyway. They are the kind who say, "Oh, we don't want any of your camp comforts. We want to rough it."

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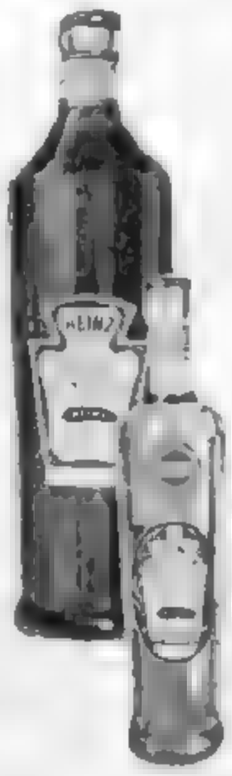

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You've heard 'em. Those would-be leather-skinned fellows form our future group of noncampers.

I have never been able to understand the mental workings of a man who prides himself on having comforts at home and stubbornly refuses to go to the least trouble for comforts in a camp. The best classification is that of the old guide who put them under the general head of just fool folks.

I have suffered a few hardships—of which I am not proud—and I have had to meet some emergencies with crude methods, but I cannot see why a man should not add to the enjoyment of his outing by making himself as comfortable as the circumstances will permit. Nobody is going to be a Daniel Boone in two weeks. Even Daniel had an idea about comfort. There are a lot of folks who will never get it through their heads that Daniel wore a coonskin cap simply to keep his head warm. Honestly, I've seen men in the last few years rig themselves out in coonskin caps for a two weeks' hunt. Wool ones would be just as warm and are much less trouble to handle.

The Comfort Haters

I saw a sensible-looking man last summer mess up all the eggs in camp trying to roast them in ashes when he could have saved us a good meal by simply using a frying pan or a pot. I have seen others insist on eating meat with their fingers when there were plenty of forks. I have seen them prepare to sleep on the bare ground when there was a good supply of blankets. Those fellows usually take to the blankets by midnight—just in time to annoy others who are sound asleep. I have seen these rough-natured birds in the fall throw away the tin wash pan and declare that they would get up at daylight and take a bath in the lake, but I have seen mighty few of them go through with it. Often it has been my job to look for the discarded wash pan so they could get ready for breakfast.

I have seen men refuse what they called the citified comfort of a tent, and then disturb everybody by piling in when it started to rain. I have seen men spurn the idea of mosquito nets, only to have their faces swollen by the bites of black flies and have to be nursed for the next two days. I have yet to find a stream where there are no mosquitoes or flies in the summer.

I even have seen men refuse to wear woolen underclothes and woolen socks in a duck blind, explaining that they never wear anything but thin, athletic underwear in the coldest weather; that wool makes them too hot, and scratches. Hardy boys—those. I have had to give many of those light-underwear fellows hot whisky and then rub their bare skins with my gloved hands to keep them from freezing. They never complained of the hard gloves' scratching either. I don't know how men get that way, but we always have them with us, messing up the pleasure of an otherwise well-organized party.

Most camping parties would be successful if each man could be persuaded to look out for his own sleeping outfit and wearing apparel, and if one man of experience were responsible for the grub and cooking utensils.

There is not much use in starting on a pleasure expedition without a horse and wagon or an automobile in which to pack supplies. It takes a pretty tough and case-hardened fellow to carry his own outfit on his back. Even soldiers have never been able to do that for any length of time with success. Assuming that there is some kind of conveyance, every man should equip himself with a bedding roll made up of a thin pad mattress, two blankets, a towel, soap, tooth paste, extra socks and shoe laces and a change of underclothes—and a pillow. Don't forget that pillow. You'll find it much more comfortable than twisting up your coat or a sweater. And don't forget those shoe laces. Nothing can gum up a hike so badly as broken shoe laces and the continual stopping for tying new knots. A box of dubbing or some kind of grease for keeping shoes soft and waterproof is also a pretty handy thing to drop in the roll. With a canvas cover, this outfit can be made into a neat roll and strapped tight. When you get the canvas cover be sure to have your name printed on it in big letters that can be seen. Then watch it. Don't depend on somebody else to do it.

Arriving at a camp, each man can claim his roll, unstrap it and make up his bed. He'll be pretty comfortable. If you go to that much trouble for your own comfort—it isn't asking too much of you—others will be saved a lot of trouble.

Leave the eating supplies and cooking outfit to an old-timer. If none of you is an old-timer let me offer a little advice. Don't think that you will catch enough fish for food. You won't as a rule. Just put these items down on paper and then check carefully to see if you have them in the outfit before starting:

Bacon and salt pork.
Prepared flapjack flour—there are many good brands. Take plenty.
Salt and pepper.
Lard or some kind of cooking fat.
Sugar and canned milk.
Sirup or preserves.
Potatoes and onions.
Prunes or dried apples.
Canned spinach.
Canned corn beef.
Can opener and corkscrew.
Coffee and tea—let this be expensive and plentiful.
Two frying pans.
Two boilers—large and small—that can be suspended by the handles.
Coffee pot.
Granite pie plates for the table.
Several granite platters.
Granite cups and saucers.
Spoons, knives and forks.
Two or three dish towels.
Package of tissue-paper napkins—don't smile. You'll need 'em.
A pair of scissors.
A bottle of iodine for cuts and insect bites.
A roll of bandages.
Mosquito netting.
An ax and a hatchet.
Water bucket and tin wash pan.
A lantern.

That is a basic outfit. It can be enlarged if you wish. But if you are sure of having the items listed you'll get along pretty well. Without any one of them you'll be annoyed at times. And that outfit will not take up nearly so much room as you may imagine. To increase the pleasure of the party I would add many canned things like spaghetti, chile con carne and other odd things to give you a new taste occasionally. But of course if you are one of those rough fellows you needn't bother with little things like that.

Chile Con Spaghetti

During the last trip I was on the gang was getting pretty well fed up on the regular stock grub. One man remarked that with just one mouthful of anything different he would be happy. Others soon joined the plaint. At the time we were crossing a strip of land—portage, it is called in the north woods, where we were—from one lake to another. All hands were assisting the guides in transferring the outfit, while the Indians carried the canoes on their backs.

It had been planned that we should make this stop for lunch, and one of the guides started a fire. In the party was an artist, a man who had spent much of his life camping. He had superintended the purchase of supplies for this trip and had brought a lot of extra stuff from New York.

"Well, if you fellows can't stand it any longer," he said, smiling, "I guess I'll have to pep you up a little."

He went over to the supply packs and picking out some cans went to the fire. I walked over to see what he was doing. If it was new I wanted to learn it.

There were ten of us in the party, including the guides, and I saw that he had taken out ten cans. Five of them contained spaghetti and five chile con carne. I suppose you are familiar with the Mexican dish of that name—a mixture of red beans, ground up meat and a red-hot chile sauce. The beans, by the way, are also called chile beans.

The artist emptied spaghetti into the large boiler and poured the chile con carne over it. As the heat came up he stirred the mixture gently. It was no trouble at all. But when he poured the soupy, reddish mixture into the serving plates of granite ware there was a rush. That was the snappiest dish I ever tasted in the woods. After a few spoonfuls those tired hunters acted as if they had just had a drink. It is the best camp idea I know of. That is why I suggested taking spaghetti and chile con carne along

Later I found a wonderful mixture by substituting canned Italian raviolis—they can be bought most anywhere—for the chile. You want to think about something like that to break the monotony of camp food occasionally.

It is important that a camping outfit contain some green vegetable. I have suggested spinach because it is cheap and preserves so well that it is difficult to tell the canned article from the fresh. It contains more iron than most vegetables, I am told, and is a tonic for the stomach.

And don't overlook that corn beef—the regular corn willie. It will always fill in the gap when food runs short. You will get tired of it served cold, just as it comes out of the cans, but that can be overcome. Many years ago we discovered a dandy way of preparing corn willie other than the old trick of making it into hash with potatoes and onions.

With a very sharp knife cut the pressed meat into slices a quarter of an inch thick. Cover these with a batter made of prepared flour and water. Then fry them in bacon grease. The slices, when brown, will look like corn fritters. The taste is wonderful. The canned flavor disappears entirely and the meat becomes very juicy. That dish is widely used in the Army when the fresh-meat ration fails to arrive. Incidentally it is a good trick to do at home, especially if one is baching or if the cook is gone.

From day to day you will find many uses for the prepared flapjack flour. It will make pastry. It also will make fine dumplings for stew. Just mix it as usual, roll into little balls covered with dry flour and drop into boiling water or the stew itself. If you've never tried that out in the woods you've got a treat coming.

But the main function of flapjack flour is the old flapjack himself. There is nothing more handy or filling in a pinch. Take my word for it, never go camping without plenty of prepared, or self-raising, flour.

Fisherman's Stew

There are many emergency dishes that come in handy to campers. In our section, for instance—I live near the seashore—there is a dish called fisherman's stew. I guess it got its name from the fact that fishermen always resort to it on board their boats when grub runs short. A regular fisherman or any other outdoor man at times is bound to run short of food, but there is rarely a time when he hasn't onions and potatoes and a scrap of salt pork or a meat skin. These furnish the ingredients for fisherman's stew.

Two years ago I was out with an old fisherman duck shooting. We were living in a cabin boat from which we went out in a little gunning skiff for point shooting. Our supplies had run short. It was bitterly cold, and both of us felt the need of hot food. Cold cornbeef sandwiches no longer had a kick. About three o'clock the guide made a decision.

"You stay here until dark," he said to me, "and I'll go back to the big boat and see if I can't scrape up something to eat."

I could not imagine anything of a filling nature from our supplies. But I was willing to wait. I didn't wait until dark though. The birds were not flying, and I was shivering from the cold. It cut like a knife. When I pulled alongside the big boat and went aboard the old fellow was slicing onions submerged in water to keep the sting out of his eyes. That in itself was a new trick to me.

"I'm fixing up a little fisherman's stew," he explained.

He placed a pot on the fire and put in the bottom of it four or five scraps of salt pork and a meat skin that he had cut into bits. This he allowed to brown and simmer until the grease had been fried out. Then he dumped in a small pail of sliced onions and potatoes, adding just a little salt and pepper and pouring in a cup of water. He put the top on the pot and sat down to talk and smoke. In about a half hour he took the top off, and the potatoes and onions were steamed done. They were flavored through and through with the salt pork and meat skin.

This, by the way, is a good one for the home, especially on those occasions when someone takes a notion that meat ought to be left off for a few meals. If you are interested in cooking you see the possibilities in that as a foundation for any kind of stew. Try adding bits of game meat to it. If you happen to have paprika along you can reach real epicurean heights.

Warning: Be certain that the salt pork is well fried out before adding the onions and potatoes. Otherwise you will simply make a kind of watery soup and lose the real flavor. Also be careful to use but little water. The main idea is steam.

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The reason is very simple. The Chalmers does so much more for so much less.

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Very often it is better, not alone in performance, but in comfort and in other vital features. Moreover, it is showing a far lower cost of maintenance.

Much of this, of course, is due to the Chalmers motor. It is a Chalmers quality product. It first incorporated the hot-spot principle of heating the fuel mixture—not merely the air.

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They have given this car that degree of mechanical balance which insures comfort of riding and driving. They have given it a satisfying reliability of service and action.

By means of the hot-spot, they have achieved new economy for a car of Chalmers size. Economy of fuel, but not that alone. Economy of maintenance also, by reason of better cylinder combustion—real use of all the gasoline.

This motor gets more power and more miles from a given quantity of gasoline. It accelerates more smoothly and more quickly. It is more smooth on low throttle. It starts more easily.

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DAVY CORBUTT'S BROTHER

Continued from Page 15

were always doing. By the time Davy had finished his course John Corbutt already might have accomplished something of which his brother needn't be ashamed.

The plan wasn't altogether his. Aunt Mattie Hanford had half suggested it by her grumblings. The will had been unjust to her, it appeared, as well as to the boys. After giving the best part of her life to the Senior Corbutt's home and children she considered herself entitled to a better reward than the claim on a home under his roof which was all the will granted her.

"Your father was simple about the farm," she told John again and again. "He just couldn't stand the idea of lettin' it go out of the family. That's why he made that will—to tie you down to it as long as he could. But he didn't have to tie me down too. I had a right to get shut of it, after all these years. If he'd left it so it could be sold I could take my share an' go an' live in Glenville—have a mite of comfort before I die."

John Corbutt was too familiar with her self-compassion to be deeply sympathetic. Glenville, which appealed to his aunt as a place of mysterious delights, impressed him as a dull little village. The farm was vastly preferable to a rented house in the sleepy town. That was all woman's nonsense. But after Ruth Barlow's queer remark that day at the station Aunt Mattie's complaints had a new force.

"If you had any spunk you wouldn't stand it," she would tell him as he ate his breakfast in the big sunny kitchen. "You could break that will as easy as not, an' go where you liked—make somethin' of yourself. I don't say you're as smart as Davy—he's a regular Hanford, an' you take after the Corbutts—but you could do better than this."

Such insinuations wore down John Corbutt's habitual inertia. A sense of justice finally brought him to Judge Hanford's office in the village, with a stumbling question about the possibility of upsetting the will. It had been hard to do it—harder than he had expected—and as he waited for the judge's answer a queer thing happened to him. He realized that he hoped the judge would tell him that nothing could break the will; he didn't want to be free of it after all. The idea frightened him as he faced it now. Suppose they did get around it, somehow, and sell the place. He'd have to begin all over again in a new, unfamiliar life. He wouldn't have any excuse for failing to be a credit to Davy once he was released from that trusteeship. He thought suddenly of the homestead with a pang of affection—the big, solid, foursquare house under the elms, with the shaggy lawn sloping up gently from the highway, the tangle of climbing roses on the south wall, the blue smoke lifting suggestively above the kitchen ell as he carried his milk pails up from the barn. He hadn't ever realized how he felt about it till he contemplated the idea of giving it up. Now it seemed as if the place were part of him. He'd never feel that any other house was home.

The gruff answer brought an expanding relief to both his disturbing reflections. He wasn't going out into a strange world to play other men at a game they knew better than he; he wasn't going to leave the home which had suddenly assumed an unsuspected charm. The judge knew what he was talking about. If he said the will couldn't be broken, that question was settled once for all. There was no obligation to try it. The words lifted a sense of responsibility from him. It just couldn't be helped. He'd have to go on farming, even if it meant that Davy would some day be shamed by him.

"I didn't think it could be broken," he said slowly. "But I wanted to be sure."

"Nothing surer'n that," said the judge. He surveyed John deliberately. "Why? Want to quit farming?"

John Corbutt hesitated, groping for words.

"Not exactly," he said at last. "I sort of like it. Only I thought ——"

"Mattie Hanford thought, you mean," the judge snorted. "Wants to live where she can smell neighbors' cooking, I suppose. Forgot how crazy she was to keep house for your father. Used to live in one room down by the paper mill and come in here four-five times a week to tell me what the landlady called her. Let her talk! Made that way!"

John Corbutt nodded. His mind was trying to square the judge's words with Aunt Mattie's descriptions of her sacrificed luxuries. He felt curiously comforted, without quite understanding why. Aunt Mattie was better off where she was, after all. He needn't feel too sorry for her. As for Davy, it simply couldn't be helped.

"Stay to dinner," commanded Judge Hanford abruptly. "Just going home when you came in."

He lowered his feet from the desk with a thump. John was pleased. The team wouldn't be shod till two or three, and a meal at the frowzy village hotel offered no attraction. Besides, he'd see Ruth, and perhaps there'd be a chance to find out just what she meant by that queer speech at the station.

"Ought to come and see us oftener," said the judge, half a pace ahead of him. Somehow nobody ever walked quite beside Judge Hanford. He made John Corbutt think of a horse which refused to travel in double harness. "Ruth likes company."

John said nothing. He always wanted to stop at the old Hanford house when he drove past it on his way to and from the village, but somehow he never quite found the courage, except when he had a definite errand to justify him. Ruth wasn't exactly terrifying. He'd known her almost ever since he could remember—ever since the judge had adopted her, a big-eyed, quiet little girl in dingy black—and yet he drove on by, generally. If a fellow could talk like Davy, for instance—but there wasn't any sense in stopping if you couldn't say anything except hello and good-by and nice weather and yes and no.

To-day, he felt, he would have something to say. He could ask her what she wanted him to do to make Davy proud of him. Perhaps she had some definite idea. Ruth was smart—as smart as Davy in some ways. She might have thought of something he could do. Anyway, he could explain about the farm—make her understand that it wasn't his fault about that. And he could let her read Davy's letter too. Davy had sent her his best. The phrase appealed to John Corbutt. Davy could say such things as easily as he wrote them. "Give Ruth my best when you see her." He could almost see his brother's amiable grin as he thought of the speech. Davy was a mixer. The word had lodged in John's mind after Lon Hartney had used it about Davy. Lon knew about such things. He was something of a mixer himself—like most barbers.

There was a snapping wood fire in the ugly iron grate, filling the big, stiff room with the familiar smell of hickory. It made John feel a little less awkward. He was used to wood fires. Otherwise the stateliness of the haircloth chairs and the Brussels carpet and the oval-framed portraits overawed him, even with Ruth's friendly smile to lighten their solemnity. The judge's house always frightened him a little.

He washed his hands in a white marble basin, with running warm water and a big cake of faintly scented soap, and dried them on his handkerchief, because none of the towels in the rack had been used. He surveyed the big porcelain bathtub with reverent interest during this process, thinking of the wooden washtub in which he bathed. It was different, living in the country. You couldn't have these comforts—electricity and gas and running water and bathtubs. He didn't mind doing without them. They rather awed him here in Judge Hanford's house. But it came to him that people who were used to them must find it hard to give them up. Davy, for instance, after a winter in that fraternity house—he suddenly saw the farmstead with Davy's sophisticated eye. Davy wouldn't complain, but—but he'd be glad to get back to town in the fall.

He carried the thought with him into the dining room, with its heavy walnut furniture, its impressive silver and cut glass. Davy would be used to having his meals in such a setting instead of eating in the kitchen. It would seem queer to come back. Davy'd hate it.

He said little, his mind busy with the unwelcome thought, so that his silence did not distress him as it sometimes did. He remembered what Ruth had said about him—that he needn't say things in order to be understood. She was like that herself, he thought. She didn't chatter, either, and yet there was always a queer sense of her friendliness to be felt in her silences. Judge Hanford, too—funny thing how little he talked, for a man who dealt in words. John Corbutt enjoyed his dinner in spite of a persistent preoccupation. It was good to be out of reach of Aunt Mattie's tongue, for a meal.

Afterwards the judge devoted himself frankly to his noonday nap, erect in his big chair before the fire, the Bufort morning paper covering his head like a peaked roof. Ruth gestured significantly toward the door and John nodded. He'd be more comfortable outside, and the weather wasn't cold enough to notice.

"Got a letter from Davy," he said as she joined him in the leaf-littered garden.

She took it silently. He watched her read it, again reminded of her remark about himself. He could follow her thought, he told himself. She was as glad as he was that Davy was doing so well—as proud of his election to that difficult fraternity, of his post as class treasurer, of the associations he mentioned. And yet he caught something of his own anxiety below her satisfaction. She was thinking, too, that the faster and farther Davy traveled the greater the gap between them.

"I knew he'd get along," she said as she refolded the pages and handed them back. "This is only the beginning."

He nodded, the shadow returning suddenly.

"The other day you said something—something about his being ashamed of ——"

She met his eyes directly.

"I said proud, but it doesn't matter. You didn't misunderstand, did you? You knew what I meant."

He shook his head doubtfully.

"I guess so. It hadn't struck me till then that—that I'd look different to him when he came back."

A new fear seized him. He was taking it for granted that Davy would come back when his course was ended, to share the house with him while he built up his practice in the village. He hadn't realized how he had counted on this; now he seemed to come face to face with a doubt of it. Suppose Davy preferred to live in the town. How could he be expected to go back to that old, outgrown life, with its little daily discomforts, especially if it continually presented the spectacle of his brother—his brother who would be nothing but a plodding farmer?

"I'm sorry I hurt, John. But I couldn't help seeing how you—how you cared about him. And I couldn't help looking ahead and warning you."

He nodded. She'd meant it kindly and he had taken it so. There was no resentment toward her in his feeling. He understood Ruth somehow. His mind had room for no more than the prospect of losing Davy now. It would have been bad to feel that he was a disgrace to his brother, but even that would be better than a break, a separation.

"I went to ask the judge about breaking the will," he told her. "I thought maybe I could sell the place and get into some business myself. But he says it can't be done. He drew it himself."

Her eyes held his a moment longer than usual. He felt the question in them.

"I thought that if I got into something else Davy'd like it better. But I guess it can't be done. I've got to stay where I am. No other way to get enough money to see him through."

She was silent for a long pause.

"Do you want to quit farming, John—on your own account, I mean?"

"I don't know. I—I'd like to have Davy feel that I was a credit to him. But I kind of hated the idea of selling the place, when I came right down to it. I'm used to it."

Again her eyes puzzled him. There was a queer warmth in them which he could not understand.

"I didn't mean to suggest anything like that, John. When I said what I did I wasn't thinking about you—I was wondering about Davy. I—I'm so anxious to keep on being proud of him, not for what he does, but for what he is. I want him to be big."

"He's going to be, all right. You wait and see. We'll have to be proud of him, no matter whether he's proud of me or not.

(Continued on Page 43)

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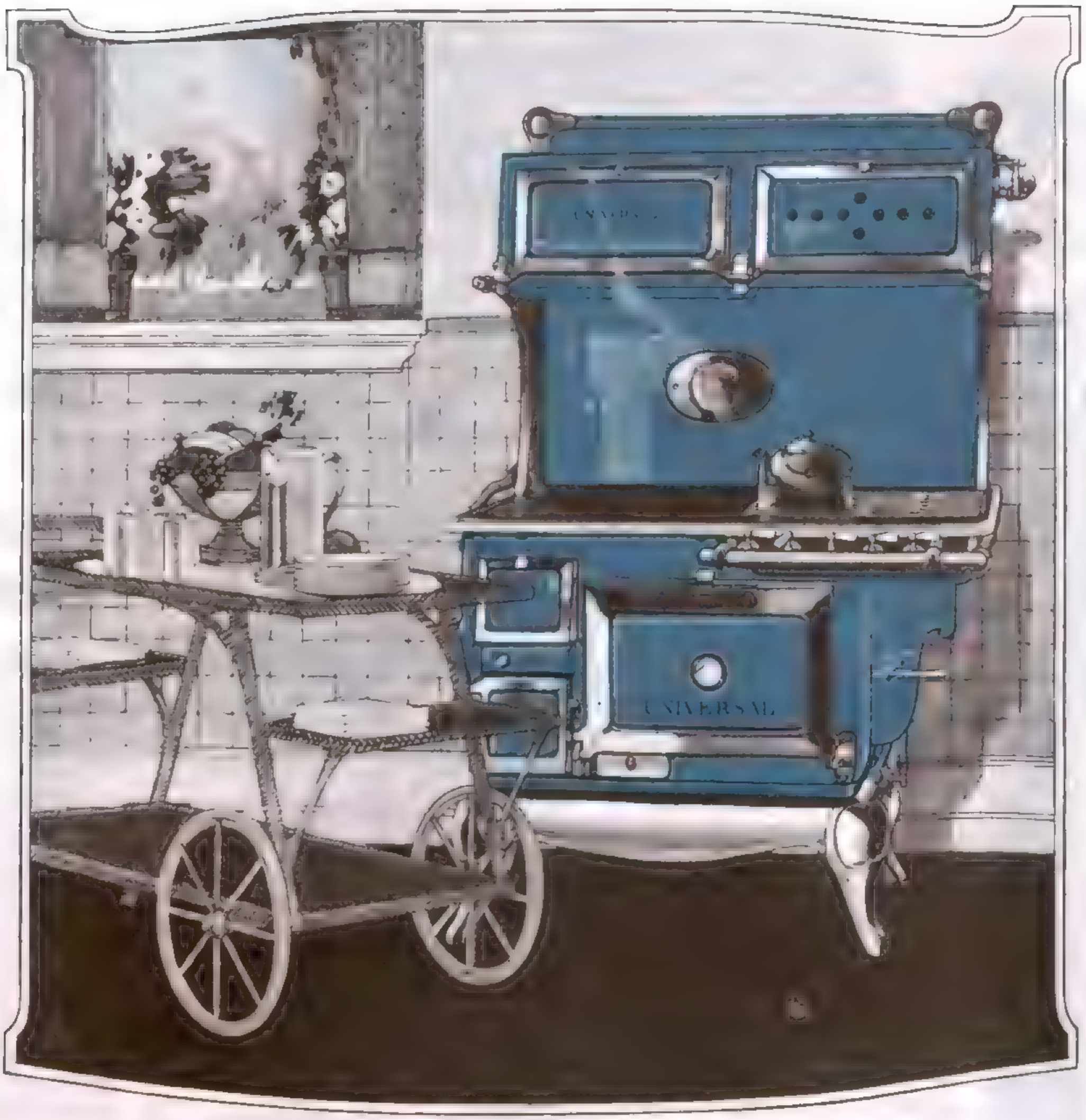

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(Continued from Page 40)

And I guess he won't have much to be proud of, Ruth. I do my best with the farm, but it doesn't seem to matter much. I guess I'm not much good. It's all I can do to make it pay expenses."

She shook her head, as if his words interfered with some other train of thought. He stopped and waited for her to speak.

"Oh, I wish ——" She broke off in midspeech with a helpless gesture. Her tone changed. "Try not to think too much about it, John. I wish I hadn't said anything. Let's just keep on hoping that he'll come back and be the same toward us, however he may be changed in other things. That's the best way."

He felt the sense of this. Worrying about futures never did any good, especially if there wasn't any way of governing the conditions you foresaw. There was too much work to do right now, and Davy was going to need quite a bit of money this winter.

He carried away a new thought though. Ruth had included herself in that doubt. She was wondering whether Davy would feel the same toward her when he came home. John Corbutt smiled at the idea. Davy wasn't a fool. And if Ruth cared enough to worry—why, that could only mean that his secret dream for Davy's future would come true some day.

He whistled softly as he drove home, contemplating this prospect against the blazing hills and the bare fields, the smell of autumn in his nostrils. It didn't matter much about John Corbutt, if Ruth felt that way about Davy.

III

THE late drought had exhausted the big cistern under the kitchen porch, so that now, in addition to his usual morning chores, John Corbutt carried in water from the dooryard well, filling the reservoir at the back of the stove and the wooden tubs on wash days. He had never particularly considered this. It happened occasionally in the farm routine, and he accepted it as merely one of the extra labors a farmer must expect. But Aunt Mattie welcomed it as a fresh grievance, and grumbled shrilly over the hardness of the well water. Even with borax added it wouldn't take dirt out of clothes, she declared, and the forks just wouldn't wash clean either. No woman ought to be expected to put up with it, especially a woman who'd been brought up as Aunt Mattie had been.

John Corbutt hardly heard her. His ear had caught the trick of tuning out the monotone of her complaint, so that lesser but more significant sounds were as audible as if against a background of silence. He ate deliberately, his mind on the day's work ahead of him and the miserable price it would bring when he had finished. Why hadn't he grown plum trees instead of cherries? Why was it that he guessed wrong so steadily? If he had plum trees to sell this fall he could stop worrying about Davy's needs. It was hardly going to pay to dig those cherries and he couldn't afford to hold them over either. He'd have to take what McDonough offered.

"And you won't even listen," charged Aunt Mattie fretfully. "You don't care what I have to put up with. If it was Davy, he'd *do* something. Davy wouldn't sit and watch a woman work herself to death for want of a decent drop of water."

The name cut through John Corbutt's meditations. Davy—Davy coming home to this, after his taste of comfort and convenience at that fraternity house! Davy would do something! It came suddenly home to him that Aunt Mattie was right. Davy would do something. That was the difference between them. Davy would have taken a team and gone up to the spring for a couple of barrels of soft water if Aunt Mattie had talked that way in his hearing.

He almost voiced the offer now, restrained only by a helpless realization that he mustn't take a minute away from the tree digging, with the rent of the machine to pay and the extra men sure to loaf if he looked away.

"Try to get along to-day," he said gently. "Maybe I can fix things better by next time. I would now, only I can't spare the time, Aunt Mattie. We're digging ——"

She interrupted him with an impatient, hissing noise and clattered the dishes angrily.

"I'm glad Davy's quit of it all, anyway," she announced. "He'll never have to put up with it any more. That's one comfort."

John went out to the stable with the words clanging after him. Davy wouldn't put up with it, just as she said. Even when he finished his course he'd choose to live in Glenville, where he could have the comforts he would be used to. No sense in hoping that he'd stay on the farm when he didn't have to. He drove the idea back as he joined his men and faced the day's work. But it came uppermost again and again in spite of him.

Davy'd be home at Christmas, and he'd hate it—getting up in a room like a barn, shuddering into his clothes and washing, after he'd dressed, in the basin in the kitchen—lugging wood for the fireplaces and ashes away from them, bathing in the washtub. Davy's letters had warmed him by an occasional revelation of something like homesickness. After one Christmas vacation he'd get over that!

A thought struck across his depression. There wasn't any sound reason behind all those deprivations. A few hundred feet of cheap pipe and shallow ditching would bring water down from the spring. They'd talked about it, even in his father's day. They'd never got around to it, somehow, but it was practicable. He could do most of the work himself, in odd minutes. And the money—well, he could manage that too, at a pinch. Suppose Davy came home to find at least one city comfort waiting for him. John Corbutt knew his brother. Davy'd be absurdly pleased. Davy always set more store by such things than by improvements in the farm equipment. He remembered how delighted Davy had been over the phonograph and the new rubber-tired runabout. Why not—for a Christmas present?

Watching the tree digger at its work gave him another idea presently. If he ran that machine across the field from the spring it would make the ditching easier—almost do the job for him. He came abruptly to a decision and carried it into effect before they quit for the day. It was a comfort against the forebodings which had troubled him ever since his talk with Ruth, and he enjoyed meeting Aunt Mattie's resumption of her complaint by the blunt announcement at supper. She stared, her querulous chin slack and motionless for an instant. Then she sniffed.

"I'll believe it when I see it," she said. "I listened to your father talk like that for thirteen years, and I'm still fetching water in from the well, I notice."

"All right."

He went out after supper and worked for an hour by lantern light, queerly unwearied. It took him two weeks to finish the job, but it was worth it when the water spurted from the faucet into the new sink in the kitchen. There was a fine fall and plenty of pressure, and he'd hit on a good way of getting around the tank problem too. Just digging a well at the spring and running his pipe into the bottom, through a deep ditch, had given him an ample reservoir, frostproof and needing no pump. He was pleased with it. It was kind of clever, he told himself. Davy'd see that in a minute.

"Don't say anything about it when you write to Davy," he cautioned Aunt Mattie. "We'll surprise him when he comes back."

Aunt Mattie sniffed. She clearly had no intention of surrendering her petted grievances.

"I suppose you think he'll be all excited because we've got a spigot and a sink! H'mff!"

John wondered. He felt pretty sure that Davy would be pleased, but it was true enough that after the city there wasn't much thrill in a single faucet. Maybe, sometime—he conceived the plan in a single, flashing inspiration. There wasn't any reason for stopping here. He could go on, gradually, adding things—hot-water boiler and bathtub—that little hall bedroom upstairs would do perfectly, and he could manage most of the work himself; get the money somehow too.

There was no obstacle he couldn't overcome. He could have the house as comfortable to live in by the time Davy came home to stay as any place in Bufort. There were three years to do it in—plenty of time. A furnace, too—one of those new, simple ones built to go into old houses. The money—well, he had a right to half the net income under the will, and he needn't spend anything much, living as he did. If he could keep Davy in the law school on the other half ——

That was the trouble. As things looked he couldn't. If he'd been lucky enough to

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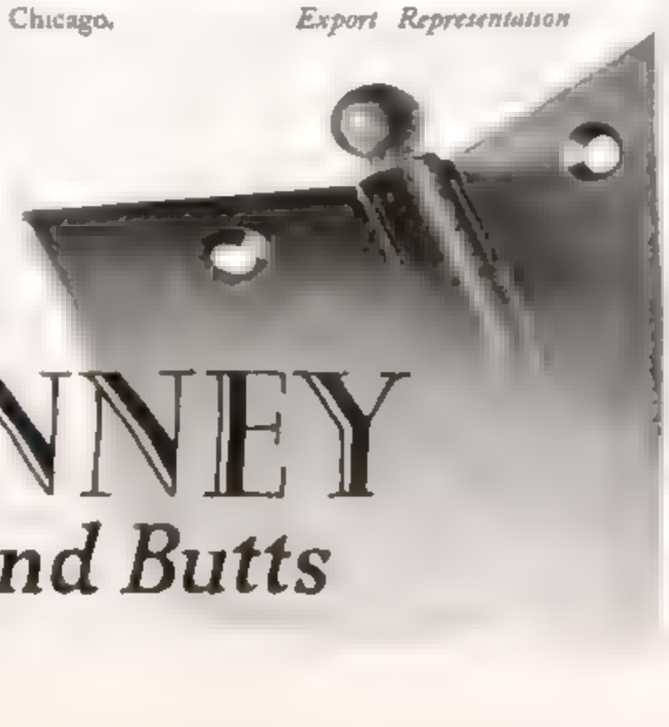

McKINNEY
Hinges and Butts

grow plum trees instead of those cherries it would have been easy enough. For the hundredth time he told himself that he ought to give up the nursery business. Straight farming was bad enough—gambling against the weather and the market, with your hands tied and your eyes blindfolded; but this was worse. Instead of risking just one season's work you had to stake three on every crop. Instead of looking ahead to next fall's market you had to try to bore three years into the future. No wonder he guessed wrong oftener than right. How could a man expect to win at a game like that?

But there wasn't any other money crop he could think of. He was too far from the city markets to try truck gardening, even if he could find the necessary labor, and straight old-fashioned farming just wouldn't pay in money any more. You couldn't compete with the big Western farms and ranches on a little, irregular-shaped Eastern place—too small and uneven for effective machinery, with a climate which could shorten your growing season to the thirteen weeks of summer itself.

He pondered steadily on this phase of the problem. More money—there must be some way of getting it. If a man couldn't succeed at farming he couldn't succeed at anything. He shook his head at his abandoned ambitions. He'd have made a fine job of it, going into that clever man's game of law!

"Less than it cost me to raise 'em," he said as he read the sales contract McDonough filled out for his trees. "You fellows certainly have rubbed it into us farmers this year. Looks to me like you'd overdone it though. A lot of us'll have to quit raising trees after this market."

McDonough's red, aggressive face twisted into a look of weary annoyance.

"You're only the tenth man who's handed me that to-day, Corbutt. I expected it from some of 'em, but you always struck me as a fellow who could think. You ought to know better ——"

"It's your price, isn't it? You told me what you'd give and I had to like it or lump it, didn't I?"

Corbutt was faintly irritated by the implied compliment. McDonough needn't try to soft-soap him! But the buyer shook his head more wearily still.

"I told you what I could afford to offer, and because you've stood by the firm in other seasons I made it a bit better than I ought to have made it. But you set the price. I didn't have anything to do with it. You fixed it when you planted those trees—you and the rest of the crowd that's throwing them on the market now. Corbutt, don't you realize that I can't make money out of cheap trees any more than you can? Don't you see that when there's a glut in the market I have to chase my customers till my tongue hangs out, bid for their business by shaving my figures till they bleed? This season is mighty apt to dent my profits for the next five years, and you talk as if I was getting rich out of it."

He beat his palm with a thick forefinger.

"Don't you know yet what makes trees cheap?"

"I know you fellows call it overproduction," said Corbutt. "But I notice you drive a pretty good car—new this year."

"Yes, because I can make a good car pay me dividends. You drive a pretty fair team of work horses, too, for the same reason. And it's not overproduction. The market can absorb this crop—could absorb one twice as big. But there's something more to this than just supply and demand. We get to thinking of those terms as absolute, as if the market would buy just so many trees and not one more. That's wrong."

He glanced at his watch

"I'm going to waste a minute or two telling you something, Corbutt. You can think. Maybe it'll do some good. Suppose there were only ten cherry trees raised this year in the whole world? They'd sell for any price you cared to put on 'em. Let's say, for instance, that there are ten men who'd plant 'em if they cost a thousand dollars apiece. Now suppose we had a thousand to sell instead of ten. We'd find that maybe a thousand men would pay ten dollars apiece. But it would be harder to find those thousand than to find the ten, and more work to deal with them, wouldn't it? Now suppose we have a million to get rid of. We've got to hunt for men who might set out a tree or two if they could buy 'em for ten cents apiece, but who have to be persuaded into doing it even then. And that means that the fellow who'd be willing to pay a thousand dollars for his tree can get it for ten cents, too, and it means that we have to spend time and work and money chasing the unwilling buyer instead of sitting pat and letting the eager customer come round and bid."

Corbutt reluctantly faced the force of this. It was unpleasant to surrender the conviction that he and all other producers were helplessly oppressed by the middleman, and yet McDonough seemed right about it, after all.

"We're in the same boat—we wholesalers—and the retailers are right there with us too. You fellows make a crop according to your own ideas, and we have to do the best we can to face conditions as you make them for us. Suppose we worked on your principle. You think your job is to produce all you can and hope for a good price, don't you? Well, suppose I went on that theory and came out here and bought every tree in sight. I'd smash in a month. Because I know what you can't seem to learn—that there's a point at which production defeats its purpose; because I have to keep my eyes glued on my market or go under. You won't do that—you farmers."

"Well, what's the answer?" Corbutt shrugged. "I try to think it out the best way I can. I thought it looked as if cherries would be scarce this year or I'd have grown something else."

"Exactly! That's another thing that gets me wild. You know that the smart Aleck who claims the farmer doesn't think is a fool. You know that you have to use your head as hard as your hands. But you never give the other farmer credit for doing it too. It never strikes you that what you can figure out the other fellow can figure out too. It's almost funny to watch it—if it didn't hurt so hard! Each of you perfectly convinced he's doped it out right, and never dreaming that everybody else has doped it exactly the same way! Of course it doesn't always work out that way. Sometimes we get a crop failure, sometimes there's an unusual demand. But by and large, year after year, this same thing keeps you poor."

Corbutt reflected. There was talk of a coöperative marketing association among the growers, the same talk he had always heard after bad markets. He had been tempted to join in the grumoling against the middlemen himself. It struck him suddenly that a coöperative association with a surplus to sell would be just as badly off as any private purveyor—as McDonough, say.

"They're talking about cutting our throats again. Well, I'm willing to have mine cut any time. If I knew any other game but this I'd have quit long ago."

"We'd be up against it the same as you," said Corbutt meditatively. "I guess there's no answer."

"Certainly there's an answer. They've made these producers' associations pay in sixty or seventy farming lines, haven't they? Go ahead and form this one. You'll fail with it at first, because you're still convinced that our profits are all you're after. You'll find out otherwise, after you've gone broke two or three times. Figure it out for yourself. If you split up what I made last year—the best year I ever had—among the three hundred growers I bought from they'd each get about sixty dollars! But they wouldn't net that much, because they'd have to hire somebody to do my work, and he'd want a pretty fair salary. See it now?"

"I see that I'd better get into something else," said Corbutt. "You're right ——"

"You don't see it then. The reason those fellows in California and Florida have put their associations over lies right here. They haven't put the middlemen out of business. There are more middlemen than ever, and they're making better money than ever too. But the associations have discovered the relation between supply and demand and learned to act accordingly. Take oranges, for instance. In the old days, shipping separately, they'd shoot an oversupply into Chicago on Monday, and oranges would be going begging, and the commission houses fighting like rats for the pennies. The growers would get red ink on their statements, and every one of 'em would ship his next car somewhere else! Another glut and more red ink. The association just straightened that out—sent enough fruit to each point, and no more. That was all. Simple, eh?"

"Yes, but ——"

"Wait! There were other lines. Prunes, for instance. The packers used to strangle

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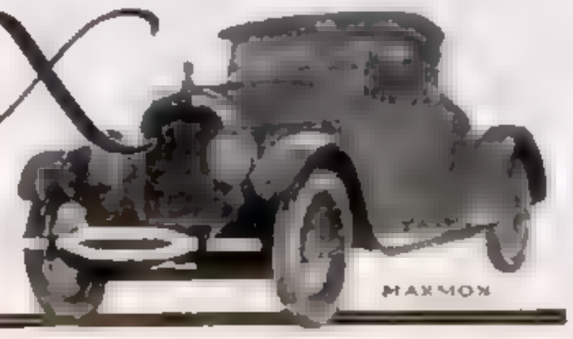

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the producers, to be sure. But the reason they could do it, after all, was because people hadn't learned to use prunes. There was always an oversupply. The association had to change that—it had to teach people to eat prunes. It spends something like half a million a year, I hear, in advertising them. In that case, you see, it brought demand up to supply."

"And with trees ——"

"Simple! All you need is to produce intelligently—produce enough of each sort and no more. If you fellows form this association with an idea of going ahead and overloading the market with one variety and depriving it of another every year, you'll fail sure. But if you got wise to yourselves, and laid out your plantings in line with the visible demand, you'd all get decent figures every fall, whether you cut our throats and sold direct or dealt with us as you do now. I don't expect you to believe it. You think I'm just trying to hang onto the privilege of robbing you once a year."

"No, you're right. I can see it," Corbutt nodded. "I'm going to think about that, McDonough."

He watched the buyer drive away, his mind busy with the new idea. If it were only Davy—Davy with his ready tongue, his flow of words, his genial, appealing personality. Davy could make the other growers see this thing. But John, who couldn't even carry on a conversation —

He thought about it a good deal during the weeks that followed. He had sent for some catalogues of plumbers' supplies, and he studied these after supper, while Aunt Mattie knitted and whined. It would cost a couple of hundred, at least, to put in a bathroom on the second floor.

He went to the meeting at the county seat and listened to a good deal of fervid oratory. Some of it wakened his old resentment, until he remembered what McDonough had said about the division of his profits. Sixty dollars wouldn't do much good. But if there was a way of being fairly sure of a living profit on every crop—again he wished that Davy could take his place. The thought reminded him of the prices in those catalogues, and of Davy's coming home with his new city notions. He found himself on his feet, talking clumsily, in uneven, limping sentences, conscious of a multitude of eyes all staring at him. He wanted to sit down, but a sudden vision of the empty house and the lonely years stiffened his spine. He plodded on, undisturbed by excited interruptions from the perfervid orators who had preceded him. Here and there he caught a nod of agreement. He saw old Peter Dower's head move approvingly, glimpsed a look of shrewd attention on the keen, weather-scarred face of Jerry Forsythe.

"I don't say that we couldn't run the wholesale nursery business better than those fellows run it," he finished, "but it strikes me that before we start in to clean up other folks' houses we could do something right on the home place. We all know something about raising trees. Seems to me that if we tried to use that knowledge right we wouldn't need to bother much about the rest of it. Anyway, when I've got a job of work ahead of me I generally find it pays to start in at the beginning."

He sat back, listening to the discussion. It occurred to him that the tone had changed, that a different group were forward now. Men like Dower and Forsythe, who had hung back from the earlier proposals, were on their feet. He heard his name called from the platform, and discovered that he and Dower and another had been appointed as a committee to draw up a new plan of organization.

He liked this. It was what might have happened if Davy had been in his place. Later, when the permanent association was formed, he noticed that there was an absence of the eager orators from the roster of its officers and committees. He had no post of honor himself, and he regretted this mildly. Davy would have been secretary at least.

But it didn't matter. If the scheme worked maybe he could make the farmhouse a decent home for a man like Davy, make himself the kind of a brother that Davy wouldn't have to apologize for. In two or three years, by the time Davy finished college ——

IV

THE first Christmas vacation reassured him measurably. Davy was visibly glad to be at home again—Davy, subtly changed by those city weeks, and yet the same below that heightened gleam of surface he brought back with him. Aunt Mattie was obliged to prod and pester him into talk of his new environment. Left to himself he spoke of the fun of getting back to her cooking, of the difference the new water supply made in the old place, of the condition of the horses and cows.

"You're a wonder, John. Dad never had the place in such shape that I can remember, and he never had a kid brother at school to soak up all his ready cash either. I tell you, John, I'll get square with you some day."

"Only your share," said John Corbutt, his tongue suddenly clumsier than ever as he warmed under the words. "Entitled to half."

"Yes, but you work for your half, and I take mine through the brass grating in the bank," laughed Davy. "You can't fool me, old boy. Next year it's going to be different, I can tell you. I've got a stunt in my sleeve that'll surprise you."

He would not say what it was, and the suggestion troubled his brother vaguely. He realized that he liked the feeling of Davy's dependence. It seemed to give him a better hold on the boy, somehow, to be sending him those labored checks. They had dinner together at Judge Hanford's on the day Davy went back, and he was pleased at Davy's way with the old man and with Ruth.

"The only thing I hate is being a millstone on John's neck," said Davy. "How he does it is by me! The farm never paid any real money before. And he's making the house over, too, on top of paying my way in Bufort. Seen that waterworks yet? It's a wonder! Just like a city house!"

John grinned feebly under such praises, while they sent a glow through and through him. He glanced at Ruth almost triumphantly, as if to invite her attention to Davy's loyalty, and a softening in her eyes pleased him even more than his brother's speech. If she only liked him enough

The idea came into being there. He wondered why he had not considered it long before. In the back of his mind he had begun to hope that Ruth would marry Davy, without realizing that this would take Davy away from him as nothing else could. For a moment he stood between the two dreams undecided. Then he chose. Better to lose his hold on Davy than to hope that the boy would marry some other woman. Ruth, with the judge behind her, would make Davy succeed as nobody else could hope to do it. And it wouldn't be so bad after all. Davy'd be here in Glenville; he'd see him every time he came to town.

Facing this, he lost a measure of his interest in the reconstruction of the house. If Davy wasn't going to stay there after all, it didn't matter much whether he put in that hot-water furnace or let things stay as they were. He stopped studying his catalogues and gave his evenings to the task of helping the new organization secure its members.

The nursery district stretched out over the adjacent counties. There were a good many hundred growers to be brought into line before it could hope to accomplish anything. And he discovered that now and then he could persuade a stubborn conservative who had been proof against the other canvassers. One of these fellows, an obstinate, sullen old Scotchman, had a queer word as he signed the blank:

"I'd have done it before, only those men talked too much—got me so I couldn't think, you might say. Didn't see what they were drivin' at till you put it up to me."

John Corbutt thought this over. Probably there were other queer sticks who preferred that sort of solicitation—people who'd rather listen to his clumsy talk than even to such brilliant arguments as Davy could have offered. He experimented on other holdouts. Here and there he succeeded—often enough to encourage him to keep on. And he learned something else: Every time he drew in one of these stubborn fellows three or four others drifted in after him. They seemed to act in groups, like wary old sheep, waiting for the bellwether to lead. Several times during the winter he went out with one of the organizers to work at a local meeting and argue with his own sort of men afterwards. He began to believe that the movement would succeed by spring. Already the enterprise had accomplished something. Its members were

(Continued on Page 48)

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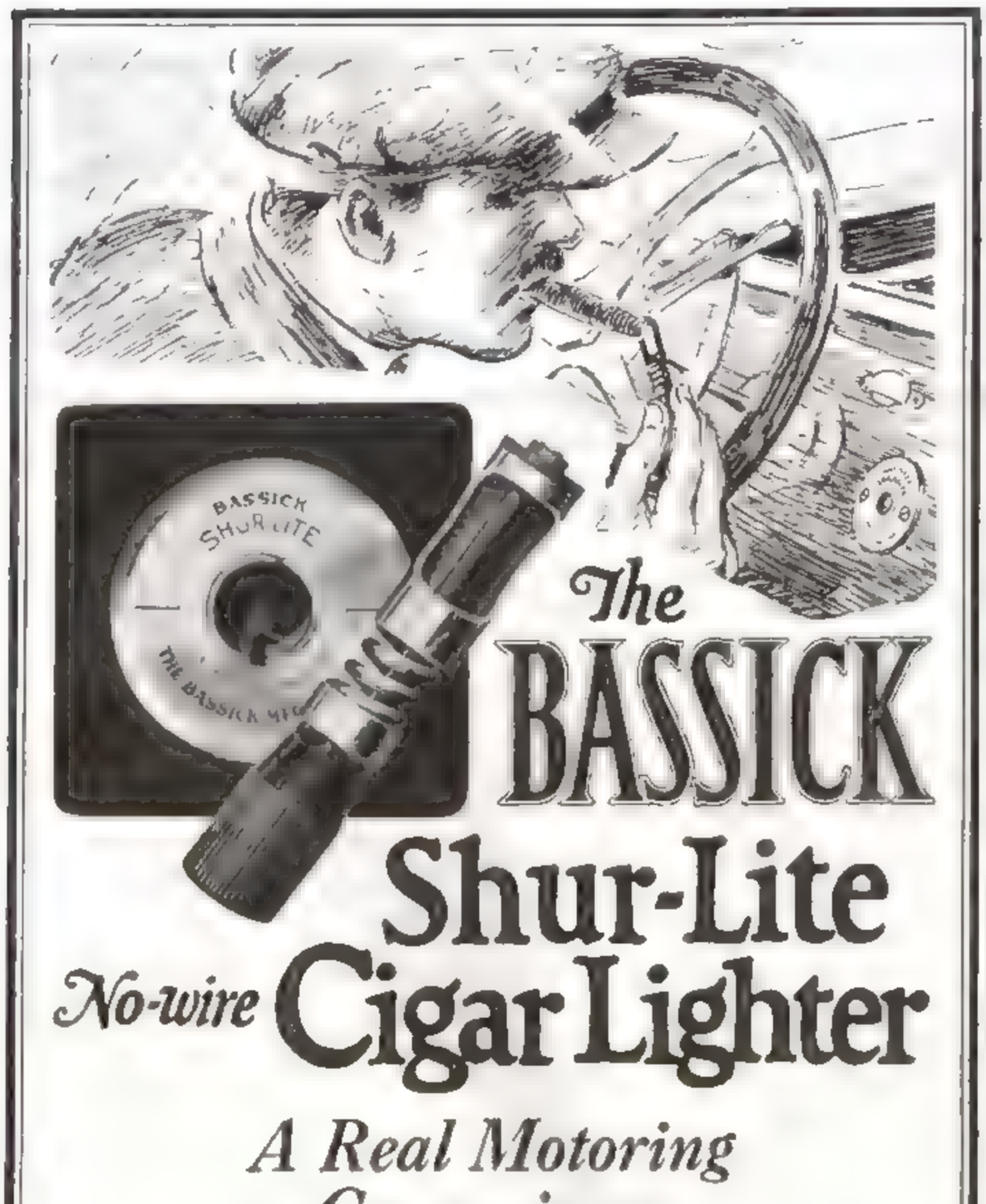

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THE BASSICK MANUFACTURING COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

(Continued from Page 46)

planting in accordance with a carefully worked out plan designed to prevent over or under production in any variety. For the first time he approached his spring plans with a certain confidence in the distant market.

There was a day when Judge Hanford drove out with Ruth and stopped for dinner—a tremendous occasion for Aunt Mattie, to whom the judge stood as symbol and type of all the Hanford magnificence. John had a few minutes with Ruth while Aunt Mattie detained the judge with certain tribal gossip. There was a thin breeze flowing in over the apple bloom, and the rough turf of the lawn had achieved, since morning, a green softness which held his eyes.

"It's lovely," she said softly, as if a sound might disturb the beauty of it all. "No wonder so many people would rather have that than gaslights and asphalt."

His ear caught a meaning in the tone.

"I didn't know you liked it."

She glanced at him quickly.

"Well, you know now then."

He pondered, suddenly cunning. Perhaps he could find out ——

"I—I've been sort of planning to fix up the house some more," he said slowly. "Somehow, nowadays, it doesn't seem as if we needed to live quite so—so rough to stay on the farm. Ever since I put in that water system ——"

"You want Davy to like it." She surveyed him evenly. "That's what you're thinking about, isn't it? You want him to stay here when he comes back."

He nodded.

"He'll be used to things—down there in Bufort. But I got to thinking it over afterwards, and it hardly looked worth while. Davy might stay, but he'll be—be getting married some day, and there's no sense hoping a girl would want to come out here to live."

She seemed to consider this at length, looking out over the snowy orchard.

"He might choose a girl who'd love it," she said at last. "I'd go on, if I were you, John. Make the house as comfortable as you can on the chance. Women"—she hesitated—"women are queer. Aunt Mattie's a sample of us all. Little things matter so much to us—comforts and conveniences and—well, niceness. I can't find the word I want. Aunt Mattie's been grumbling for years about a few tiny trifles—to your view. They aren't trifles to her."

He kept to his own thought.

"If Davy liked a girl he'd want her to have everything the way she wanted it," he said slowly. "I guess you're right, Ruth. It's worth trying anyway."

"I would."

She spoke so calmly that he took it almost as a promise. He looked ahead to a time when Davy would bring her here to stay. The idea cast a sudden light on familiar, unnoticed details of the house. He shut his lips tightly.

"I've wondered sometimes whether some of the things farmers complain about didn't begin in farmhouses," she went on, still looking out at the flowering trees. "City men have comfortable homes to come to at night—homes where the work is done by the time they get there. Farmers—and farmers' wives ——"

She stopped, seeming to search for words. He waited, his interest touched by the tone.

"You used to spend a lot of time just bringing in water from the well, didn't you? And feeding wood to the stoves and fireplaces? That's what I mean. There's so much work about a house that can be avoided by a little planning and saving. I've wondered whether there wouldn't be more labor on the land if the houses were easier to live in. Remember Carrie Weldon? She wouldn't marry Luke McRae—went to Bufort to work in an office. She'd have stayed if Luke had offered her a better chance of happiness. But she'd split kindling and carried water long enough. It sounds selfish—mercenary. But it's just sense, John. When a woman's overdriven her man isn't as happy as he could be."

He nodded. This was all clear enough. She was telling him as plainly as she could that she had a price on her consent, and she wanted him to see that it wasn't purely selfish, petty, to insist on a measure of comfort as part of the bargain.

"That's so. I'll fix things up." He had another idea. "Maybe you'll help some. I thought—no harm in some paper and paint and maybe a little new furniture. If you ——"

"I'd like it."

The judge appeared, pausing to survey the gentle sweep of land with a shrewd eye.

"Got it looking well, John."

John shrugged.

"Hear you're going to make this new association work. Right idea. Need any help, you come and see me. Might do something myself."

Corbutt watched them as they drove off After all, everything was going to turn out right. If he could just find the money! If he could have the house in fit shape by the time Davy was ready to bring his wife home to it! Two years left!

"The association's got to work now," he told himself. "I've just got to make it."

He found time for more canvassing than before, and he seemed to be more successful at it too. One man asked him about his water system, and signed the contract after driving over to inspect it.

"Reckon I'd better give in," he admitted with a shamefaced grin. "Ain't had much peace in the house sence you was over to see us. My wife thinks you know it all sence you fixed up this here contraption."

Here was a useful hint. John Corbutt realized the possibility of reaching men through their womenfolk, and experimented cannily with it. The association steadily expanded as the season drew on. He was so busy that he had no time to miss Davy that summer.

Prices were better in the fall, and the effect was manifest in a sudden influx of new members, mistakenly attributing the improvement to the organization. John Corbutt began to foresee success in earnest. Already they controlled the major part of the district, and it was the most important single district in the country too. He was going to manage it after all. Another season like this and he could spend a lot of money on the homestead.

It was queer, too, how much more a fellow could do. Somehow he had time enough for all sorts of extra work. The heating plant kept the house warm almost without attention. It amazed him to see how much less fuel he burned—fuel which had to be wrested out of the woodlot at a stern price in ax work. Ruth was right—there must have been a lot of wasted labor in the old days.

The tiny power plant he installed late in the winter was another surprise of the same sort. He had looked on it as sheer luxury—a frank concession to city habits—and it startled him to find how much hand labor it saved; how much faster a tool could be sharpened on a motor-driven stone; how swiftly and well the churning was done. Aunt Mattie admitted that the washing machine was useful. And with lights in the barn a man could do a great many odd jobs after dark.

Davy, on his brief visits, was as enthusiastic as John could have asked. Twice after the bathroom was finished he brought classmates home with him and showed them about with an unmistakable pride which his brother remembered long after he had gone back to his books.

"Never saw another farmhouse like this, I'll bet!" John could hear the words months afterwards. "Old John's the wisest bird in the business." Davy understood—Davy actually admired him!

Ruth took it too calmly when he told her. She seemed to think it natural for Davy to feel that way. He couldn't find words to explain his own attitude.

"I always thought Davy had it in him," she would say. "He's clever enough to see things straight."

After all, John was glad to have her put it that way. The better she liked Davy ——

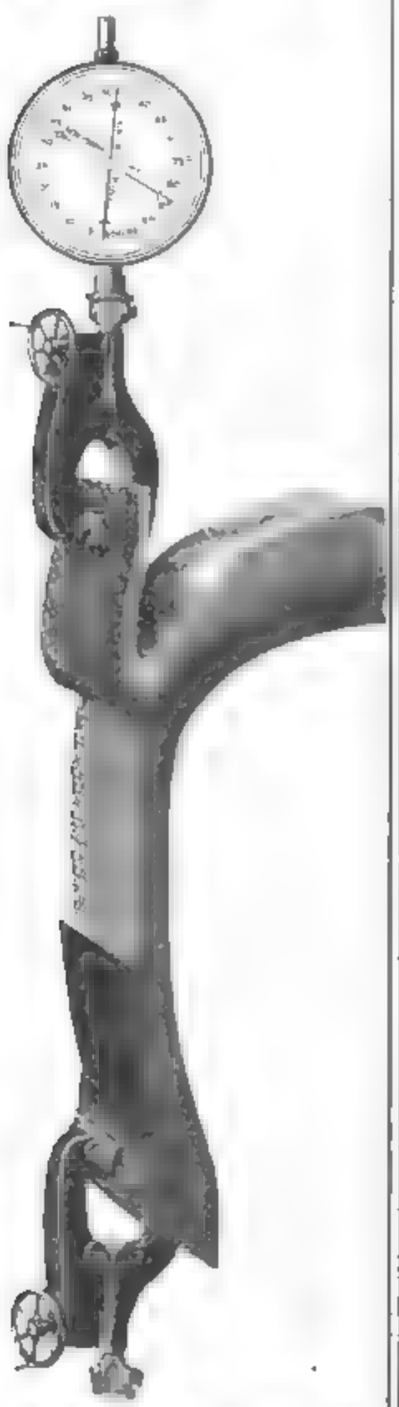
She helped him redecorate the big sitting room after the next season. Somehow she made it seem more like home than ever, in spite of the new furniture and the extra window she made him cut in the blank wall.

The first effect of intelligent organization became manifest this year. There were no extraordinary prices, and some growers grumbled over this. Nobody made any lucky killing on a chance hit, but hardly anybody sold at a loss either. The acquisitions more than balanced the desertions, and there were letters and visitors from other districts, where similar movements were getting under way. To Corbutt's surprise the wholesalers seemed better pleased than the growers.

"Something like a business now," said McDonough. "We can sell every tree that was raised this year at a decent price, and without running our legs off chasing trade.

(Continued on Page 50)

Our laboratory tests and the laboratory tests of the manufacturers of Europe's finest cars show that the frictional gripping power between the wheels of cars is 50% greater with Toron treated fabric in the tire than with the same fabric not Toron treated



Our amazing story of "the greater tire" explains and the patented internal hydraulic expansion process. Our illustration shows a Hydro-Toron tire in the mold ready for vulcanizing. No outside pressure, nor wasted rubber, no misplaced parts in the tire, no buckles or strain. No hot water bag inside the tire. Vulcanizing done under pressure of 200 lbs. *inside the tire* to insure perfection

THE Amazing Story OF THE GREATER TIRE

A tire so carefully made—by the new internal hydraulic expansion process and with the wonderful new Toron (no-rot) fabric—that the curses of tire service (stone-bruise, rim-cut and blow-out) are practically eliminated.

That is the Hydro-Toron tire. Thousands of them are in use throughout the United States.

Adjustments are not what you want when you buy a tire. You are entitled to continuous service—to freedom from trouble. This kind of service is yours when you use Hydro-Toron tires.

Because they are made by the new internal hydraulic expansion process—because every layer is the marvelous Toron fabric—because this process and material make stone-bruise, rim-cut and blow-out almost impossible—we say emphatically that in our judgment they are the best tires in the world, and we back that faith with an unmatched guarantee.

Facts About Our Internal Hydraulic Expansion Process

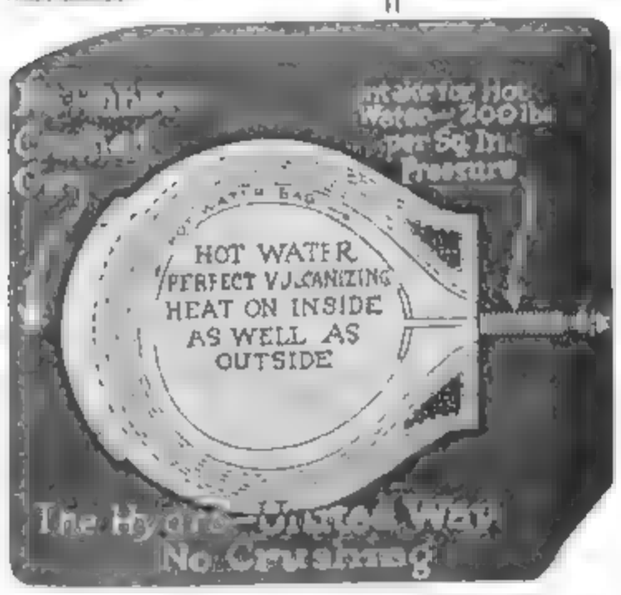
Our internal hydraulic expansion process means that there is no solid iron core in the tire during the vulcanizing process; no outside pressure when the halves of the mold are brought together. There is no possible way of injuring the tire while it is being made—therefore Hydro-Toron "seconds" are practically unknown.

The cores on which these tires are built are in three pieces. These are removed when the tire is ready for the vulcanizer. A heavy fabric bag is placed inside the tire. The tire goes into one-half of the mold. The other half is placed upon it *without injurious pressure*—without squeezing, pinching or misplacing any part.

The mold containing the tire is sent to the vulcanizer. The bag is pumped full of water heated to the proper vulcanizing temperature and the right pressure of 200 lbs. to the square inch is applied *inside the tire.*

All the pressure is from within. No "buckles" or pinches; no concealed weaknesses to cause grief later on; a smooth, evenly vulcanized, unblemished union of rubber and fabric.

The Wonderful Toron Fabric in HYDRO-TORON Internal Hydraulic Expansion Process TIRES



Every layer of a Hydro-Toron tire is of Toron (no-rot) fabric—a newly developed process that actually fills and impregnates the walls and canals of the fabric structure so that it is waterproof.

Toron fabric is protected against deterioration. The Toron treatment resists the action of water seeping through a tread cut; both fabric and rubber are protected against oxidation caused by impure matter that is often sealed into the fabric by the rubber.

Toron treatment means a complete bond between rubber compound and fabric—therefore the absence of tread and layer separations, skips, blisters, etc., in making the tire.

Toron increases tensile strength about one-third and makes that strength uniform. It gives the fabric increased flexibility, and a greater cushioning effect to the rubber.

Less heat is generated in the tire because tire walls, layers of fabric, "friction" rubber, cushion and tread are a compact whole, with friction reduced to the minimum.

You've Been Waiting for This Tire

Toron retards the tire from going bad, whether it is being used as a spare or is standing on the dealer's rack.

The Hydro-Toron tire meets the desires of any car owner who knows what tire trouble is. It is as big as cords, and is so free from defects we are able to guarantee against stone-bruise, rim-cut or blow-out. This new construction process—this new method of insuring the fabric that goes into these tires—marks an epoch in tire service, **yet these tires sell at standard fabric prices.**

Full 10,000 mile value is what you are looking for. You get it when you use Hydro-Torons.

If you sell tires, write at once on your own letter-head, to our nearest office, for information on how to make more money in the tire business. If you use tires, send us your dealer's name and we will send you a beautiful catalogue and arrange with your dealer so you can secure Hydro-Toron tires.

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Sold at Standard Fabric Prices

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Shirts with separate soft collar to match

YOU'LL welcome this departure from the strict formality of the starched white collar.

You'll see quite as many in the city this summer as at the beaches or in the country.

Neat effects in stripes are the favored patterns. Pongee and printed and woven madras are the fabrics. Colors are unobtrusive.

Precisely the right expression of the separate collar-to-match vogue is achieved in Emery Shirts.

Many niceties of finish: Pre-shrunk collars and neckbands that stay true to size; easy, generous fit; different sleeve lengths; and so on.

It's worth while to look for Emery when you buy shirts.

Shirt with collar,
$2.50, $3.00, $3.50 and up
At better-class shops.

If your dealer can't supply you, write us direct and we will see that you are served.

W. M. Steppacher & Bro., Inc.
Philadelphia

Emery Shirts

Equal to Custom-Made

(Continued from Page 48)

Now if you fellows get together and boom the business a bit we can spread out some. We aren't selling half the trees we could if the public was handled right. There ought to be a few fruit trees in every city yard, for one thing. Advertising'd do it."

"Want us to do your job for you, eh?" Corbutt grinned. "Look out, McDonough! If we ever start selling our own stuff we might find out we could get along without you fellows."

"Go as far as you like," said the other. "I'd just as soon draw my pay from your crowd as from anybody else."

Corbutt pondered the idea deliberately. During the winter he talked it over with some of the others—men like Forsythe and Dower, who had hung back longest. They persuaded the association to spend a little on an experiment that spring, and the results were rather startling. Even the skeptics yielded ground as prices rose.

Judge Hanford stopped John Corbutt on the street late in the summer.

"How about breaking that will now? Want to sell the place?"

John started. He had forgotten that. He shook his head, grinning uneasily under the old man's eye. The judge grunted.

"Guess I was right. Your father wanted to fix it so you could sell if you wanted to. Said he could trust you to stick without tying you down. Wouldn't let him risk it. Afraid you'd get Mattie Hanford's fool notions."

John nodded.

"You were right about me. I'm no good for anything but the farm. I've found that out."

"Huh!" The judge fixed him with a hard eye. "Glad you know it. Come 'n' eat dinner with me and Ruth."

John went, a little puzzled. It had been the judge who'd suggested that will then. He remembered the half-forgotten dream of making himself a power in the community. If it hadn't been for Judge Hanford's meddling he might have—he rejected the thought. He'd have failed, just as the judge had foreseen he would. He spoke of it to Ruth—a little awkwardly. It wasn't easy to confess that he'd ever thought of trying to be like Davy, but somehow he'd learned how to talk to Ruth. She wouldn't laugh at him, even for this.

"Yes, he told me that long ago." She looked sober. "He was always afraid that Aunt Mattie would get you to give up farming. You're glad now that you didn't, aren't you?"

He hesitated.

"I guess so. Only it's queer how some ideas stick. I—I'd like to have made something of myself. Guess Aunt Mattie taught me that all right. I always wanted to be somebody. Funny. Used to think I'd be like the judge—a kind of a power, you know—be big."

She studied him, and he was puzzled by the look. She seemed to be trying to see into his mind, as if she didn't believe what he was telling her.

"Just as well I couldn't even try," he went on. "Probably I'd have made a monkey out of myself, and it's something to be Davy's brother."

Her eyes softened, as they always did when he spoke of Davy. He was no longer in any doubt on that score. Whenever he named the boy that queer look came into her face—the look which somehow made him think of young mothers. She'd look like that when she held her own son in her arms, he thought sometimes.

"Yes," she said. "That's something—to be Davy Corbutt's brother. It's—it's quite a lot, John."

▼

"I—I GUESS I've been taking it for granted, Ruth. Now I look back, I can't remember that I ever said anything to Davy about it. I just sort of counted on it."

John Corbutt twisted an envelope between his fingers helplessly. He tried to grin, but his lips felt stiff.

"We all counted on it," she said. "I can see now that we ought to have known better. Davy's too clever for a little town like this. It was bound to happen, John. They want men like him in the big city offices. They'll pay so much that our small communities can't expect to outbid them. And we ought not to mind after all. It's really a wonderful thing for Davy. The judge says that Markle & Fletcher are far and away the best firm in this part of the state. A chance in their office is the best thing Davy could have hoped for."

"I know. I—I'd have advised him to take it if he'd asked me," John Corbutt nodded. "But it's a kind of a smash, all the same. I guess you know I was looking ahead to—to sticking together. It wasn't just because I—I was fond of him. I guess I wanted to stand in the reflection—sort of. I kept thinking he'd be the biggest man in the county, like the judge, and I guess I wanted to have folks point at me and say, 'That's Davy Corbutt's brother.' Selfish, of course. But I couldn't get what I wanted for myself, and it seemed as if it would help some to get it secondhand like that."

The soft look came into her eyes. Suddenly he realized that this meant even more to her than to him. All this time, while he'd been counting on Davy, she had been ——

Of course Davy might come back to take her away with him. Even the city career which beckoned to him wouldn't prevent him from seeing Ruth as she was. But

"Hi, John!" Judge Hanford came into the room, the Bufort paper, still cocked open in its rooflike form after his nap, fluttering in his big hand.

"Hear Davy's going in with Markle. Good thing. Best thing't could happen to him. Always figured he'd catch on down there. Knew it when he was a kid in short pants."

John nodded, his mind intent on Ruth and her share in this collapse of all their plans.

"Never even offered him a place with me," said the old man, unwontedly garrulous. "Didn't want him. Knew he wasn't good for anything but a city job."

The phrase caught at John Corbutt's sense of humor. Not good for anything but a job with Markle & Fletcher!

"Too good at the talk," said the judge. "Good thing—in a crowd. Have to judge a man by his tongue when you don't know where he lives or what he does. Different out here. Folks shy off from a fellow that talks easy. You know. Do it yourself. So do I. Davy's all talk. Never get along here." He grunted. "Like to see Dave get old Sim McCloud into your nurserymen's association, or Peter Dower! You got 'em. Didn't talk."

John Corbutt wanted to resent the slight. Davy, the brilliant, eager, clever Davy, under criticism from this old country lawyer who, after all ——

"Hadn't been for me you'd be trying the same thing," said the old man. "Ever stop to think that over? Might be a jack lawyer in somebody's office instead of the biggest man in the county!"

He stumped out, brandishing the paper. John Corbutt sat very still, appalled by the idea. He looked at Ruth. She was smiling very faintly, the baffling softness in her eyes. Something seemed to clear from his vision ever so little, so that he caught a glimpse of an unsuspected universe beyond those misty depths. It stopped his breath.

"You never guessed it, did you, John? You don't believe it even now. I'm glad. You'd be somebody else if you could ever see yourself as other people see you."

For just an instant he seemed to stand above a shadowy pool and look down at an image—an image which couldn't possibly be his own, and yet could be no other man's.

"Poor Davy!" said John Corbutt huskily. "Poor Davy!"

VARIOUS THINGS ABOUT PARIS

(Continued from Page 4)

how it was done or grasp the results which were obtained. One popular system might be called the roundhouse system. No. 1, for example, may be on the left-hand side of the street. A stranger hunting for No. 375 might therefore start on the left-hand side of the street and walk straight ahead in search of No. 375. After a ten-minute walk he might discover that he had reached No. 193 and the end of the street simultaneously. Investigation would reveal that the numbers went down the left-hand side of the street and came back on the right-hand side of the street, and that No. 375 might be directly across the street from No. 1.

There is a second system which might be termed the fade-away. In this the numbers are apparently not applied to separate houses, but to the amount of property owned by each property owner. Thus one might descend from a street car at No. 64 on a certain street and start out blithely to walk the short distance which in his imagination separates him from No. 82. He then discovers to his anguish that there are about twelve No. 64's and upwards of nine No. 65's and fifteen or eighteen No. 66's; and by the time he reaches No. 82 he has walked two or three miles, and both his nerves and his feet are in deep distress.

Then there is the system which combines our own system of alternate numbering with the fade-away system. The numbers start normally enough. No. 1 is on the left, with No. 3 beside it and No. 5 just beyond; while Nos. 2, 4 and 6 are directly across the street. Suddenly, however, a number on the even side relapses into the fade-away system, and there are about eleven No. 8's in succession. Consequently, when one is at No. 93 on the odd side of the street, the number on the opposite side is about No. 12—a state of affairs conducive to insanity if one is in a hurry to locate No. 94.

Then there is the gorgeously mixed-up system when a street changes its name and its numbering system for no apparent reason just at the moment when it seems to be getting along as well as any street could; and when, before it has had more than time to get accustomed to the change, it changes again for reasons known to nobody at all. Thus, in Paris, one finds the Boulevard Madeleine suddenly changing to the Boulevard des Capucines, and then becoming the Boulevard des Italiens, and suddenly shifting to the Boulevard Poissonnière, and so on, until the wayfarer feels that it is time to rush to the nearest gendarme and ejaculate:

"Behold me! I have lost my north from pursuing your streets. There are rats in my double bass and spiders on my ceiling. I have a head entirely like that of a linnet; so expedite me, monsieur, to a hospital for the cracked, I pray you."

There is little or no danger that any overwhelming number of Americans will migrate to Paris to study Parisian styles in letter ending, owing to the fact that most Americans realize that if they tried to be complex in finishing up their letters they would be obliged to increase their office forces by the addition of a crystal gazer, a professional puzzle solver and a libel lawyer to get the true meaning out of such a letter as "John L. Doe, Esq., South Street, Boston, Mass. Dear Sir: Your letter of Feb. 12th rec'd and contents relative to cancellation of one carload rough bellies duly noted. In reply would say that this carload has already gone forward. Accept, dear sir, the assurance of our considerate consideration, Richard B. Roe Co., by Oswald Hoe."

The Parisians have elaborated the naming of streets to a remarkable degree, and in so doing they have displayed a pleasant imagination which might well be imitated by American city fathers whose imaginations wither up and blow away when they have exhausted the regular American repertoire of street names such as Main Street, High Street, Cedar Street, Mountain Avenue, Washington Street and Maple Street. Thus we find in Paris such street names as Street of St. Thomas' Daughters, Street of the 29th of September, Street of the 14th of June, Street of the Little Fields, Charles Martel Street, Victor Hugo Avenue.

Variety and individuality could easily be added to American towns by adopting the French manner and changing a few of the existing street names into, say, George Washington's Wife's First Husband's Street, John L. Sullivan's Knock-out-Punch Street, Article Ten Street, Volstead Amendment Avenue, and a few other names that really mean something. Under the present system the children of the rising generation neither know nor care whether Washington Street is so named in honor of George Washington, Booker T. Washington, Washington pie or the capital of the nation.

The Parisians have elaborated so many things that one cannot recount them all. They have elaborated the cooking of snails, the eating of horse meat, the worst features of a telephone system, the trick mustache,

(Continued on Page 53)

For your family's sake, investigate this big-paying heating investment Today!

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Children, like flowers, thrive best in clean, vitalizing heat. Hot-water heat does not devitalize the air—it is health protecting.

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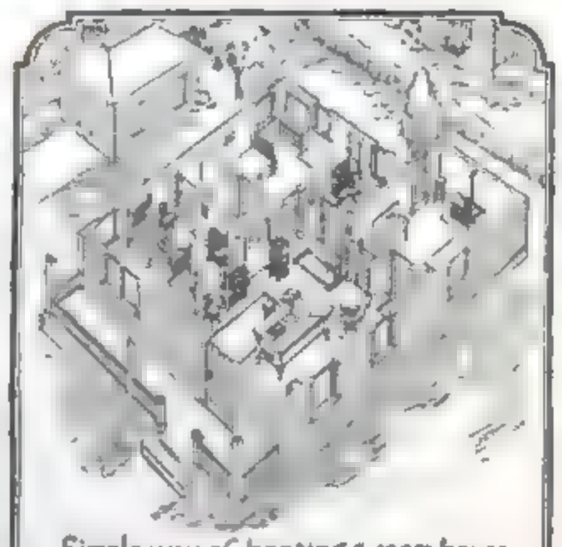
Day in and day out the ARCOLA faithfully serves your family with low-cost hot-water heating. It never wears out or needs repair. It is a profitable, paying investment, now within the reach of every owner.

Burns hard or soft coal, coke, wood, gas or oil! Heats all rooms on less coal than heating a few rooms with stoves. Leaks no coal-gas—wastes no heat up the chimney.

Reduced in Size and Cost

The ARCOLA is made on the same principle and with the same guarantee as our large IDEAL Heating plants. The only difference is in the smaller size and lower cost of the outfit. ARCOLAS are especially designed for small homes, new or old, with or without cellars. Ideal-ARCOLA Heating Outfits are sold by heating contractors everywhere.



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Makers of the famous IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators

Oldsmobile FOUR

Power That Makes Play Of Every Test on Hill or Level

From every corner of the country come stories of the amazing power of the Oldsmobile Four.

At Los Angeles, for instance, a car picked at random from the dealer's stock carried 14 passengers up Cahuenga Pass, a ten per cent grade over a mile in length. From a standing start this sturdy car finished its sensational climb over the top at 22 miles an hour.

Boston's most famous demonstration test is Corey Hill. Day after day an Oldsmobile Four took this grade on high without the least strain on the motor.

Even more unusual was the feat of the Oldsmobile Four which towed a ton-and-a-half truck up California Street Hill, San Francisco, carrying its burden of dead weight most of the way in second speed, without overheating the motor.

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The excess of power that these tests show is equally significant to the driver on the crowded levels of Fifth Avenue and the Chicago Loop or to the motorist who has to encounter the gumbo trails of the mid-west prairie lands.

Because it bespeaks reserve capacity for instant get-away, flexibility, or steady lugging over heavy roads quite as well as ability to take the stiffest grades without strain or labor.

Invariably coupled with the descriptions of these feats of power is out-spoken praise of the distinctive appearance and economical mileage of the Oldsmobile Four.

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TOURING and ROADSTER	*Prices F. O. B Lansing*	COUPÉ and SEDAN
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(Continued from Page 50)

the gentle art of whipping Germans, cheek-kissing between males, and countless other greater and lesser matters. They have elaborated the profession of barbering to such a point that all Parisian barbers, instead of devoting their energies to cutting their clients' hair, spend practically all their time trying to persuade the clients to buy hair tonics for which they claim marvelous and potent properties. The hair cutting is a side issue, and as a result the person who visits a Parisian barber shop is apt to go away with a bottle of hair tonic costing eighty-five francs and a criminal haircut costing three francs and looking as though the hair had been gnawed off by a couple of languid sheep.

They have greatly elaborated the idea of feeding their children's legs to the mosquitoes, with the result that the streets of Paris are sprinkled with boys who, though they tower a foot or so above their mothers, still wear stockings that come only a few inches above their boot tops and half-portion trousers which end four or five inches above the knees. Some of these imperfectly clad youths have deep bass voices, carry canes and smoke cigars, so they somehow convey the impression of a Ford top on a Rolls-Royce chassis. In this matter of male dress the Parisians have never quite suited the rest of the world. The subtle alterations which their Gallic temperaments have inspired in various garments have always seemed a little too subtle and a little too exaggerated to Americans or Englishmen, who would come down with high fevers if they thought that their clothes didn't look exactly the way that everybody else's clothes looked. The Parisian stovepipe hat has always had a flatter brim and a more pronounced slope to its sides. The Parisian frock coat has always seemed too narrow at the waist, too full in the skirts, too angular in the shoulders. The Parisian trouser has always been a little fuller or a little tighter than it ought to be, so that any Anglo-Saxon who was asked to wear a pair of them said frankly that he wouldn't deign to be seen with them at a dog fight, or even while engaged in cleaning out the furnace. This is because the Parisian has always been a little bit dandified, just as the Gaul was before him.

The old Gauls had a standard-size belt. Once a year this belt was publicly tried on all the Gallic youths. If any of them was too stout to get it on easily he was given a severe public kicking and put on a diet of spinach and raw carrots. Thus the Gallic youths learned to be proud of their shapes at an early age, and the lesson which they learned stayed with them and with their descendants.

The Invasion of Fashion Pilgrims

The very same thing that leads Englishmen and American men to view Parisian men's clothes with alarm, however, causes Englishwomen and American women to be racked by spasm after spasm of almost maudlin joy over the female garments which are produced in Paris. The subtle elaborations which the Parisian dress designers make in the position of the feminine waistline from year to year; the indefinable cleverness which they display in making only two square inches of satin grow where two square feet formerly grew; their almost devilish ingenuity in using fur on everything from hat brims to shoe buckles—these things make a violent appeal to every woman who is in full possession of her faculties and whose spirit hasn't been completely broken by the blows and curses of a brutal husband.

There are many men who declare cynically and contemptuously that Parisian dressmakers are no different from other dressmakers; that women hypnotize themselves into thinking that they are better because they are supposed to be fashionable; that a man wouldn't make such a fool of himself over clothes as a woman, thank goodness! Such declarations are not worth a whiff of sachet powder in a gale of wind. These same men, if they were forced to appear before their neighbors in a complete outfit of ordinary French clothes, would suffer so keenly that they would probably develop melancholia. There is something about an ordinary French tailor that makes things turn out that way. And similarly, there is something about a good French dressmaker that affects a woman in the opposite manner. It all comes back to the undeniable fact that there's something about Paris.

Twice a year the buyers for the world's largest stores and the world's most fashionable and exclusive dressmaking establishments flock to Paris and sink money heavily in dress models. It might be remarked in passing that the persons who are responsible for sending these persons to Paris have never been particularly noted for their money-wasting habits, or for having minds so weak that they would sanction journeys ranging from three to six thousand miles to get something that could be got as easily nearer home. I merely mention this to provide food for thought for those doubtful males who are inclined to think that Parisian dressmakers are exerting some sort of baneful influence over the world's womenfolk, and that Gertie Smith, who comes in to sew for seven dollars a day and found, is just as good as any of these Paris women with their slick tongues.

In February then, when the spring and summer fashions are brought out amid loud feminine huzzas and gusts of perfumed hot air, and again in late summer and early autumn, when the winter styles are exposed to anxiously waiting check books, the Paris editions of the New York Herald and the Chicago Tribune are obliged to work overtime to chronicle the arrival of Pittsburgh buyers and St. Louis buyers and San Francisco buyers and New Orleans buyers and Boston buyers; while the New York buyers are so numerous that if one were driven to it one could probably recruit a sufficiently large force from among them to police the occupied area along the Rhine.

The Street of the Peace

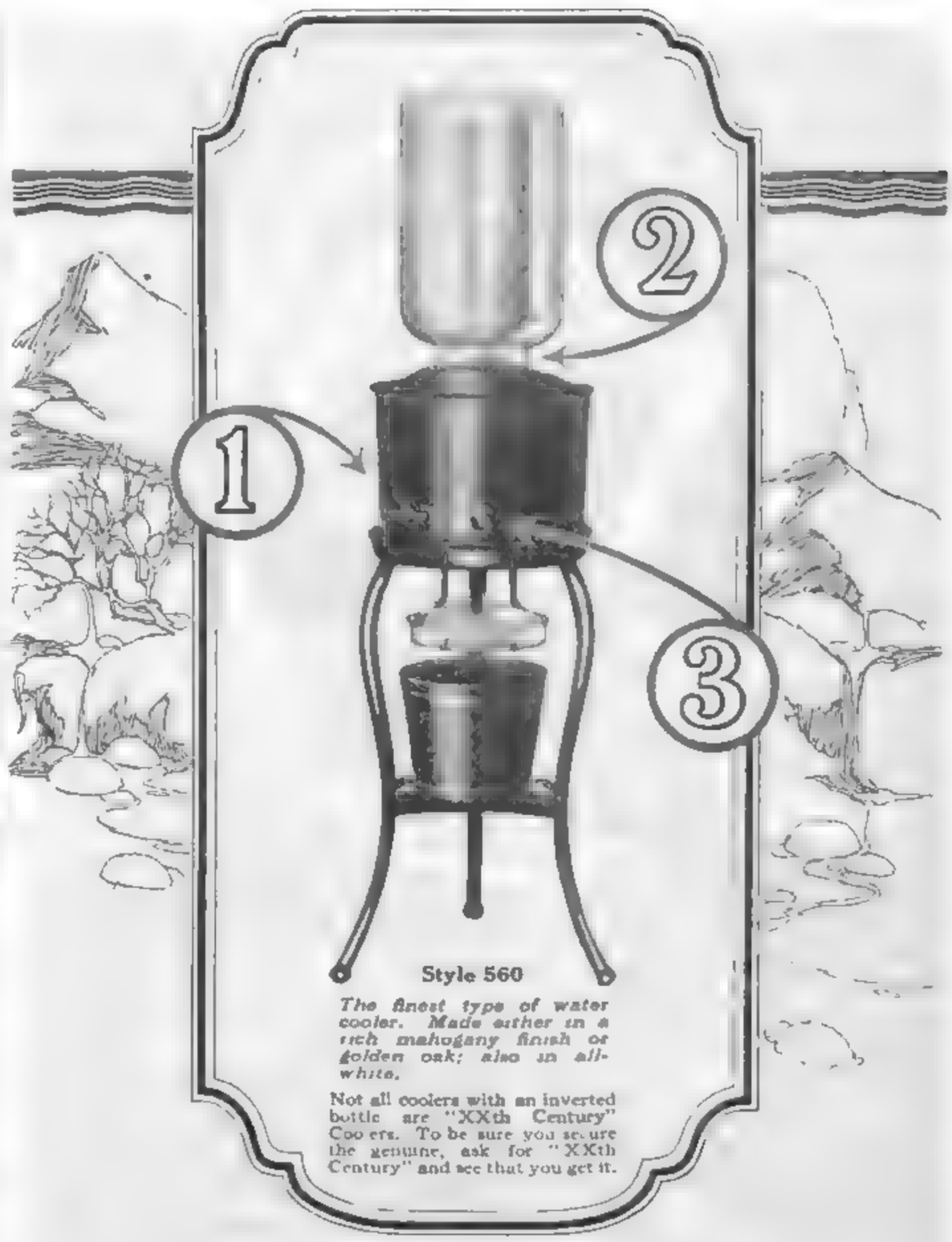
The bulk of the dress designers to whose doors these pilgrims are doing their pilging, so to speak, are located in a street whose importance in the world of fashion is in inverse ratio to its size, as the mathematicians like to remark in their muddy way. In other words, it is little, but oh, my! It should be explained that when the words "oh, my!" are used in the present relation they are a contraction for the expostulatory phrase "oh, my pocketbook!"

This street is the Rue de la Paix, or Street of the Peace, probably so called because no woman traveler ever knows any peace until she gets there, while her husband never knows any peace until she gets away. The Rue de la Paix runs out of the Place Vendôme, and any decent golfer could stand in the middle of the Place Vendôme and drive a golf ball to the far end of the Rue de la Paix without exerting himself noticeably. None of the buildings are more than four floors high, yet the two sides of the Rue de la Paix and the four compact sides of the Place Vendôme house antique shops and jewelry shops and hat shops and art-collecting shops and dressmaking shops and perfumery shops whose names are known all over the world and whose prices could wreck almost any fortune that was exposed to them without reservation.

Austrian and Russian crown jewels flash and twinkle at the passer-by—diamonds as big as walnuts, sapphires as large as a crow's eggs; emeralds and rubies reminiscent of broken surface rock for a macadamized road. The antique shops conceal tapestries and paintings whose prices are sufficiently great to make even a German *schieber* blink in astonishment. Here, or almost within a stone's throw of here, are the celebrated style creators—Beer, Cheruit, Doeuillet, Doucet, Jenny, Lanvin, Madeleine & Madeleine, Paquin, Paul Poiret, Premet, Redfern, Worth.

The Parisian style artists, when questioned about their art, are very careful to explain that they are not concerned with the styles that are popular to-day, but with the styles that are going to be popular to-morrow. They are, according to their own bashful admissions, dress prophets. This may be true; but I would like to go on record to the effect that if any weather prophet or stock-market prophet were to make as many errors in prophecy as the Parisian dress prophets make he would be obliged to quit the prophecy business and devote himself to the less subtle art of coal shoveling or brick passing.

It is all very well for the Parisian dressmaker to go around declaring proudly that he makes the styles of to-morrow, and if it does him any good to think so he may as well continue so to think. What he really does, however, is to evolve about a hundred different-shaped dresses and look helplessly at all of them, completely baffled as to whether any of them are any good or



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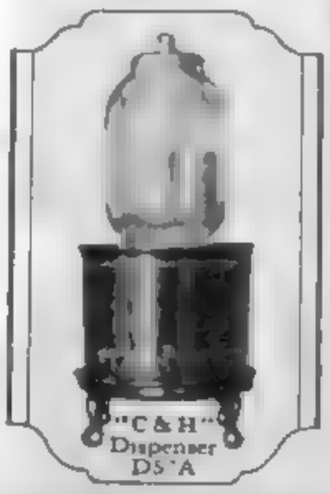

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not. Then he turns them loose on the public, and someone takes a fancy to one of them and has it subtly altered. Several other women see it on her and are ravished by it and instruct the maker to do a little more subtle altering on their account. Then the maker tumbles, as one might say, to what is going on and does a large amount of elaborating and subtle developing in the Gallic manner; and the next thing that one knows every dressmaker in Paris is engaged in subtle alterations of that one thing with his throttle wide open and his whistle blowing raucously.

Last year, for example, was a terrible year for monkeys. The Parisian dress designers and hat creators had been toying with monkey fur for several years, but the amount that was used had never been a menace to the monkey family. Last year, however, every woman seemed to have a rush of monkey fur to the head. It appeared on hats, collars, waists, coats, skirts, undergarments and shoe tongues. This monkey fur that is being worn with such persistence is from three to four inches long and rather sparse, and vaguely resembles the benevolent chin whiskers worn by Horace Greeley and his contemporaries in his later years. Mr. Greeley's fringe was white though, whereas the monkey fur with which the refined dresser of 1921 seems determined to edge her clothes is black and very unkempt and unwashed looking.

Most of the garments which are so decorated convey the impression of having for a long, long time been greatly in need of the undivided attention of a barber and a pair of head clippers; and by far the greater part of them, because of the greasy look of the fur, seem to be fairly panting for an egg shampoo and a generous application of stimulating hair tonic. Just between ourselves, a good part of the most stylish monkey fur looks exactly as though it had recently been clipped from the heads of Latin Quarter students. This is not the case though, for I looked over the Latin Quarter students with some care, and very few of them had been guilty of haircuts since monkey fur became fashionable. I became so upset over the large number of monkeys that were being immolated, so to speak, on the altar of fashion that I conferred with a well-informed Parisian designer on the subject. He declared that the monkey-fur craze had attained such proportions that the available monkey supply was practically exhausted during the autumn of 1920, and that most of the monkey fur now being used was taken from goats and dogs and skunks.

Monkey Fur Called In

The point of this monkey-fur matter is as follows: Early in 1921, just before the February openings of the leading Parisian dressmakers, one of the *pionniers*—a *pionnier*, equivalent to "pioneer" in English, is the acknowledged dopester, the mind reader and the dress prophet of a big dressmaking establishment—assured me that monkey fur was deader, as a fashionable adjunct, than the late Methuselah.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he declared, with his eyes almost popping out of his head with horror. "A sheek woman stops wearing monkey fur at this moment, I tell you! It is feeneesh with monkey fur! Feeneesh! What does madame say concerning monkey fur? I will tole you! If she is sheek she say, 'I am feenish with it! I don't vant it!' And she geeves it away. It is feeneesh!"

That was his opinion, and all the other Parisian *pionniers* agreed with him thoroughly; yet when the great feminine public flocked to the spring openings along the Rue de la Paix it passed over the nobbiest creations of the *pionniers* and composers with a shrill and heartless laugh and insisted on being served with monkey fur—monkey fur in fringes and clumps and rosettes and sprays and hunks. One woman became such an addict to the pernicious craze that she had a dinner ring made for her little finger with a fine spray of monkey fur—presumably from a young and delicate monkey—straggling out from it.

Imitation monkey fur in March, 1921, could be had for fifteen francs a meter, or about a dollar a yard. The demand for genuine monkey fur had been so great that its price had tripled in four months, and dressmakers had to pay nearly three hundred francs a meter for it, or twenty dollars a yard. *Pionniers* can do all the pioneering of which they are capable, and may condemn a style at the top of their lungs and announce that it is not only dead but buried as well, yet their dictates are totally unheeded until the dress-wearing public has satiated itself with the style which has most recently excited it.

There is a great distinction in style circles between the *pionnier* and the composer, and the two should not be confounded by the person who thinks the business of making a dress in the rarefied Rue de la Paix atmosphere is merely a matter of dissecting a piece of dress material and sewing the fragments together. The *pionnier* creates; the composer designs. The seriousness of the dressmaking business as practiced in Paris is faintly shown by the application of the term "composer" to a dress designer. A dress is not merely a dress; it is a poem—a symphony. The prices, which show the seriousness of the business even more clearly, occasionally lead one to believe that a dress may be a sextet or even a double quartet. A big dressmaking house may have half a dozen composers, but it will rarely have more than one *pionnier*. The *pionnier* places his ear close to the ground and finds out how the people are reacting, as the trick phrase has it, to the styles. He projects his mind into the minds of chic dressers and discovers what they would like to wear before they know themselves. He visits the museums and broods over the costumes of past centuries and distant countries.

He strides feverishly up and down the streets, peering wildly into alleyways and even into passing automobiles for a gesture, a pose, a twist of a garment which may form the basis of a style. He attends popular plays and ponders deeply on the reasons for their popularity.

A Pioneer's Inspiration

Recently a Spanish play achieved a great success in Paris. Because of this the showrooms of the Paris dressmakers in the spring of 1921 contained great numbers of Spanish-type dresses. Because of this Spanish mantillas and Spanish fans and Spanish combs and Spanish gowns will become popular in London and Augusta and Los Angeles and Indianapolis, and the Spanish influence will creep into Dakota towns and Vermont communities whose only previous bond with Spain was Spanish-cream pudding and the dusty and forgotten slogan, Remember the Maine.

Sometime ago a *pionnier* looked out of a back window in one of the big dressmaking establishments at the moment when one of the manikins of the house chanced to be exercising a toy dog in the alleyway. The manikins of that particular house wear an excessively flimsy and abbreviated uniform, so that they may easily slip on and off the costumes which they are employed to exhibit. To cover this uniform the girl had thrown on a heavy cloak many sizes too large for her and had clutched it tight against her breast and throat by crossing her hands on her breast and pressing her elbows close to her sides. As a result of this chance glimpse the smart—or *très* snob, to quote the French—young women of Paris, Vienna, Rome, London and various other centers of elegance and style are wearing cloaks and coats which they fold tightly against their breasts with demurely crossed hands. Owing to the shortness of the skirts which are worn beneath the cloaks, this style makes those who persist in it look very much as though they had been surprised by a fire while bathing and had been forced to rush out with nothing saved from the catastrophe except the stockings and the coats which they are wearing.

This style caused great suffering during the past winter, owing to the fact that it required the hands to be exposed at the throat. On cold days, therefore, many of the most stylish young women in Europe endured frozen fingers and stoically braved the pangs of chilblains rather than lapse from the exact posture which fashion demanded. Some touching sights were also to be seen when young women adopted the hand position but wore well-buttoned coats which needed no holding. They consequently gave the impression that they were either suffering from some extremely painful pulmonary affliction or concealing an unsightly soup stain.

I referred in the foregoing paragraph to women who are *très* snob. This requires a further explanation, because it is a fair sample of Gallic elaboration gone wrong. The Parisians have larded their conversation heavily with English words, and some

(Continued on Page 56)

The Bridal Month

JUNE is also the *anniversary* month of all the brides of the years gone by.

A charming remembrance for these occasions that is always deeply appreciated — first for its beauty and then for its long-wearing quality — is Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate.

The small chest of 26 pieces makes a delightful gift. It is very economically priced and the pattern can always be matched.

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(Continued from Page 54)

of the stylish younger set have even affected an English pronunciation of French words. "All right" and "Sank you very much" are thought to be very vivacious remarks to throw into a conversation at almost any point. Some words, however, have been horribly mangled in the heads of the clever young Gauls and Gaulines, and one of the words is "snob." The French have heard it applied to persons of some social standing, and they have it firmly fixed in their heads that instead of being an expression of contempt and almost a fighting word it is a term of high flattery. A snob, they think in their enthusiastic French manner, is a person of great distinction, a person of style and elegance and superior qualities.

The word "snob" not only describes a person, but his characteristics as well. Therefore they declare that people who have excellent taste and who wear charming clothes are very snob—oh, very snob! A new and popular tea room, where one may dance in the afternoon, is characterized as a very snob dancing, for a place where one dances is known to Parisians by the English word "dancing." There is a new and fragrant perfume in Paris named "Parfume Snob." And the cinema actresses American! Ah, but how they are snob, also! Yes, no?

Styles in dresses and styles in hats are inextricably mixed up in Paris with styles in silk designs, styles in chintzes and cretonnes, styles in furniture. Now styles in women's clothes are something of a mystery to me under the most favorable conditions, though I can make shift to understand the manner in which they are originated and marketed when responsible persons explain these matters to me in words of one syllable. I cannot, however, understand how the things hook up, and it is quite beyond my powers to grasp the connection between styles in furniture and styles in clothes.

Dress and Furniture

It is quite obvious that if a designer of silk patterns originates some new designs that become popular the dressmakers may have to go into a trance and think up some styles which will be appropriate to them. But why should furniture affect dress? It opens up too many possibilities. If a certain type of furniture is responsible for a new style, and one's wife buys furniture that will harmonize with the new style of dress, what will she do when the dress styles change next year? Get new furniture? The thought is offensive. If there must be a connection between furniture styles and dress styles why shouldn't the dress styles be influenced by the furniture of Pullman cars rather than by the furniture of the living room? If the style of a dress has been influenced by new Parisian dining-room furniture how is that dress going to look surrounded by genuine late-nineteenth-century Grand Rapids? I pause for a reply, but hear nothing except a low murmur of "Fudge!" from feminine readers. None the less, I cannot get the connection.

Paris has its furniture *pionniers* and its silk *pionniers*, as well as its dress *pionniers*. A furniture *pionnier*, after perspiring heavily in a fruitless attempt to explain to me the connection between furniture and dress styles, gave it up as a bad job and delivered a lecture to me on furniture styles. There was a new and distinct style in furniture coming, he maintained. People were sick of Empire furniture and the Louis stuff, and the furniture *pionniers* were evolving something which would be as different from all other period furniture as a horse is different from a cow. It would be solid and beautiful and characteristic of the present period, and yet it would be different from anything that had ever been seen before.

I gathered that it was furniture that would be used with great satisfaction and delight for fifty or sixty years, and then discarded as being old and ugly, to become moldy and dilapidated in the garage or the basement of the airplane hangar; and finally in a hundred and fifty years or so it would be resurrected by antique dealers and sold to our great-grandchildren for three times what it cost to make. This enthusiastic *pionnier* showed me photographs of some of the new furniture that is being evolved, and it is my belief that not only is the man quite sane, but that he may even be right.

All *pionniers* are apt to have trouble in persuading responsible persons to accept the things which they create. A *pionnier* of dress fabrics, telling me his troubles, said that three years ago, when he was an officer in the French Army, he came out of the trenches on leave and evolved some new designs in the gaudily colored silks known as batiks. His wife, who was carrying on the business while he was fighting, took the designs to Manchester and tried to sell them. The English dealers scorned them, declaring that they were impossible—too loud, too flamboyant. Later the same dealers came to Paris, saw the designs again, and purchased all of them in a frenzy of enthusiasm. There's something about Paris.

This gentleman looked dreamily into the distance and threw out an important bit of scientific information.

"When an Englishwoman wears an evening gown," he said, "one can usually be sure that she is an Englishwoman, because her lingerie ribbons show at the shoulders."

The designs that he was creating, he said, were conventional and freely agonizing.

"Prices are so high," he declared, "that customers are demanding originality for their money more than ever before."

It might be stated at this point that if everybody believed in demanding originality in return for high prices originality would be the only common thing left in the world.

When the *pionniers* have created a new style, or what they hope will prove to be a new style, the composers take it in hand and evolve sundry variations and elaborations of it. Then it is lanced, as the French say, or thrown or hurled or launched at the public. Much depends on the lancing of a style. The favorite place for the lancing of summer styles is along the French Riviera in January and February—at Nice or Monte Carlo or Cannes. The favorite places for the lancing of autumn or winter clothes is some celebrated summer resort like Deauville, or at the race tracks. The French Riviera, however, is most favored. The people with money, the people with position, the most popular actresses and singers and coquettes and cocottes of the world flock there yearly to bask in the sunlight of admiring, critical or envious glances, and to gaze entranced at the ever-changing scenery which comes in a box and usually hooks up the back.

The leading Parisian costumers send their most beautiful manikins to the Riviera for the sole purpose of lancing styles. They make dresses for popular actresses for nothing if the actresses will promise to wear them on the Riviera and not preserve too sphinxlike a silence as to where they were obtained. They even give dresses to society women who are noted for their good taste in clothes and for the smartness with which they wear them.

The Riviera Fashion Show

Consequently the leading promenades of the Riviera during January and February are thronged with persons who are lancing clothes and persons who are being lanced by them. The crowd on the terrace of the Casino at Monte Carlo pays little attention to the gallant sportsmen of the pigeon shoot below them, constantly engaged in slaughtering live pigeons whose tail feathers have been clipped so that they cannot fly in such a manner as to excite the nerves of the brave gentlemen who shoot them. Most of them fail to see the wounded birds fluttering helplessly on the bloodstained grass or dying slowly but picturesquely on the blue Mediterranean far below. They are too busy watching the styles. And on the Boulevard des Anglais at Nice the slowly moving throngs are wholly oblivious of the azure Mediterranean lapping gently beside their ankles and of the tumbling masses of the Maritime Alps hanging grandly just beyond their shoulders. They are wholly obsessed by the fragrance of new perfumes; by the fascinating arrangement of cassowary feathers on the skirt of a famous manikin; by the fact that Mademoiselle d'Oiseau of the Comédie is wearing a red turban which is so excessively snob as to be almost colored.

Young women are stalked furtively, and openly as well, by crowds of eager composers and small dressmakers and amateur dress weasels and costume whippets. Hotel porters find themselves mobbed and manhandled by frantic crowds. Money is thrust freely into their hands.

"That mademoiselle who just mounted the stair, imbecile," they cry to a hotel porter, "who was she? That one, pig, with the uncurled ostrich feather hanging to her right shoulder! Who? Who?"

Sometimes the crowd is overjoyed to find that it is Mademoiselle Moustique, who is employed by Jabot & Jabot, of the Rue du Dix-Huitième Siècle, and sometimes they are distraught to find that it is Miss Jones, of Wyncote, Pennsylvania. And this seems as good an opportunity as any to remark that though styles may be created in Paris, they are worn to best advantage in America. I have, as the saying goes, looked 'em over purely from a scientific and abstract standpoint in every European capital; and it is my unbiased and unalterable opinion that the American young woman, taking her by and large, is a great many kilometers ahead of the European young woman in the matter of beauty, style and general trimness. Some of the Parisian manikins, evidently regarded by Parisians as having everything in the line of pulchritude, look to an American eye like what the younger set terms wet ones or gooseberries. The dowdiest looking and the dowdiest dressed women that I have seen in many a long year were those who made up the audience at the Paris opera, and I have heard many other travelers say the same thing.

Prices High and Low

When a style has been successfully lanced it spreads like wildfire, and all the Paris dress composers go at it from every angle. Monkey fur was lanced at Nice early in 1920. Red hats were lanced at Nice in January of 1921; and by the end of February the Paris hat makers had exhausted the available supply of red cloth for hats and were unable to satisfy the demand for them.

The prices which the leading Paris dressmakers charge are high, but not so high as those which are charged by American dressmakers of corresponding standing. I spent some time in the salesrooms of the Parisian dressmaker who is regarded at the present moment as the originator of the most desirable and most original dresses—for styles in dressmakers change, just as do styles in dresses. This year it is one; two years ago it was another; next year or the year after it will be a third. At this place of which I speak manikin after manikin pranced out and demonstrated the good points of various creations. If gowns, as dress composers claim, are poems and symphonies, a great many of those which I saw were very bad poems and unmelodious symphonies. I would go as far as to say that a lot of them came under the head of bad free verse or sour ragtime, and that all of them—good, bad and indifferent—were plagiarized from other authors; from the Chinese, from the Spanish, from the medieval and from the dresses that Virginia wore when Harry marched away to attend personally to the case of the Yanks at the First Battle of Bull Run. Some of them were strikingly attractive; but I can only conceive of some of them being worn by young women a little bit weak in the head.

Evening gowns decorated with lots of brocade and suchlike truck were priced around three thousand francs, which was about one hundred eighty dollars at the then rate of exchange. It was easy to get more expensive ones, but there were plenty for three thousand, and as nice ones as anybody could want. The average price for simple frocks hovered around two thousand francs, or about one hundred twenty dollars. You could get them for eighty and ninety dollars; and I am given to understand that the same things in corresponding places in America would cost a great deal more. It is not difficult for me to believe this, for just before I sailed from New York last October I saw a pair of black satin garters garnished with lavender rosebuds enshrined in the window of a Fifth Avenue shop and inconspicuously priced at seven dollars and a half. In Paris these same garters were being sold everywhere for fifteen francs, or slightly under a dollar.

I found a young American woman in Paris who was exciting herself over the dress question, as almost all travelers in that locality are always doing. In America she had had made, by a fashionable woman's tailor or by a woman's fashionable tailor, a two-piece suit for one hundred eighty-five dollars, which is a pretty steep price. In Edinburgh, for nineteen dollars, she had bought enough fine home-woven Scotch tweed for a suit. She brought the tweed to Paris, went with it to a woman's tailor who has the reputation of making the best suits and asked the cost of copying her American suit. The thought of copying a suit which had been made by anyone else was somewhat repugnant to this composer; but she finally decided that she would lay aside her scruples and do the job for eight hundred francs, which was at that time forty-seven dollars.

The American, however, decided to look a little further. So she went to a little tailoring shop on the Rue St.-Honoré; and this tailor, who made no claim to being a composer or a *pionnier* or anything but a plain tailor, gladly copied her American suit in one week's time for three hundred francs, or eighteen dollars; and somehow or other he gave it a little indefinable twist that made it a better-looking suit than her American suit. Its total cost of thirty-seven dollars was far enough removed from the American price of one hundred eighty-five dollars to give one furiously to think.

The prices which the big Parisian costumers are charging for clothes to-day are little short of nerve racking for the Parisian women who wish to dress smartly. They can't afford to go to the big houses to get the clothes that they feel they must have in order to be even half dressed. Practically all of them, therefore, are using the same device that the American woman used. They go to the big costumers for two gowns, and they take long looks at everything which is shown them. Then, armed with their two gowns, a headful of ideas and a fashion book, they hasten to a small and inexpensive tailor and get all the other dresses that they need for one-sixth of the price that the big ones charge.

The secrets of the important costumers are very jealously guarded. They hire nobody without making sure of her antecedents and her connections in order to be sure that she is not the spy of other costumers. All letters received by employes are opened and carefully read. The same thing is true in the big hat shops. A house's ideas are its chief capital, and it guards itself against idea leakage as carefully as it would guard against money leakage. For the most part, a popular dressmaking establishment or hat shop is a one-woman or a one-man concern, and when that one man or one woman is lost the business dries up and blows away. None of the big names of to-day are firms of, say, a hundred years' reputation. The big costumers of a hundred years ago were Leroy, Desjeaux, Jandot & Brémond, Minette & Collian; two hundred years ago they were Bernard, Philippe, Dufresne, Lejeune, Saint-Marc, Murgalet; three hundred years ago they were Bandelet, Charpentier, Villeneuve, Remond & Prevet, Billard, Bonnemain, Fauvé. The name and good will of a popular costumer aren't as valuable as they ought to be from the advertisement he receives.

Money in Style

The profits of a Parisian dressmaker who creates styles successfully are quick and large. I have met a very charming Parisian lady who shows few traces of age. She came to Paris from the provinces a poor girl, and secured a place as messenger girl with a big Paris costumer. She worked up and displayed such taste that she became a composer. She saved her centimes and eventually opened a little shop of her own. Her shop grew and became famous. Now she has retired, and her establishment continues under another name. She lives on the most fashionable street in Paris; she owns a beautiful château in the country and a villa on the Riviera; her daughter has married a titled Frenchman—and she isn't old yet.

In the Paris hat and dress shops there is none of the haughtiness which some people claim that they find in similar establishments in other countries. One is met at the outer entrance by a tall and imposing person wrapped in yards of gold braid and blue broadcloth. He has the bearing and the earmarks of a major general or the captain of an ocean liner. Yet he fawns proudly upon those who enter the portals, giving each and every one the distinct impression that the visit confers great honor upon the house which he represents.

Such a guardian ushered me solicitously into the elevator of a hat shop which looks

(Continued on Page 61)

Have a 3-in-One Office

It's pleasant to work where typewriters operate smoothly and calculating machines always function right; where the clatter of duplicating machines is minimized, revolving chairs don't squeak and all the furniture shines like new.

3-in-One *The High Quality Office Oil*

is particularly suitable for all kinds of office mechanisms because it penetrates tightest bearings, works out accumulated dust and grease and lubricates exactly right. It's gritless, greaseless; won't evaporate or become gummy.

Clean the typewriter type with 3-in-One. Allow a few drops to permeate old ribbons to restore their usefulness.

For clean, shining furniture, do this: Wet a cloth with water. Apply a few drops of 3-in-One. Rub a small surface at a time *with the grain of the wood.* This removes all dirt, grease and grime. Polish with a dry, soft cloth and see the grain come out clear and strong.

Tell Johnny to grab his hat and slip out right away for a bottle or Handy Oil Can of 3-in-One.

3-in-One is sold at all stores in 1-oz., 3-oz. and 8-oz. bottles and in 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans.

FREE. Generous sample and special Typewriter circular. Write for both on a postal card or use the coupon at right.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO., 165T. BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

D2J

Three-in-One Oil Co., 165 T. Bdwy., N. Y.
Please send sample and special Typewriter circular.

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Columbia

LET music multiply the joys of your happy vacation days. Light and compact in its Traveling Kit, a Columbia Vacation Model Grafonola can easily be carried anywhere in the whole wide world.

In camp or bungalow or cottage, in summer hotel or boarding house, on an automobile tour, boat or canoe trip, it provides more concentrated pleasure than anything else you can take along.

Standard Models from $30 up
Period Designs from $335
up to $2100

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY, NEW YORK
Canadian Factory: Toronto

Grafonola
Vacation Model

Creamy-White Hearts of Wheat

Creamy-white, granulated hearts of wheat—so easily digested that it forms the first and best food for infants, yet so nourishing and substantial that it sustains the hardest worker—such is Pillsbury's Wheat Cereal.

Made by the millers of Pillsbury's Best Flour and under the same supervision—you can naturally depend upon the constant, uniform high quality of this wholesome breakfast cereal.

Always buy Pillsbury's Family of Foods—different in kind, but alike in quality.
At your grocer's.

Pillsbury's Best Flour
Pillsbury's Health Bran
Pillsbury's Wheat Cereal
Pillsbury's Pancake Flour
Rye, Graham and Macaroni Flours

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY
Minneapolis, U. S. A.

Pillsbury's
FAMILY OF FOODS
Wheat Cereal

(Continued from Page 56.

down upon the severe but costly simplicity of the Place Vendôme—a hat shop whose creations travel to every great city in the world—and assisted me out of it with as much care as though I had a million dollars in my pocket to spend on hats and would break in pieces without spending it if not handled tenderly.

From the elevator I stepped into the presence of scores of young women, some writing industriously in ledgers and some rushing feverishly back and forth with hats in their hands and some engaged in constructing hats before my very eyes. At my entrance they stopped whatever they were doing and became consumed with kindly curiosity concerning my errand in this essentially feminine retreat. Without removing their eyes from me, they opened their mouths widely and shrieked "Marie-Thérèse! Marie-Thérèse!" in concert.

I thought at first that it was the college yell, so to speak, of the shop. In a moment, however, a very young and pretty maiden precipitated herself around the corner, skidded rapidly across the intervening floor and questioned me with clasped hands. Monsieur wished a hat? But yes, certainly! Monsieur possessed a *vendeuse*, no? Then monsieur should have a *vendeuse*—a very sympathetic *vendeuse*, truly. Monsieur need fear nothing; he should have a *vendeuse* who knew hats inside and outside; a *vendeuse* with an absolute flair for hats!

This young woman was Marie-Thérèse, hat model, door clerk, pep injector, reception committee for strangers, and little ray of sunshine at large for the entire establishment. There never was a hat made that didn't look well on Marie-Thérèse, and never a stranger entered the shop without giving Marie-Thérèse a pleasant thrill at the prospect of more business for the house. One instinctively knew that one was in the right place when Marie-Thérèse looked up protectingly into one's face and urged one to fear nothing. Fearing nothing, then, but perspiring slightly with nervousness, I was led into a great room walled with mirrors where critical maids and matrons were being hatted. The sympathetic *vendeuse* with the absolute flair for hats was promptly produced, and the big hat transaction then began.

The Hat and the Lady

Since I needed information for an article on such affairs, this transaction was dragged out over several days, and required, before it was completed, the undivided attention of the two owners of the establishment, the lady who did the creating, four or five *vendeuses*, a dozen of the young women who made the hats after the creator had created them, and three or four of the employes who wrote in the ledgers—to say nothing of Marie-Thérèse, who scuttled around trying on hats with such rapidity and enthusiasm that there usually seemed to be about eight of her. Each and every one of them not only seemed to be, but actually was, vitally interested in the operation.

I was put through a catechism by almost everyone who was mixed in the deal, as follows: "This lady for whom you wish this hat here—who is she, I beg you? Ah, a friend! Very good then! Of what face is she, and of what color? Has she the face oval like Eugénie here, or has she the face round like Marie-Thérèse, yes? Has she of the color in the face? What is the color? What is the height of her? How many centimeters has she? Pardon, but does monsieur know the number of her years?

"Has she the head small or the head large? Here, monsieur, feel the head of Marie-Thérèse, not, and see whether it is the proper size, yes, no? What are the colors which she loves? The color of the eyes—what is it, monsieur? Does monsieur know the style of hat which he wishes? Ah, monsieur wishes a soft hat which can be placed in a traveling bag! Oh, heaven, is that necessary then?"

All these matters entered into the selecting of a hat, and they had to be thoroughly understood and threshed out before a sound decision could be arrived at. Some people will probably say that this keen interest was assumed for the occasion. It wasn't, however; and the same interest was shown in everything that had to do with the making of hats in that shop by everyone from the newest and most wretchedly paid needlewoman up to the owners themselves.

I dropped in early one morning before the staff of saleswomen had arrived, and sat down in a window embrasure near a room in which a group of needleworkers were fluffing out their hair over their ears and in other ways preparing for the day's work. One of them discovered a new artificial flower which hadn't been there on the preceding day; and I reproduce the flux of conversation which ensued, not even excepting the harmless profanity which is common to the speech of the French and the Italians. It was impossible to distinguish between the speakers, because they all let fly together.

"*Mon Dieu,*" cried one, "look there! Oh, *mon Dieu*, behold that flower there!" Then the chorus began. "*Sacré!* From whence did that flower come? Oh, *là, là*, what a flower! What color! What grace! Oh, but that is a flower! What a flower! That is truly a flower! What charm! Oh, regard the stem, how perfect! Oh, oh, heaven, behold the petals! Species of bomb, but was there ever anything like that flower there?"

I peered through the curtains at the girls and saw them nearly pulling the flower to pieces in their excitement. They mauled it and admired it and discussed it petal by petal until a forewoman bustled in and drove them to their sewing tables with many a passionate oath

Madame Sophie's Masterpieces

The brains of the shop, a little pale woman greatly given to the French habit of staring intently at herself in all available mirrors while in the company of others, came and created before me in a determined effort to produce a hat which should be thoroughly satisfactory. I engaged her in conversation on the subject of creating true big-league hats—hats which knock the beholders off their chairs, in a manner of speaking. Let us, since I am not in the advertising business and since I paid for the hat which she finally made me, call her Madame Sophie.

"But how it is terrible, this creating of hats!" she declared wearily, gazing appreciatively at the curve of her left cheek in a mirror. "One creates a great work, a masterpiece! One loves it! One says, 'Never shall I allow this masterpiece to depart from me!' And then comes a very chic lady whose features demand that one masterpiece and no other! What can one do?" Madame Sophie made the outward motion of the hands with which the French express utter abandonment of all hope and decision. "One can do nothing but allow her to depart with the masterpiece, though one's heart bleeds as it departs. One is an artist. There is nothing else to be done."

"Truly, madame, but you have bravery," I assured her. "Is it that you perhaps have at this moment one hat like that—a hat whose departure would cause an emptiness in your life?"

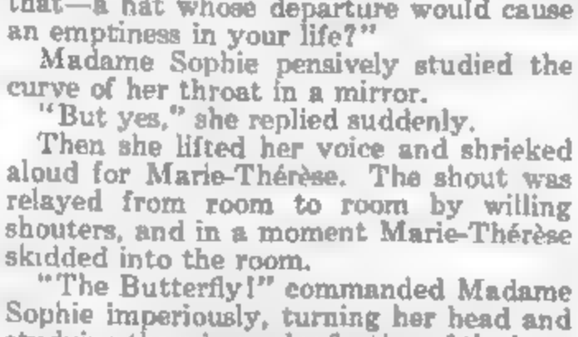
Madame Sophie pensively studied the curve of her throat in a mirror.

"But yes," she replied suddenly.

Then she lifted her voice and shrieked aloud for Marie-Thérèse. The shout was relayed from room to room by willing shouters, and in a moment Marie-Thérèse skidded into the room.

"The Butterfly!" commanded Madame Sophie imperiously, turning her head and studying the mirrored reflection of the knot of hair which concealed her left ear. All of the prominent hats in a big hat shop are named, it appears.

Marie-Thérèse scuttled out and scuttled back again with the Butterfly. It was a gauzy, smoky confection that held no appeal for me—a big wabbly looking affair. Madame Sophie regarded it lovingly; and Marie-Thérèse drew it on over her molasses-colored hair and looked dreamily out from under its shade.



"Do you like that hat, Marie-Thérèse?" I asked her. Marie-Thérèse looked at me solemnly.

"This hat," she declared with profound conviction, "is a hat!"

If she had liked it a little less she would have burst into screams of enthusiasm. The subject was so near the hearts of both of them that I forebore to profane it with queries concerning price.

Madame Sophie told me a thing that impressed me deeply, and which I confirmed from various other sources. She—and the same thing is true of other big designers—frequently makes hats which the other workers are incapable of copying. The assistants copy the originals up to a certain point, and then they have to call on the designer to come and give them the twists which make them different.

The first price of a hat in the big establishments is seldom less than three hundred francs, or in the neighborhood of twenty dollars. First price does not mean that one can, by haggling, get a lower second price; it means that the bare form of a hat, without any decorations or trimming, sells for the stated amount. Then, as ribbons or feathers are added, a second price is charged.

Thus a hat whose first price is three hundred francs may easily have a second or third price of five hundred or eight hundred or fifteen hundred francs, depending on the sort of trimming used.

I finally got my hat—a simple straw thing that could be flattened out and thrown into a suitcase—for four hundred francs. Marie-Thérèse and Madame Sophie and a whole regiment of *vendeuses* and several other toilers among the hats gathered around to see the hat flattened. A general shudder went through the gathering as it was squashed.

"I should not care to have that one buy hats for me," declared one of the *vendeuses*, angered that a hat should be so maltreated.

Nevertheless, they all bade me good-by affectionately; and Marie-Thérèse and the sympathetic *vendeuse* with the absolute flair for hats escorted me to the elevator and saw me safely into the hands of the gorgeous elevator guard, who in turn fawned proudly upon me and assisted me tenderly out into the Place Vendôme.

The Side-Street Milliners

You can get hats more cheaply in Paris. By way of pursuing my scientific researches more extensively I went to a little hat maker on a side street. She was a sympathetic soul, and moaned happily when I described two hats which I had seen at the big shop. She made them for me overnight for sixty francs apiece—a little more than three dollars. They looked about the same to me as the ones I described; but competent authorities tell me that there is a little something lacking in them—the little twist of genius isn't there. None the less, the owner of the shop and her chief seamstress—she had two seamstresses—suffered as keenly when the hats were squashed into a flat package as had the workers in the big establishment. The owner of the shop covered her eyes with her hands while the awful deed was being done, and the seamstress who was doing it spluttered disconnectedly.

"What is she saying?" I asked the owner.

"She say that it make her seeck," replied the lady.

There is something of a profit in hats too. One of the prettiest hats I saw in all Paris was on the head of a Russian girl belonging to a very celebrated and wealthy family. She had fled from Petrograd with no money and no resources, had worked her way to Paris, and had worked up to the position of designer for a noted costumer because of her genius for evolving unusual clothes. I spoke of her hat.

"It is a pretty hat," she said. "It is a hat that would cost six hundred francs on the Rue de la Paix. I paid one franc for the form and four francs for the feathers on it, and the veil is an old one that I have had for many months."

Five francs to make and six hundred francs to sell! Eleven thousand, nine hundred per cent profit on materials! *Mon Dieu!*

When one makes a discovery like this there is nothing to do but raise the shoulders slightly, lift the eyebrows, turn out the palms of the hands and remark in baffled tones that there's something about Paris.

One Girl
will do the work of 50 Typists

Your stenographer can print 75 good, clean, sharp form letters a minute in the privacy of your own office. In one day she can do work that would otherwise require two months.

ROTOSPEED
STENCIL DUPLICATOR

High grade direct-mail advertising will get business when nothing else will, and here's a machine that prints form letters that have the pulling power and clean-cut appearance of typewritten originals. With the Rotospeed you can also print ruled forms, price lists, menus—anything that can be typewritten, handwritten, drawn or ruled—without typesetting, without delays, without trouble, without muss.

1,000 Business Getters for 20¢

Rotospeed letters are business builders, and yet they cost you only a few cents per thousand copies. You can increase sales, speed up collections, get out more and better advertising matter and do it at less cost than by any other method. The Rotospeed is saving thousands of dollars for manufacturers, merchants, schools, banks and churches.

Test It 10 Days at Our Expense

The Rotospeed Stencil Duplicator has often saved its entire cost in one day. It requires no experienced operator and we do not employ expert demonstrators nor salesmen. We want you to try it in your own office and this is our offer: We will send you a Rotospeed with enough ink, stencil paper and supplies for 24 different jobs. We will send you all equipment for typewritten, hand written, drawn or ruled work. Use it as if you owned it. Let your office boy run it. Compare it for convenience, economy and speed with *any other duplicator at any price*. If it saves and makes money for you, keep it. The price is only $43.50. If it is not satisfactory, send it back—the trial will cost you nothing.

Sign the coupon or attach it to your letterhead. Either tell us to ship the Rotospeed at once or to mail you booklet samples of work and full details of our offer.

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The Rotospeed Co.
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Please send me, without obligation, samples of Rotospeed work, booklet and full details of your Free Trial Offer.

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Address _____

You May Lose This — If You Can't Figure This —

To make a satisfactory profit the retailer must know where his profit comes from—what each department earns; how much each clerk sells; which items of merchandise are most in demand—and he must see that every cent of expense is recorded and charged against the department which it affects.

BANKRUPTCY STATISTICS tell us that more than ninety per cent of all retailers fail sooner or later. Many authorities have said that these failures are due more often to the lack of detailed records—knowledge of expenses, sales and profits—than to any other cause. But with an easy, economical way of getting these records, nowadays, even a small merchant cannot plead lack of time or money as an excuse.

There's An Easy Way to Do It

Take the Herman Swike Mercantile Company in Maysville, Mo., for example—carrying only 400 accounts on the Customers' Ledger. They have ten departments, including groceries, men's and women's clothing, shoes, drygoods, house furnishings, etc. In such a diversified business, unless close watch is kept, the profits are often absorbed by overhead, slow moving stock, wastes, errors and needless items of expense.

But Mr. Swike has means of perfect control over expense, errors and every detail of his business—a Burroughs Bookkeeping Machine.

With his Burroughs a daily record of purchases, sales and inventory is made in each department. He gets a daily analysis of business done by each clerk and a monthly report of the cash and charge sales in each department compared with the same month the previous year. The figures point out the weak spots; leaks are located; dead stock is disposed of and the margin of profit is safeguarded by increasing turnovers.

"My Burroughs shows up every angle of the business," says Mr. Swike, "and gives me the true costs. The profits take care of themselves."

"If a merchant knows he is losing money, and *how much and why*, he may find out how to save himself before it is too late."

Many thousands of merchants have learned to watch their costs and insure their profits just as Mr. Swike does—with a Burroughs. An hour or so spent with his Burroughs Adding Machine every day or two will keep a retailer posted on what is being done, and needs to be done, in his business.

Talk it over with a Burroughs man and let him show you what figures will do for your business.

The A B C of Business

Adding, Bookkeeping and Calculating represent the three great groups of figuring operations that constitute the A B C of Business. To handle these operations the Burroughs Adding Machine Company manufactures three types of machines, in a wide variety of styles and sizes, among which may be found a machine that will fit the needs of any business, large or small.

Burroughs offices are located in more than 200 cities in the United States and Canada. Get in touch with the nearest one, or write direct to the Home Office at Detroit, Michigan.

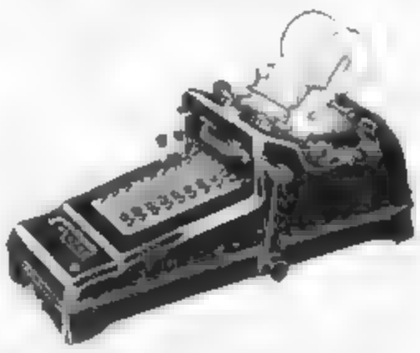
Burroughs

Adding – Bookkeeping – Calculating Machines

PROFIT

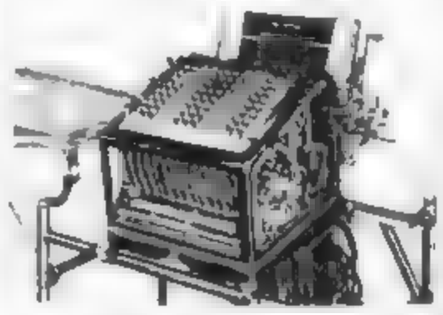
EXPENSE

COST



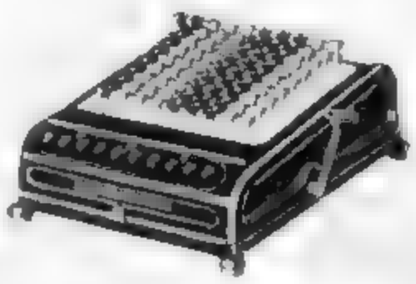
ADDING

Burroughs Adding and Listing Machines are built in different models and various sizes to fit the needs of any kind of business. Large or small



BOOKKEEPING

Burroughs Bookkeeping Machines post [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] by the same methods.

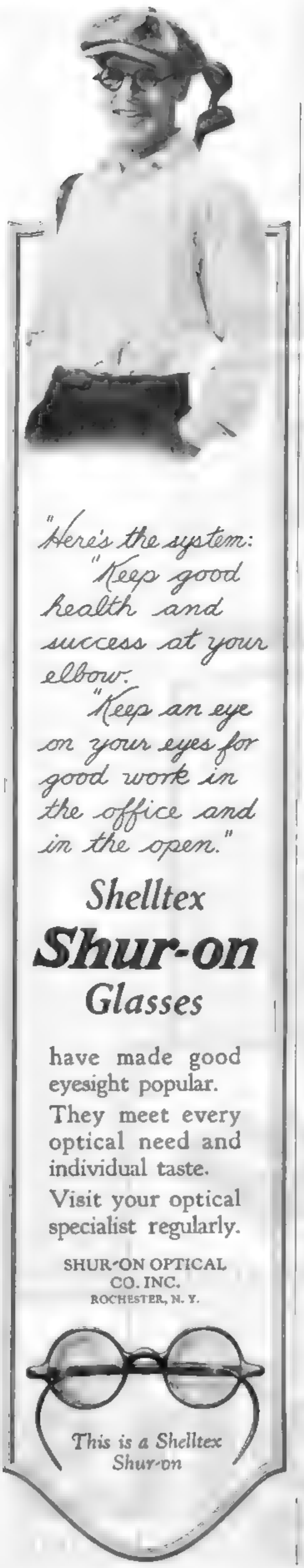


CALCULATING

Burroughs Calculators add, multiply, subtract and divide without printing, thereby obtaining wanted results in the shortest possible time

Burroughs

Adding — Bookkeeping — Calculating Machines


"Here's the system:
"Keep good health and success at your elbow.
"Keep an eye on your eyes for good work in the office and in the open."
Shelltex
Shur-on
Glasses
have made good eyesight popular.
They meet every optical need and individual taste.
Visit your optical specialist regularly.
SHUR-ON OPTICAL CO. INC.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
This is a Shelltex Shur-on

A VERY NARROW SQUEAK

(Continued from Page 11)

In Jesse's case this reward of undoubted merit was inevitable. So much for that. Amy's mother, who was long on wholesale tradesmen and rich manufacturers, was somewhat short on lawyers. The news stirred her to her very depths.

"A judge!" she gasped. "Jesse, you—a judge—like Lester Bottle!"

"Millie!" said Rutherford in mild protest.

Lester Bottle, whose name was in the paper almost every day, was a police-court magistrate. To Mrs. Rutherford all judges looked alike.

To Rutherford himself the news was overpowering. He had a profound regard for Jesse Oliver, and Jesse Oliver's ability. He was intending to do great things for Jesse in the future—great things that Jesse had, so far at least, been seemingly unable to do for himself. And here, without Rutherford's intervention, Jesse had been handed on a silver salver something that a hundred Rutherfords couldn't get for him in a thousand years.

"Great guns, man! The su-preme court!" he gurgled.

"Jesse!" squealed Amy in delight.

Mrs. Rutherford saw that they were running away with their emotions. She applied to the situation the wet blanket of common sense.

"Don't forget, though," she interposed, "that he's not elected yet."

"Millie," moaned Rutherford, "get this thing first, last and all the time—if Martin Griffin picks Jesse Oliver for supreme-court judge, Jesse will be supreme-court judge." Rutherford stared as though fascinated at his future son-in-law. "Jesse, you old stick in the mud," he cried, "how long have you been pulling wires for this big thing? I haven't heard a word about it in the clubs—and I know all the lawyers in the bailiwick. Why didn't you let me in on it? I'd have been more than glad to help. And how in Hades did you get Marty Griffin to say yes?"

Jesse, certainly bewildered and perhaps somewhat wearied by all this exuberance, went on with his story. He explained that the suggested honor had come to him unsolicited and unsought.

"If you'll let me finish," he protested mildly, "I'd like to make it very clear to you that I've turned this offer down."

This announcement had the general effect of poison gas. Rutherford spluttered.

"You—turned—the—offer—down?" he choked.

"I turned it down," nodded Jesse.

Amy turned white as with sudden shock. "Jesse," she cried, "you couldn't turn it down! Just think of me!"

"Think of me!" protested Rutherford. "Think of everybody!"

"I won't let you turn it down!" wailed Amy.

"You will when you hear why I turned it down," said Jesse, with a wan smile. "Marty Griffin wants me to pay him for this job—thirty thousand dollars in advance."

"I knew there must be a catch in it somewhere," said Mrs. Rutherford. She emitted a discouraged sigh.

"Thirty thousand dollars!" echoed Amy. "Do you mean you've got to bribe him to put you in a place that you deserve?"

"That is the general idea," smiled Jesse; "so you see ——"

"Only thirty thousand dollars!" exclaimed Rutherford. "Great grief, man, it's a bargain at double the money!"

"Father!" cried Amy. She was ashamed.

"Millie," said Rutherford, turning to his wife, "what's thirty thousand dollars? This Lester Bottle, this millionaire police-court friend of yours—he wanted a job as county judge. He offered Marty Griffin the entire salary for the entire term—three times thirty thousand. Everybody knows that. It's common gossip. Marty Griffin turned him down cold."

Mrs. Rutherford couldn't get it through her head. "Why doesn't Mr. Griffin offer this supreme-court job to Lester Bottle at ninety thousand dollars?" she suggested. "If Lester can't be county judge maybe he'd be satisfied with this."

"Jehoshaphat!" yelled Rutherford. "Can't you understand that this man Marty Griffin isn't crooked? Can't you see that he wouldn't put a lunkhead in a job like this, not for all the money in the world? Remember, this job is a supreme-court job. In this case in particular Marty Griffin has got to deliver the goods."

"For thirty thousand pieces of silver," added Amy.

Jesse flashed a glance of gratitude toward Amy. "My point of view exactly, Amy," he told her, "and so I turned him down."

A sudden light broke in upon Rutherford. He placed a fatherly hand on Jesse's shoulder.

"Look here, Jesse," he said; "Marty Griffin wants this money in advance?"

"That consideration seemed paramount with him," said Jesse.

"I get you now," soothed Rutherford. He saw how the land lay. He must let Jesse down easy in the presence of the ladies. "You needn't worry about the thirty thousand, Jess. Naturally, you won't want to sell any of your securities at present market prices. Let me tell you that I've got the money lying idle in my bank. I can draw you a check this minute, it so happens, that's as good as gold."

Jesse chuckled. "My command of English must be poor," he said. "I thought I made it very clear that I won't bribe any man or any set of men to place me on the bench."

"It's not bribery," said Rutherford. "It's been well understood—this practice. Our best men have sanctioned it—under the rose. It's a matter of common gossip."

"That hardly makes it common honesty," returned Jesse.

"Marty Griffin merely carries on tradition," persisted Rutherford. "This thing's been done here for more than fifty years."

"Time it was stopped being done," said Jesse.

"It can't be stopped," cried Rutherford.

"Can't it?" returned Jesse. "It can if every available candidate will take the stand I'm taking. If every man approached declines to dicker—that turns the trick."

Clearly there was no thoroughfare in that direction. Rutherford, like every good life-insurance dealer, always had one more argument somewhere up his sleeve.

"Jesse," he went on, "once in a while we have a people's organization in this community. Suppose an organization of this kind puts up a people's candidate—an honest man, you'll understand. Suppose he's nominated and elected by honest means. That nomination and election cost the organization honest money, don't they? The organization would have justified its own existence—it would have put through the people's ticket by unquestionable methods. All right. That organization has got the right to live—it's got the right to keep on. Hasn't it? Now how in Hades is it going to keep on? How is it going to be supported? How are its legitimate expenses to be paid? You know as well as I do. By the officeholders who were elected on that ticket. If you were such an officeholder you'd turn around each year and make a voluntary contribution to that organization, to the tune of ten per cent of your salary, maybe more. Maybe fifteen per cent. You would help support that worthy organization out of the money they had put in your pocket. That isn't moonshine; that's fact. In the end you'd be paying money for your job. In this case you're asked to pay it in advance. A distinction without the slightest difference, I can tell you that."

"When are you supposed to pay this thirty thousand dollars?" asked Amy's mother.

"Now," said Rutherford.

Amy's mother thought about it. She didn't like the looks of it. "Tell me," she queried, "when you pay this thirty thousand, will this Mr. Griffin give you a written guaranty that you'll be elected to be judge?"

"Written moonshine!" spluttered Rutherford. "This man Griffin is on the level. He doesn't indulge in flimflam games."

"Before I'd put up thirty thousand dollars ——" objected the prudent wife of Rutherford.

"Jesse," implored Amy, "is—is this the only way you can ever get to be supreme-court judge?"

"It looks like it," said Jesse. He said it dolefully.

"Don't be a bunch of imbeciles," cried Rutherford. "Of course it is the only way."

"Ergo, that ends it," nodded Jesse. "Suppose we talk of something else."

But Amy wasn't through. She had her rights. "Jesse," she went on, "if it's the only way, and if it's always done—then I think father's right. I think you ought to pay the money. I think you ought to take the job."

"I think," said Jesse firmly, but a bit flippantly, "that you'll have to think again."

Of the three Rutherfords, Rutherford alone saw that Jesse Oliver had made up his mind. He had had experience with Jesse's mind before.

"But, Jesse ——" pleaded Amy Rutherford.

Rutherford stopped her. "Amy," he cried sharply, "you'll be a nagging woman if you keep this up. Jesse's not a child This matter is his matter. He's decided it. You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink—if Jesse doesn't mind my calling him a horse."

"Not in the least," smiled Jesse, relieved at Rutherford's change of tone. At any rate, Rutherford had given up the fight. Or so it seemed to Jesse.

Rutherford did something more than give up. He held forth an appreciative hand.

"Jesse," said Rutherford solemnly, "native honesty is the rarest thing in the whole world. There's not one man in all this city who would have had the courage to take the stand you've taken in this matter. Not one man."

Amy called Ibsen to her aid. "The strongest man on earth," she murmured admiringly, "is he who stands alone."

The while she said it she returned the wink that Rutherford had flashed across the room to her.

Just why Rutherford took his daughter Amy to Marty Griffin's office still remains a mystery. Amy, it is true, insisted upon going. There was one condition that she felt must be insisted on, and she couldn't trust her father with the mission. As for Rutherford, the whole affair was of the cut-and-dried, matter-of-course order; it never occurred to him that there was aught to be concealed.

"All right," he said to Amy; "you come along. Talk your little head off if you want to. You'll like this Marty Griffin."

At the Mowry Building next morning they found Marty Griffin in his lair. He shook hands with Rutherford. Amy's father became a bit demonstrative.

"The future Mrs. Jesse Oliver," he said.

Marty Griffin bestowed upon the young lady a smile of benevolence.

"I know Mr. Jesse Oliver favorably and well," he said.

"It's about Jesse Oliver that we've come to see you," nodded Rutherford.

Amy interposed. "Mr. Griffin," she implored that gentleman, her forehead wrinkling with anxiety, "before we talk about this matter I want your promise that not one word of this will get back to Jesse Oliver. Not one word. It's really vital, Mr. Griffin."

Marty Griffin thrust his pudgy forefinger into the flesh that bulged above his collar. "My dear young lady," he returned, "my stock in trade is secrets. I'm full of secrets up to there. Let me assure you that you can rely on me."

Rutherford clinched this particular phase of the business. "What my daughter says is right, Mr. Griffin," he nodded. "There's only one Jesse Oliver, as you may know. Considerable portion of him is just plain mule. And he's so confoundedly straight that he bends over backward now and then. This is one of the occasions. Be that as it may," went on Rutherford, with the cheerful air of a life-insurance man paying a death policy, "we've come here to arrange Jesse's nomination for the supreme court. We've come here to hand you a thirty-thousand-dollar check."

Still cheerfully he drew his check book from his pocket. Marty Griffin stared at the check book. He stared at Amy. He stared at Rutherford.

"You've come to—what?" he demanded in astonishment.

Rutherford indulged himself in a knowing smile. "Fact is," he confided to the politician, "I'm loaning this to Jesse without his knowing it."

(Continued on Page 67)

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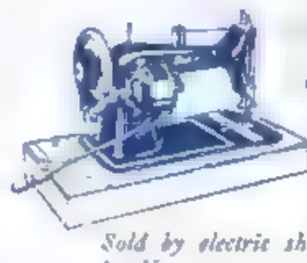

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The Counter Sign of a Good Dealer

(Continued from Page 64)

The big leader slowly shook his head. He sighed. "I may be obtuse—but I don't get this in any shape or form," he returned. "Mr. Rutherford, you say you're going to draw a check for thirty thousand dollars. To whom?"

"To you, of course," smiled Rutherford.

Marty Griffin was intensely puzzled, so it seemed. "To me," he said. "A check for thirty thousand dollars to clinch this Mr. Oliver's suggested nomination for the bench! Jumping Jerusalem, is that what they're saying about me on the street? That I take money to get men jobs? Me—get a man a job for thirty thousand dollars! Tut, tut!"

Rutherford was flabbergasted, but quite game. "I don't think they're saying anything of the kind upon the street," he said. "I am merely continuing a conversation that you had last night with Mr. Oliver."

"Now that you mention it," nodded Marty Griffin, "I did have a conversation with Counselor Oliver last night—about a case that he'd just finished trying in Part Seven ——"

"You talked about his standing for the bench," persisted Rutherford.

"Possibly we did," mused the politician. "I think I told him he was headed in the right direction, or something of the sort."

"Mr. Griffin," went on Rutherford, with new determination in his tone and manner, "I know only what Jesse Oliver told me as to his talk with you last night. And I'm here for the sole purpose of writing out a check."

The leader's face broke into an incredulous smile. It was all a joke to him. "You live in the past, Mr. Rutherford," he said, but not unkindly. "No man can offer me any amount of money to get a man a job. My dear Mr. Rutherford, it isn't done."

"But ——" protested Rutherford.

"But, nothing ——" returned Marty Griffin. "So far, sir, the matter is a jest. If you persist it may become an insult." He indulged himself in a final shrug of his shoulders and turned to Amy Rutherford. He snapped his fingers. "My dear young lady," he smiled benignly, "that for well-meaning but mistaken father, here. That for Jesse Oliver. There is still some balm in Gilead. I shall remember this occasion as your visit—your somewhat unconventional visit to an unconventional old codger. My dear Miss Rutherford, I have a daughter—she's just about your age. I wonder—have you ever met my daughter?"

Amy had to be polite. "Oh, dear, I'd be so glad to," she returned. But her heart was sinking. She didn't understand.

"Good," cried Marty Griffin. "But my daughter is not all. My dear Miss Rutherford, I have a collection of majolica that will put your eye out. You surely like majolica."

Amy started in to say that she really didn't drink. She didn't get that far.

"You bet your life she does!" said Rutherford. "Why, just the other day ——"

"Enough," interrupted Marty Griffin, holding up his right hand. "Here and now I promulgate a little social propaganda." He talked to Amy, but he looked steadily at Amy's father. "Miss Rutherford, you are to drive over to my place to take tea with my daughter at five this afternoon. I'll be in evidence to show you my majolica. How about it, eh?"

"Couldn't be better," chuckled Rutherford.

"So fine of you to think about it," gurgled Amy. And her heart was in her boots.

"Come on now, Amy," said her father; "I've got to get to work."

Once in the machine Rutherford blinked at her. "Well, all the fools aren't dead yet," he said.

"Jesse must be crazy," cried the girl.

"It isn't Jesse that's crazy," grunted Rutherford; "it's me. And by the way, while we're about it we'll stop at the bank and draw some cash. We may need some before we're through."

So far, so good. At half past five that afternoon, behind closed doors, in the seclusion of the majolica room at Marty Griffin's home.

Amy Rutherford, acting under orders, handed that master mind some thirty thousand dollars in fresh, crisp five-hundred-dollar bills. Marty Griffin took the money and never turned a hair.

"The trouble with your pa is," smiled Marty Griffin, "that he figured out that custom must be superior to law. He's mistaken. Crime, in this age and generation, can't be conducted in the open."

"Is this crime?" cried Amy.

Marty Griffin stuffed the bills into the breast pocket of his coat and tapped the place that bulged.

"Crime," he nodded solemnly; "crime. So much so, my dear Miss Amy Rutherford, that if you so much as hinted at what's happened here to-day you could be put behind the bars."

Amy was shocked. "You mean," she faltered, "that both of us could be sent to prison for—for a simple thing like this?"

Marty Griffin shook his head. "Not both of us," he returned cannily; "only you. If you talked, what you might say would be an admission against yourself. As for me, I should enter a general denial. I do business with one person at a time. My word, on the trial of an indictment, would be just as good as yours."

Amy shuddered. She didn't relish this.

"Therefore," went on Marty Griffin, "I advise you not to talk."

Amy clutched the politician by the arm. "And you will put Jesse on the supreme-court bench?" she pleaded.

"The surest thing you know," said Marty Griffin.

"And you're positive," she persisted, "that he'll never know—of this?"

"He'll never know from me," laughed Marty Griffin.

Jesse never knew from Marty Griffin. He never found out from anybody else. The next afternoon Marty Griffin called him up.

"Look here, Oliver," growled Marty Griffin. "I've got a bone to pick with you."

"Nothing doing," chortled Jesse Oliver cheerfully. "I told you that the other night."

"Ah," grunted Marty, "somebody's been cutting in under me since then."

"Cutting in under you?" echoed Jesse. He didn't understand.

"Maybe you know what I'm talking about and maybe you don't," said Marty. "At any rate I'll drop in on you at the Gouverneur at eight o'clock to-night."

Marty Griffin was a good liar and a better actor. By the time he reached the Gouverneur he was frothing at the mouth. He glared at Jesse as though about to tear him limb from limb.

"Oliver," he cried, "you've double-crossed me! What do you mean by log-rolling with the bar association?"

"Explain yourself," said Jesse.

"Gosh," cried the leader. "I knew you were slick, but I figured you were straight! No wonder that you stood me off the other night."

"Go as far as you like," said Jesse wearily; "I'm waiting until you begin to talk United States."

Marty Griffin searched Jesse's countenance with one of his soul-rending glances, under which any crooked man must quail. Jesse returned his glance with compound interest. At last Marty Griffin sank into a chair.

"Suffering Moses," he exclaimed, "it must be true!"

"What must be true?" queried Jesse.

"Look here, Oliver," spluttered Marty Griffin. "Will you give me your word of honor that you haven't spilled your candidacy to the bar association?"

"I'm not a candidate," said Jesse.

"Rats!" cried Marty Griffin. "Have you talked about what we talked about the other night?"

"Yes," returned Jesse; "to three people—only three. The Rutherfords."

"Who are the Rutherfords?" demanded Marty. "Oh, yes; I know. Well, never mind. But—to anybody else?"

"Not to anybody else," said Jesse. "What's the row?"

"I believe you," grunted Marty. "Ding it, I've hamstrung myself. I'm done for, on this job. Jesse, I've cut my own throat. Look here. Six weeks ago I told a member of the judiciary committee of the bar association that you were my first choice for this job. I hadn't the slightest doubt but what you'd come across. And, by gum, the committee took me at my word. They're so dead sure that you're the right man for the right place that they won't hear of anybody else. You've been informally confirmed as my picked man. And it's too late for me to go to that bunch of stiff necks and renege. I can't tell them you haven't come across. I've got to slap

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you on that ticket and stand a heavy loss. Unless ——" he pleaded hopefully.

"Unless what?" queried Jesse Oliver.

"Unless you're so minded as to see me through," said Marty.

"You mean thirty thousand dollars?" queried Jesse. "Not in thirty thousand years."

"So be it," said the leader gloomily. "That means I've got to run you anyhow, unless you'll do me the favor to decline to run."

Jesse's eyes glittered. "Listen!" he demanded. "Do I understand that I shall have the approval of the bar association if I run?"

"That's the fly in the ointment," grumbled the politician. "Don't I tell you that once you've been set up they won't let me knock you down?"

"No strings, no promises, no conditions," persisted Jesse.

"You've got me where I can't do anything," said Marty.

"All right," said Jesse coolly; "I'll be glad to run."

Two days later Marty Griffin, for the very first time, put Jesse's name up to the judiciary committee of the bar association, and that committee immediately reported in his favor. That settled it; the thing was done.

It was no sooner done than Lorenzo, his dark, suspicious countenance as black as thunder, descended upon Marty Griffin like a thousand of brick.

"I've helped fight your battles for you for seven years," said Lorenzo, gritting his teeth, "and this is what I get. This vacancy belongs to me. What has this Jesse Oliver ever done that elevates him to the bench?"

"He has qualified," said Marty Griffin curtly; "the controlling factor is his eternal fitness for the bench."

"There are others that have eternal fitness for the bench," returned Lorenzo.

"And some that haven't," nodded Marty Griffin. He placed a hand on Lorenzo's shoulder. "Son," he nodded, "there's another vacancy worth while this fall. I agree with you—you're entitled to your pay. And you're going to get it—you'll be paid in full. Son, you go over to headquarters and see Bill Solliday. You tell Bill Solliday, from me, to make you county prosecutor. You're a born prosecutor, son. That's the job for you."

It was. Lorenzo held a winning place on the ticket headed by Jesse Oliver. They were both elected in November. On the first court day in January Jesse Oliver assumed his silken robe and was sworn in. It was a great occasion. Jesse's bench was smothered in roses. Amy and the Rutherfords sat inside the counsel rail. The first man to take the judge's hand after the ceremony was complete was Lorenzo, the new prosecutor of the pleas.

The Honorable Martin Griffin was nowhere to be seen.

Immediately upon taking office Prosecutor Lorenzo swung into his stride. He made strange noises. He became spectacular. A lone dramatic figure in a big city that had reeked with vice for ten or fifteen years, Lorenzo instituted a campaign of fire and slaughter. He tackled the underworld of his municipality tooth and nail. Mercilessly he massacred the police. He appealed to the sense of decency in every human breast. This was a sure-fire appeal. The churches backed him, the clubs and business organizations lent him moral support, the press applauded him. The people rose en masse to do him honor. White-hot with indignation, firm in virtuous fervor, Lorenzo raged up and down the countryside seeking whom he might devour.

Within twelve months he became the most talked of man in three states. He got more notice in the newspapers than did the President of the United States. Nobody could hold him back. And nobody did. He had declared himself to be no respecter of persons. He proved it.

Fifteen months after Jesse Oliver had assumed his robes of office a special grand jury impaneled for the purpose handed down three sensational indictments. These indictments were returned on a certain day at noon. Exact copies of these indictments, transcribed on yellow flimsies, were immediately scattered broadside to the press by the clerk of the grand jury, who was an attaché of the prosecutor's office. By three o'clock that afternoon the general public had the news.

The indictments were leveled at the Honorable Martin Griffin and Supreme Court Justice Jesse Oliver. One indictment was laid against the former for the acceptance of a bribe to procure the nomination and election of the latter to the supreme court. Another indictment charged Jesse Oliver with the offer and the payment of the bribe. The third embodied comprehensive conspiracy charges against both men. The sum mentioned in the charges was sixty thousand dollars. It was alleged to have been paid in cash.

The finding of the indictment automatically suspended Jesse Oliver's incumbency upon the bench. His function as a justice would resume only after the favorable disposition of the charges. Jesse declined to talk for publication, beyond the utterance of a denial of the accusations. He went from the bench to the office of the prosecutor. He saw Lorenzo.

"Of course," Jesse suggested to the prosecutor, "it would have been a simple matter to have notified me first."

"Ah," returned Lorenzo, shaking his head dolefully; "I, who am known to be a friend of yours! My dear Jesse, I myself am not above suspicion. This Men's and Women's League, Jesse—it watches every move I make."

Jesse didn't argue the matter. "I'm here to take a look at the grand-jury minutes," he announced.

Lorenzo reluctantly placed copies of the evidence in Jesse's hands. Jesse took the testimony home with him. He was a married man by now. Amy, shocked, with tear-stained face, was waiting for him with a copy of the evening paper in her hand. Jesse Oliver, himself well in hand, explained the situation to her as best he could.

"You needn't worry about it, dear," he told her. "It's one of those things that might happen to any man at any time. It's an unjust, untrue accusation. The truth must and will prevail."

He drew forth the copies of the testimony that he'd brought with him. Amy regarded them with terror-stricken eyes.

"What do they say, Jesse?" she almost shrieked. "What do they say?"

There were three of them to say it—three witnesses in all. Their testimony was brief and to the point. These three witnesses were citizens who, upon a certain date set forth in the indictments, had been doing jury duty at the courthouse. They were, comparatively speaking, strangers to each other. The county courthouse maintains several clusters of little cubby-holes called jury rest rooms. At half past three o'clock on the day in question, these three jurors, not then engaged upon a jury case, were sitting in a rest room, reading the last edition of the afternoon papers. Their room opened into an adjoining room. The door leading into this adjoining room was partly closed.

While seated reading silently, these jurors became suddenly aware that somebody had entered the adjoining room.

All three of these jurors leaped to their feet and peered through the door. They recognized the two men who had entered. One of the men was the political leader Martin Griffin. The other was the lawyer Jesse Oliver. These two men had their heads together and were talking earnestly. The three jurors overheard what was said and witnessed what was done. The three jurors saw Jesse Oliver hand a roll of bills to Marty Griffin. They heard Marty Griffin ask if the roll contained sixty thousand dollars. They heard the lawyer say it did. They heard Jesse distinctly say to Marty Griffin that there must be no mistake, no misunderstanding—that he, Jesse, was to get that place upon the bench. Marty Griffin told him that what Marty Griffin said—that went.

And that was all.

"It's quite enough," said Jesse dolefully. "If they stick to that story under cross-examination at a trial I'm done for—clean."

Amy had recovered her composure. "But it's preposterous!" she exclaimed. "It isn't true! I know it isn't true!"

"Listen, dear," said Jesse. "We can't gain anything by dodging the situation that we're up against. The testimony of these witnesses is a detail. It will get the trial of these indictments before a jury. That jury will be saturated with the popular belief. Marty Griffin has been convicted in the minds of the populace over and over. They believe that in most instances he is corrupt. They will believe that in this instance Marty Griffin is corrupt. This story is untrue. Marty Griffin will deny it. I shall deny it. But there's one thing we can't deny. On the date fixed in the indictment Martin Griffin and myself were both in the courthouse. So was Lorenzo, for that matter. Lorenzo and I finished up a trial at about the hour mentioned in the evidence, and on that very afternoon it would have been the work of half a minute for Martin Griffin and myself to step into an anteroom and consummate a deal. The story is untrue, and we'll deny it. But the jury will know that we'd deny it if it were the fact. Our jury is going to believe on this trial what it believes before we go to trial—that no man can get upon the bench without paying Marty Griffin for his job. I've got an uphill fight upon my hands."

Amy shuddered. "But it's ridiculous!" she cried. "It didn't happen at the courthouse. These men didn't see it. It wasn't on that afternoon at all. And it wasn't sixty thousand dollars; it was thirty."

"What are you talking about?" demanded Jesse.

There was a hurried ring at the doorbell. A servant entered. Mr. Martin Griffin had called to see the judge, she said. Jesse slowly shook his head.

"I want to be able to say hereafter that I haven't talked this matter over with Marty Griffin. You'll have to see him, Amy, and explain the thing."

"I'll see him!" Amy cried. She could have screamed. Marty Griffin's advent afforded her intense relief. Jesse effaced himself swiftly.

Marty Griffin lumbered into Amy's presence. Amy took him into a tiny breakfast room and closed the door.

"It's you I want to see, not Jesse," nodded Marty. "Listen, little lady; have you blabbed?"

"N-no," faltered Amy; "but I was just about to, when you came."

"But you didn't?" queried Marty anxiously.

"No," said Amy.

"Glory be!" said Marty Griffin. He sank into a chair and fanned himself. "Now, Mrs. Oliver," he said at length, "get this and get this hard. I'm on to this husband of yours—I'm on to all his curves. The man's so open and aboveboard that it hurts me every time I think about him. When do you expect to tell him that you gave me thirty thousand dollars?"

"I'll have to tell him sometime," returned Amy. "Won't I have to tell it, anyway, to clear him of this charge?"

"I thought you'd have it all doped out," smiled Marty Griffin. "You generally have the right idea. Listen, little lady. Suppose you tell him that you gave me thirty thousand dollars; then he'll know, for the first time, that his place was bought. He'll know that vicariously he was guilty of this crime. Knowing that, he'll do the only thing that's left to do. He'll take his medicine."

"Never!" cried Amy. "I'll tell them that I gave the money to you. I'll prove that he knew nothing at all about it. My evidence will clear him, Mr. Griffin, I am sure."

"Huh!" snorted Martin Griffin. "If it gets to a point where Jesse lets you tell 'em that, which isn't likely, then three fine people in this bailiwick are going straight to jail."

"Three?" echoed the girl.

Marty Griffin nodded. "Your father first," he said; "if your testimony doesn't convict him his bank account will. He drew thirty thousand cash on the day you came to me. The vice president of the Monumental Life—he goes to jail. Me next. Because, with a girl like you on the witness stand, this jury will believe your story. I'll go up for a long, stiff term. And then Justice Jesse Oliver ——"

"But he didn't do anything!" cried Amy.

"No," said the politician dryly, "but you're going to do something. You're going to ask a jury to believe that Jesse didn't know that his future father-in-law was putting up thirty thousand dollars to get him on the bench, particularly after he'd told his father-in-law that that amount of money was the sum required to turn the trick. So Jesse goes to jail."

Amy groaned. "What can I do? What can I do?" she wailed.

"Do you want to go to jail?" asked Marty.

"I want to go alone," wailed Amy.

"You'll never get there," returned Marty; "not with such fat pickings from those higher up. Now who are you going to spill

(Continued on Page 72)

Roll Call
of White Truck Fleets
In Actual Service

EACH year the Annual Roll Call of White Truck Fleets in actual service becomes more firmly established as an institution in the motor truck industry.

The 1921 Roll Call marks the twentieth anniversary of this company's entry into the automotive field, and its eleventh year as a manufacturer of gasoline trucks.

The figures showing yearly growth of White Fleets of *ten or more* trucks are impressive evidence of their ability to do the most work for the least money. They are the result of "Twenty Years of Knowing How."

There are today 4,707 White Fleets comprising 47,351 trucks, exclusive of single truck installations

	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915	1916	1917	1918	1919	To-day
Abbotts Alderney Dairies, Inc.	0	0	0	1	4	6	7	8	8	14	17
Abraham & Straus	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	17	46
Acme Cash Stores	0	0	0	1	1	3	3	4	5	10	10
J. N. Adam & Company	0	0	6	8	8	8	8	8	10	17	19
City of Akron, Ohio	0	0	0	1	1	1	4	5	8	11	17
Akron Pure Milk Company	0	0	0	2	3	6	6	6	6	13	13
Akron Storage & Contracting Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	5	5	10	10
Alabama Coca Cola Bottling Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	12	12
Alexander & Walling	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	3	10	12
B. Altman & Company	0	0	8	8	33	67	92	92	93	93	94
Aluminum Co. of America Interests	0	0	0	0	1	2	2	16	20	28	31
American Agricultural Chemical Co.	0	0	1	1	1	1	5	8	9	17	38
American Ambulance Field Service	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	22	22	22	21
American Can Company	0	0	4	7	8	8	33	56	66	78	103
American Fruit Growers, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11
American Petroleum Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	12	26	26	26
American Railway Express	0	0	5	14	22	27	88	98	111	121	128
American Red Cross Society	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	84	122	123	123
American Steel & Wire Company	0	0	1	5	5	6	10	16	20	23	29
American Stores Company	0	1	2	9	14	14	15	29	37	61	97
American War Relief Clearing House	0	0	0	0	0	2	18	32	32	32	32
Ammen Transportation Company	0	0	2	7	8	9	11	11	32	32	32
Anchor Cartage Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	5	8	12	13
Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association	0	0	0	0	0	1	17	19	19	20	20
Arctic Ice & Coal Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	5	10
Arlington Mills	0	1	1	1	1	2	2	11	13	13	15
Armour & Company	0	4	30	51	63	84	165	226	259	309	370
Associated Bell Telephone Companies	0	1	6	30	46	84	311	447	477	517	702
*Associated Dry Goods Corporation	0	0	5	13	23	29	37	46	88	126	126
City of Atlanta	0	3	6	8	10	10	11	11	15	15	21
Atlanta Baggage & Cab Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	10	10	15
Atlanta Chero-Cola Bottling Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10
Atlantic Ice & Coal Corporation	0	0	0	15	15	15	20	27	34	38	42
Atlantic Refining Company	1	4	9	31	67	86	184	275	324	345	435
Atlas Powder Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	6	12	16
Austin Nichols & Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	18
Auto Livery Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	15	15	15	15	15
The Bailey Company	0	1	3	6	6	13	16	17	20	25	35
Oliver H. Bair Company	0	0	0	0	5	6	6	9	9	11	12
City of Baltimore	0	3	6	7	14	14	29	30	31	34	36
Baltimore Transit Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	20	20	20	20
Barker Bros., Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	13	18
The Barrett Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	11	17	19	21	21
Bellevue & Allied Hospitals	0	0	0	1	3	9	16	19	19	24	30
Bernheimer Brothers	0	0	2	3	3	3	3	3	3	10	10

	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915	1916	1917	1918	1919	To-day
Best & Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	18	35	36
William Bingham Company	0	0	0	8	0	0	16	17	20	23	32
Birmingham Chero-Cola Bottling Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	27	31
Bis-Mac Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	12
Biwabik Transportation Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	■
Blake Motor Trucking Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	13	18	20	20	■
Block & Kuhl Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	5	9	14	17
Bloomingdale Brothers	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	8	37
Bludwine Bottling Company	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	9	10
Boggs & Buhl, Inc.	0	0	10	18	23	24	26	24	23	32	37
Bohlen-Huse Coal & Ice Co.	0	0	5	7	7	7	7	7	10	10	13
Henry Bosch Company	2	0	5	9	10	10	11	12	12	12	13
City of Boston	0	2	9	12	17	18	18	19	22	22	30
Boston Coca Cola Bottling Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	11
Boston Elevated Railway Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	■
Bourne-Fuller Company	0	0	0	2	3	4	6	7	7	8	10
Bradford Baking Company	0	0	0	9	20	25	26	26	26	29	31
The Brandt Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	10	25	25	34
Brockton Transportation Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	16	20
Brooklyn Alcatras Asphalt Co.	0	0	0	2	9	9	11	11	11	11	11
Brooklyn Daily Eagle	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	9	11	14
Bry-Block Mercantile Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	10
Bullock's	0	0	0	4	5	8	8	8	8	9	10
M Burkhardt Brewing Co.	0	0	0	2	3	2	5	5	5	11	11
P. H. Butler Company	0	0	0	1	1	4	6	11	12	12	17
Butler Bros., Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	8	23
Cable Draper Baking Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10
Caddo Parish, Louisiana	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	13	13	13
California Baking Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	13	17	21	21
California Central Creameries, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	6	11	14
California Packing Corporation	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	7	11	11
California Truck Company	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	3	4	8	13
J. Calvert's Sons	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	10
The Campbell System	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	12
Canfield Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	13
Canton Provision Company	0	0	0	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	10
Canton Storage & Transfer Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	7	9	11	15
Carbon Coal Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	5	6	8	11
Carolina Public Service Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	11	11	11
J. B. Carr Biscuit Company	0	0	0	1	1	1	3	3	4	7	12
Carstens Packing Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	11
Carter Oil Company	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	4	10	15
W. A. Chambers Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	5	7	10
Chandler & Rudd Company	0	2	4	5	6	6	6	6	6	7	10
Chapin-Sacks Corporation	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	21	28	58

*Exclusive of subsidiary or affiliated companies individually listed.

Continued on following pages

Continued from preceding page

Roll of White Truck Fleets

	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915	1916	1917	1918	1919	To-day
*Chero-Cola Bottling Companies	0	0	0	0	4	6	30	57	66	74	99
The Chero-Cola Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	32	76
Chicago American & Herald Examiner	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	14	19
Chicago Fire Insurance Board	0	0	5	11	13	12	13	13	13	13	13
Cincinnati Coca Cola Bottling Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	16	16
Cincinnati Motor Terminals Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	16	16
City Baking Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	14
City of Chicago	0	0	0	1	4	10	27	38	47	47	52
City Ice Delivery Co. (Cincinnati)	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	3	7	13
City Ice Delivery Company (Cleveland)	0	1	1	3	3	3	5	8	8	11	14
Clearing House Parcel Delivery Co.	0	0	0	0	0	3	10	10	14	15	16
City of Cleveland	0	2	7	14	15	19	23	32	34	43	68
Cleveland-Akron Bag Company	6	7	9	14	15	19	21	39	45	54	53
Cleveland-Akron Bus Line Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	14
Cleveland Builders Supply & Brick Co.	0	1	1	3	4	7	10	14	19	51	57
Cleveland Coca Cola Bottling Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	21	22
Cleveland Electric Illuminating Co.	0	0	0	0	0	6	17	23	23	40	48
The Cleveland Press	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10
Cleveland Provision Company	0	1	2	3	7	7	11	13	15	29	34
Cleveland Railway Company	0	0	0	0	3	3	3	3	3	4	10
Cleveland Transfer Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	19	19	20	25
Cleveland & Sandusky Brewing Co.	0	0	1	1	2	3	10	15	17	24	29
*Coca Cola Bottling Companies	0	3	6	11	24	34	67	78	91	102	198
The Coca Cola Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	5	15	23
The Coca Cola Company (Canada)	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	13	30
Colonial Ice Cream Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	20
R. H. Comey Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	9	9	12	14
Commercial Transfer Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	5	7	10	15
Consolidated Companies	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	12
Consolidated Gas, El. Light & Power Co.	2	3	6	8	11	12	12	12	12	11	12
Consolidated Rendering Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	7	17	17	30
Continental Oil Company	0	1	2	2	3	4	19	25	34	38	81
Cosden Oil & Gas Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	10
Crescent Forwarding & Transfer Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	12
Crew Levick Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	4	5	25	37
Crystal Park Lumber Co.	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	6	6	12	14
Cuban Government	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	18	18	14
Cudahy Packing Company	0	0	2	6	8	10	21	24	27	42	58
Dannemiller Grocery Company	0	0	0	0	0	3	6	12	12	12	12
Darling & Company	0	0	2	2	2	2	3	3	3	6	10
Day Brothers Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
Day DeVeau Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	5	6	11
Dill & Collins	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	6	9	10
Dominion of Canada	0	0	0	0	43	43	43	43	43	43	43
Drake Brothers	0	0	1	2	2	2	2	4	4	9	13
E. I. DuPont de Nemours Powder Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	16	20	20	31
East Ohio Gas Company	0	0	0	1	3	5	5	10	11	11	13
Eastern Torpedo Company	0	0	0	1	2	7	10	15	20	25	27
T. Eaton Company, Ltd.	0	5	13	14	15	15	20	20	20	25	31
Electric Package Agency	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	6	9	10
Emerick Motor Bus Company	0	0	0	1	5	9	11	14	16	16	16
Empire Gas & Fuel Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	33	61	77	108
Empire State Dairy Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	6	6	12
Erie Service Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11	15
A. J. Evans	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	14
The Fair	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	12
The Fairbanks Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	13
Fairmont Creamery Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	12	28
Fayette Baking Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
Fenway Garage Company	0	0	19	19	29	29	39	39	30	37	39
Firestone Tire & Rubber Company	0	0	0	1	1	2	6	12	16	16	18
The Fleischmann Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	3	4	11
Florida Motor Transport Company	0	0	0	0	0	3	7	11	11	16	26
Fly & Hobson Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	10	10
Foster & Kleiser, Inc.	0	2	4	4	8	10	10	10	10	10	10
Frank & Seder	0	0	0	1	1	1	2	2	2	19	21
Franklin Ice Cream Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	13
Harry V. Franks	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	16	16	16	19
Frederick & Nelson, Inc.	0	0	0	3	7	9	10	13	18	21	23
Freedom Oil Works Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	16	17	20
General Baking Company	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	10	25	43	68
General Cigar Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	9	10
General Fire Extinguisher Company	0	0	0	2	2	2	3	4	5	6	10
General Motor Truck Corporation	0	0	0	0	0	0	20	23	22	22	22
General Petroleum Company	0	0	0	1	0	2	4	8	15	24	39
Georgia Railway & Power Co.	0	0	1	3	7	7	18	23	24	24	29
Gimbel Bros., Inc. (Milwaukee)	0	0	0	2	3	4	6	7	7	13	15
Gimbel Brothers (New York)	0	20	26	46	59	59	62	62	71	71	46
Gimbel Brothers (Philadelphia)	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	13	16
Glacier Park Transportation Company	0	0	0	0	10	20	22	23	23	24	24
Globe Grain & Milling Company	0	0	1	2	2	2	3	3	5	16	24
Gloucester Auto Bus Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	15
City of Gloucester	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	5	13
Adolf Gobel, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	30	35	41
J. Goldsmith & Sons Company	0	0	3	4	5	5	7	12	13	12	14
B. F. Goodrich Company	4	6	9	11	12	17	19	22	25	28	30

	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915	1916	1917	1918	1919	To-day
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	10	15	22	54
Grasselli Chemical Company	1	1	1	1	2	2	11	4	4	6	12
Gray Construction Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	10	12	12	12
Great Northern Paper Company	0	0	0	1	1	11	13	18	18	19	21
Greenfield Electric Light & Power Co.	0	3	6	9	10	11	13	13	14	■	■
Greensboro Chero-Cola Bottling Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	9	0	13
Greenville Coca Cola Bottling Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	6	6	10	10
Greif Brothers Cooperage Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	14
Gulf Production Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	6	8	15
Gulf Refining Company	0	1	9	29	81	172	463	563	663	755	917
Gypsy Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	5	11
Hadley Furniture & Carpet Company	0	0	0	0	1	1	2	3	5	11	31
Halle Brothers Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	12	13	13	15	17
A. Hamburger & Sons, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11	18
James A. Hamilton	0	0	0	2	3	4	5	6	8	10	12
The Hardware & Supply Co.	0	0	0	0	1	2	3	4	5	10	10
Fred Harvey	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	15	16
Haverty Furniture Company	0	0	0	0	2	6	7	12	18	18	18
Hawaii County, T. H.	0	0	2	9	9	9	10	11	16	17	16
H. J. Heinz Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	16	19	26	35	52
Heissler & Junge Company	0	0	0	0	0	4	4	4	5	9	26
The Higbee Company	2	4	5	6	10	10	10	12	12	16	16
Hochschild, Kohn & Co.	0	1	3	5	6	8	10	9	12	15	15
Joseph Horne Company	5	12	15	24	33	39	42	42	42	41	41
J. L. Hudson Company	0	0	0	0	0	10	17	20	20	31	48
Hudson's Bay Company	0	4	8	9	9	9	9	10	10	17	■
Huebner Toledo Breweries Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	6	8	11	16	19
E. V. Hull	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	4	11	11	11
Humble Oil & Refining Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	13	52	84
Imperial Oil Company, Ltd.	0	1	1	1	1	1	12	42	43	58	■
Independent Brewing Co. of Pittsburgh	1	1	2	5	5	11	28	36	42	46	■
Independent Torpedo Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	16	24
Indian Territory Illuminating Oil Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	11
City of Indianapolis	0	0	0	1	1	2	2	2	6	8	10
Interstate Wholesale Grocers, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	25
Iron City Sand Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	19
Jackson Brewing Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	9	15
Jahnke Service Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	9	■
Johnson Oil Refining Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	11	18
Jones Store Company	0	1	2	5	6	10	14	17	17	19	16
S. Kann Son's Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	14
Kaufmann Dept. Store, Inc.	0	0	10	16	24	44	80	80	66	59	53
Kaufmann & Baer Company	0	0	0	1	40	45	51	59	60	60	■
Chas. T. Kavanaugh, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	2	11
Kennicott-Patterson Transfer Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	10	10
C. D. Kenny Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	12	41	45	56	62
Kingan & Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	6	6	13	34
The Kirk Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	7	10	11
B. B. & R. Knight, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	7	8	11
Theodor Kundtz Company	3	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	17	17	■
LaSalle & Koch Company	0	0	0	0	3	3	4	4	4	10	10
A. C. Lawrence Leather Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	4	11
A. Leath & Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	13
J. William Lee & Son	0	0	0	0	0	0	13	13	13	13	13
Fred T. Ley & Company	0	0	0	0	1	1	4	10	13	13	17
Leyte Land Transportation Company	0	0	3	6	10	12	14	14	14	14	30
Liberty Baking Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	15	15	19
Lit Brothers, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	17	26	27	28	36
J. P. Loomis Coal Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	15
Loose-Wiles Biscuit Company	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	2	11	21	37
City and County of Los Angeles	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	8	18
Los Angeles Brewing Company	0	0	2	7	13	14	15	17	17	18	19
Los Angeles Creamery Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	6	10	12
Los Angeles Ice & Cold Storage Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	10	10	11	12
Los Angeles Gas & Electric Corporation	0	1	■	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	16
Louisiana Coca Cola Bottling Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	7	10
Magnolia Petroleum Company	0	0	■	4	4	4	4	4	5	8	15
May Stern & Company	0	0	0	1	2	2	5	5	8	9	10
McCreery & Company	6	6	8	8	8	11	15	15	15	19	20
G. M. McKelvey Company	0	0	1	1	6	8	18	18	18	17	19
R. H. Macy & Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	15	15	15	15	26
Mandel Brothers	0	9	18	15	16	17	17	17	17	17	17
A. C. Marshall Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	8	15	15	18	14
Massachusetts Baking Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	7	12
State of Massachusetts	0	1	4	4	4	5	11	11	11	11	11
The May Company	0	0	8	4	11	15	26	26	27	40	41
Merchants Lime-Cola Bottling Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	3	46	49
Mesaba Transportation Company	0	0	0	0	0	2	15	18	20	23	22
Metropolitan Coal Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	15
Michelin Tire Company	0	1	2	3	3	9	11	11	11	14	16
Mid Continent Gasoline Company	0	0	0	0	■	0	0	0	0	6	10
Mid-Kansas Oil & Gas Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	11	12
Midwest Refining Company	0	0	0	0	■	0	0	2	6	12	23
Miller Rubber Company	0	0	1	2	2	2	5	5	5	11	11
H. W. Mollensuer & Brother	0	0	0	0	■	0	0	8	10	10	10
Henry Morgan & Co., Ltd.	0	0	0	0	■	0	1	4	4	6	10

*Exclusive of subsidiary or affiliated companies individually listed.

Call
In Actual Service

	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915	1916	1917	1918	1919	To-day
E. E. & A. K. Morgan	0	0	0	0	1	1	6	7	8	13	25
Morris & Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	2	6	14
Motor Transit Company	0	1	3	4	6	6	14	37	43	55	84
The Moxie Company	0	2	4	5	5	5	5	5	7	9	11
A. I. Namm & Son	0	0	0	1	1	2	4	6	7	30	32
City of Nashville	1	2	2	4	4	4	4	6	8	9	14
National Casket Company	0	0	2	10	14	15	19	21	24	26	26
National Refining Company	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	2	25	66
National Ice & Cold Storage Company	0	0	4	5	5	5	5	7	9	9	10
City of Newark	1	2	2	2	3	3	3	4	7	11	11
City of New Orleans	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	7	28
New Orleans Chero-Cola Bottling Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
New Orleans Gas Light Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	10
New Orleans Railway & Light Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	10
Province of New Brunswick	0	0	0	0	0	0	20	20	20	19	20
State of New Jersey	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	6	16	15	15
M. A. Newmark Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	8	8	10	11
City of New York	0	1	7	11	12	13	13	13	13	13	225
N. Y. Board of Fire Underwriters	0	0	2	6	8	16	20	20	20	20	21
New York State Railways	0	0	0	0	0	1	5	10	10	10	10
Northern Ohio Traction & Light Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	5	5	10	15
Northern Texas Traction Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	9	9	10	10
Province of Nova Scotia	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	11	36
Ohio Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	16	22	23
Omaha Taxicab Company	0	0	0	0	6	8	17	17	17	17	18
Onondaga County, N. Y.	0	0	0	0	1	3	5	16	16	16	16
Oppenheim, Collins & Company	0	0	0	0	20	21	27	27	30	38	38
M. O'Neil Company	0	0	0	0	1	1	3	3	3	14	14
Pacific Baking Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	5	5	15	15
Pacific Mills	0	0	3	4	4	7	12	14	17	19	21
Page & Shaw, Inc.	0	0	1	4	8	8	8	10	10	11	12
Frank Parmelee Company	0	0	0	9	9	18	28	28	28	28	18
Peninsula Rapid Transit Company	0	0	0	0	0	7	8	15	19	20	20
State of Pennsylvania	0	0	0	0	1	2	5	15	15	16	19
Petroleum Heat & Power Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	9	0	11	11
Philadelphia Electric Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	13	15	18	20	23
Philippine Governments	0	0	7	13	13	23	29	35	35	44	48
Pierce Oil Corporation	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	23	69	155
Piggly Wiggly Stores	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	28
Pike's Peak Auto Highway Co.	0	0	0	0	0	12	15	15	16	16	16
Pilsener Brewing Company	0	0	0	1	2	3	5	7	7	11	11
Pittsburgh Gage & Supply Company	0	0	0	0	0	2	4	6	9	12	14
H. & S. Pogue Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	12	12	12
Portland Sebago Ice Company	0	0	0	0	2	4	5	5	11	11	11
Powers Mercantile Company	0	0	0	0	2	4	7	8	8	13	11
Prairie Oil & Gas Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	26	54	57
Prairie Pipe Line Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	44
City of Providence	0	0	0	0	0	1	6	6	6	6	10
Public Service Electric Co.	0	0	0	0	0	3	7	8	8	15	19
Pure Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	5	10	21
Quaker City Cab Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	75	100	100	125	129
City of Quincy	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	3	3	6	11
Red Rock Company	1	2	2	3	3	4	5	5	5	7	11
Remar Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11	13	13
Republic Structural Iron Works Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	5	6	10
Wm. Richman	0	1	2	3	3	4	6	7	7	7	15
Rieck-McJunkin Dairy Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	16	23	26	36
Rochester Gas & Electric Corporation	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	13	13	19
Rockett Taxi Motor Cab Co.	0	0	0	1	2	2	3	4	4	4	18
Rocky Mt. Parks Transportation Co.	0	0	2	2	3	3	21	23	33	56	63
L. W. Rogers Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	12	14
Rome Coca Cola Bottling Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	10	15
The Rosenbaum Company	1	1	2	11	12	33	39	43	40	37	42
Harry Rosenthal	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	3	6	10
Roxana Petroleum Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	23
City of St. Louis	0	0	0	0	4	6	9	10	14	16	16
Saks & Company	0	0	0	0	10	10	10	10	10	10	16
Salt Lake Transportation Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	15	15	22
City of San Francisco	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	3	10	14	24
J. Samuels & Bro., Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	10
Sandersville Coca Cola Bottling Co.	0	0	0	1	3	4	5	5	6	10	10
Sanger Brothers	0	4	6	7	7	7	7	8	8	13	15
San Joaquin Light & Power Corp.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	2	14	18
San Joaquin Baking Company	0	0	0	2	3	4	5	6	7	7	11
Savage-Schofield Company	0	0	1	4	5	5	5	6	7	10	10
Schmidt & Ziegler, Ltd.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	10	10
Schulze Baking Company	1	1	9	15	17	22	23	26	31	35	55
Seven Baker Brothers	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	17
Shaffer Oil & Refining Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	43	52
Shell Co. of California	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	10	19
Sherman Clay & Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	2	3	5	10
Franklin Simon & Company	0	0	0	3	6	10	14	14	17	18	22
Skelley Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	21
W. & J. Sloane	13	14	15	15	15	17	21	23	23	28	31
Smith & Hicks, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	13	13	13	13
Southern Oil Corporation	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	15

	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915	1916	1917	1918	1919	To-day
Spear & Company	0	0	1	9	13	14	15	22	23	27	22
Spearin Transfer Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	11
Otto Stahl, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	13	18
*Standard Gas & Electric Company	0	1	2	2	2	3	5	11	17	14	21
Standard Oil Co. of California	1	3	4	6	7	26	47	97	111	188	214
Standard Oil Co. of Indiana	1	4	5	9	59	122	168	201	214	213	181
Standard Oil Co. of Kentucky	0	1	2	4	5	9	38	75	121	349	360
Standard Oil Co. of Louisiana	0	1	1	1	1	1	2	5	53	91	108
Standard Oil Co. of Nebraska	0	0	0	0	5	11	17	17	17	18	22
*Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey	0	0	1	1	1	1	3	30	65	65	57
Standard Oil Co. of New York	2	6	18	35	68	113	230	363	450	520	622
Standard Oil Co. of Ohio	0	1	1	1	10	17	28	34	42	78	139
Standard Sanitary Manufacturing Co.	0	0	2	3	3	4	4	6	10	15	23
J. H. & L. Stadler Fertilizer Co.	0	0	1	1	3	3	4	4	4	11	13
Stark-Tuscarawas Brewing Co.	0	0	0	1	1	2	7	12	12	12	13
Sterling & Welch Company	2	4	7	7	8	8	11	14	14	16	18
Sterling Products Company	0	0	0	3	6	8	8	8	9	14	14
Stern Brothers	0	0	8	18	18	19	21	22	22	25	44
Stewart & Company	1	1	2	4	6	7	8	8	8	12	12
Stewart Taxi Service Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	16	29	43	42	50
Stone & Webster Interests	0	1	1	1	2	2	8	15	22	31	37
Strawbridge & Clothier	0	0	0	2	4	4	9	15	15	15	20
Stroehmann's Vienna Bakery	0	0	0	2	2	2	10	10	11	14	31
Sun Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	10	15
*Swift & Company	0	0	0	2	2	10	101	109	127	164	213
Swift Canadian Company	0	0	0	1	2	2	2	6	7	11	17
Tacoma Bottling Works	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	10	15	17
The Taxi Company	0	0	0	0	2	4	13	13	14	14	14
Wm. Taylor Son & Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	4	4	24	24
Telling-Belle Vernon Company	0	3	4	4	9	11	11	13	20	42	42
The Texas Company	0	0	0	0	0	9	11	11	11	64	110
Texas Pacific Coal & Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	25	24
Theurer Norton Provision Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	6	8	12
Tidal Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	9	11
Tide Water Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	4	27	28
Twin City Motor Bus Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	19	19	21
Union Electric Light & Power Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	8	8	8	12
Union Carbide & Carbon Co. Interests	1	1	1	2	3	6	16	18	21	20	24
Union Oil Co. of California	0	0	0	1	10	22	43	156	216	251	289
Union Gas & Electric Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	19	21
Union Transfer Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	11	12	12	12
Union Wholesale Lumber Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	6	11	12
United Drug Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	22
United Gas Improvement Co. Interests	0	0	0	2	3	15	41	64	64	65	73
United Natural Gas Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
United Shoe Machinery Corporation	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	10	10
United States Bakery	0	0	0	0	1	2	2	11	14	20	24
United States Rubber Co.	0	0	0	1	2	5	5	9	14	16	19
U. S. Post Office Department	0	0	0	21	28	104	132	298	445	463	485
U. S. Steel Corporation Interests	0	0	1	1	2	3	5	13	17	17	20
U. S. Trucking Corporation	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	14	20	51	47
Updike Lumber & Coal Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	5	12	12
Van Dorn Iron Works Company	0	0	1	2	2	2	2	5	6	7	13
Van Dyke Taxicab Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	10
F. G. Vogt & Sons, Inc.	0	0	0	1	2	3	5	12	14	14	14
John Wanamaker	0	0	0	0	0	6	27	37	37	63	84
Ward Baking Company	0	0	0	0	0	12	53	76	76	78	84
Webster Transportation Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	14	15
Raphael Weill & Company	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	12	12	20	20
Western Electric Company	0	0	2	4	5	5	9	15	19	24	28
Western Meat Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	11	12	27	27
Western Motor Transport Company	0	0	0	0	1	1	3	6	6	22	22
Whitaker-Glessner Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	5	6	9	15
R. H. White Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	13	13	13	11
White Taxi Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	24	24	25	43	37
White Taxicab Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	11	11	11	11
White Transit Company, Inc.	0	1	1	2	6	9	19	29	31	36	44
E. H. Wiener & Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	8	6	10
Willard's Chocolates, Ltd.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	12
Wilson & Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	2	22	32
Winchester Laundry	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	4	10
Wm. Winkler (Steele-Wedeles)	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	12
Wofford Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	4	13
Woodward & Lothrop	0	1	1	3	3	4	7	13	16	13	15
Geo. Worthington Company	0	0	1	2	2	2	4	8	10	15	15
Yellowstone Park Transp. Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	106	112	112	136	158
Yosemite National Park Company	0	0	0	1	7	7	25	27	24	25	27
Zartelmeyer Coal Company	0	0	1	2	2	3	4	5	10	10	19
Zumstein Taxicab Company	0	0	0	2	2	6	10	20	25	25	25
	60	206	510	1007	1698	2575	5874	7379	9081	12075	15403

THE WHITE COMPANY
Cleveland

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Select *Good* Varnish

LARGE industrial users of varnish select *Lucas Varnishes* as the standard finish for their products.

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HOUSTON, TEXAS JACKSONVILLE, FLA. MEMPHIS, TENN.
RICHMOND, VA. SAVANNAH, GA.

Purposely Made for Every Purpose

(Continued from Page 68)

this to? I want to know. To Jesse—and who else?"

"I'll never, never say a word!" cried Amy solemnly. "Never—to any living soul!"

Marty Griffin wiped his brow. "Good!" he nodded. "Now, little lady, you go back to Jesse and you tell him to employ the best counsel he can get. Tell him to plead not guilty and to leave the rest to me. You tell him it's important to leave the rest to me."

"I'll make him leave the rest to you," she said.

She delivered the message to Jesse with all the emphasis at her command. Jesse nodded understandingly.

"I don't know but it's good advice," he said. He regarded her in a curious way for a moment.

"I was puzzled by something that you said when Griffin called," he went on. "I recall your words. You were saying that it didn't happen at the courthouse and that it wasn't sixty thousand, it was thirty. Just what did you mean?"

"It wasn't at the courthouse—it was at your apartment in the Gouverneur," returned Amy, her eyes wide with innocence; "and the figure mentioned—that you told me—was thirty thousand. I'm sure you said it was."

"Oh, of course," said Jesse; "you mean the proposition that Marty Griffin made."

Jesse pleaded not guilty to the indictments. His counsel went over the ground carefully with Marty Griffin's counsel; and then marked time. But Marty Griffin didn't mark time. Ten minutes after he had entered his plea Marty steered Lorenzo into the prosecutor's private office and had a conference.

"Lorenzo," he complained, "what are you driving at?"

Lorenzo smiled a wide smile. "Marty," he returned, very much at his ease, "the place hitherto occupied by Jesse Oliver is temporarily vacant. In the course of a few months the vacancy will become permanent. It will remain permanent until it's filled. Behind me stalks public opinion. I've got support. I'm going to fill that place."

"Who's going to put you there?" demanded the leader.

"The privilege is yours for the asking," smiled Lorenzo.

"Not in ten thousand years!" cried Marty Griffin.

"You—prefer, then, to stand trial?"

"I'm standing trial," said Marty Griffin. "No man can put my sacred person behind the bars and get away with it. You may be able to convict Justice Jesse Oliver, but not the Honorable Martin Griffin. Make very sure of that."

"One conviction will satisfy me," nodded Lorenzo. "That will still leave a vacancy upon the bench."

Marty Griffin went his way. He cast a sleepy glance or two in the general direction of the Men's and Women's League. A bird's-eye view confirmed the suspicions he had had. The personnel of this organization included soreheads and disappointed office seekers. It was backed unofficially by Lorenzo. What Lorenzo said here, went.

The league furnished the instrumental means by which Lorenzo expected to make headway in the future. So far, so good. In the showdown Lorenzo could control the operation and the influence of this Men's and Women's League.

Marty Griffin then directed his attention to the three witnesses who had appeared before the grand jury. Personally and with exceeding care he investigated the private history of each one of them. His own district leaders, in the districts in which these men severally lived, reported on the men. He discovered that these three were citizens who always voted right. This meant that their votes could be had under any circumstances for an adequate consideration. Marty Griffin couldn't use this information; it was highly confidential. But it was significant. Marty spent a day or so at the courthouse, examining the sheriff's records and the trial minutes of the county clerk. The three men were professional jurors; their names appeared on four panels out of five. They were frequently in evidence on disagreeing juries. Several times one or more of them had joined in verdicts in favor of Lorenzo's clients. The votes of these men could be bought; it followed that their verdicts had been bought. These men were crooked men. They could be handled.

But Marty Griffin fell into no trap. He knew well that any attempt to handle them in this instance would prove a boomerang. He satisfied himself that Lorenzo held these men in the hollow of his hand.

These men were crooked men. Suppose it could be proved they were crooked men. Lorenzo still held trump cards. Public opinion didn't need witnesses of sterling character in a case like this. It needed witnesses who would take an oath and say things under oath; all that a jury in this case would ask was evidence that would make a prima facie case. It would hang Jesse Oliver and Marty Griffin on a very slender thread. Martin Griffin knew that he could frame these three men and throw them into jail. By doing so he would make martyrs of them. No thoroughfare. It all came back to just one man—Lorenzo.

He proceeded to delve into Lorenzo's past. Here, too, was suspicion, but no actual proof. Lorenzo had been an unethical, tricky lawyer, but he had kept well within the law. He had kept out of the limelight. Nobody had ever made any charges against him. Never had he been under investigation. The fact remained that he didn't stand well with the bar at large—though it would have been a huge surprise to Lorenzo to realize that fact. Here again, however, suspicion but no proof.

Marty Griffin, with a sigh of disappointment, but with a quizzical smile playing about the corners of his mouth, tucked his notes away in an inside compartment of his safe and sat down to wait for trial.

The court room was packed on the morning of the trial. The bar was heavily represented. So was the Men's and Women's League, its members distinguishable by the blue ribbons that they wore. Lorenzo, with exceeding skill, had created a furore over this disgraceful exposé of local politics. The atmosphere of the court room tingled with sensation.

Jesse Oliver and his wife were there. Marty Griffin was on hand. Rutherford was ill in bed; he had determined at any cost to stay at home. Otherwise the stage was set.

"The state is ready in this case," nodded Lorenzo to the court.

"The defendant Oliver is ready," announced Jesse's array of counsel. Marty Griffin's lawyer was a twenty-five-year-old tyro. "Ready," remarked this youthful advocate.

Lorenzo, who was only almost ready, was swept off his feet. He had expected that the other side would make motions for delay. He sent his assistants scurrying for his witnesses, who had not yet arrived.

"Both sides ready," nodded the judge. Then he fixed a pathetic and somewhat appealing eye on the prosecutor. "Gentlemen," said the judge, "notwithstanding both sides here are ready to proceed, notwithstanding that in ordinary circumstances I should consider it my bounden duty to try this case, yet as the matter stands I feel embarrassment. My relations with the defendant, Justice Jesse Oliver, during the brief period of his hitherto incumbency have been so unusually intimate"—here the court took out the judicial pocket handkerchief and blew the judicial nose—"that I feel that I cannot here do justice to the state."

Jesse Oliver stared. Of all the judges on the bench this judge had taken keen delight in snubbing Jesse; had treated him, in fact, with marked contumely. And now ——

Lorenzo was quite game.

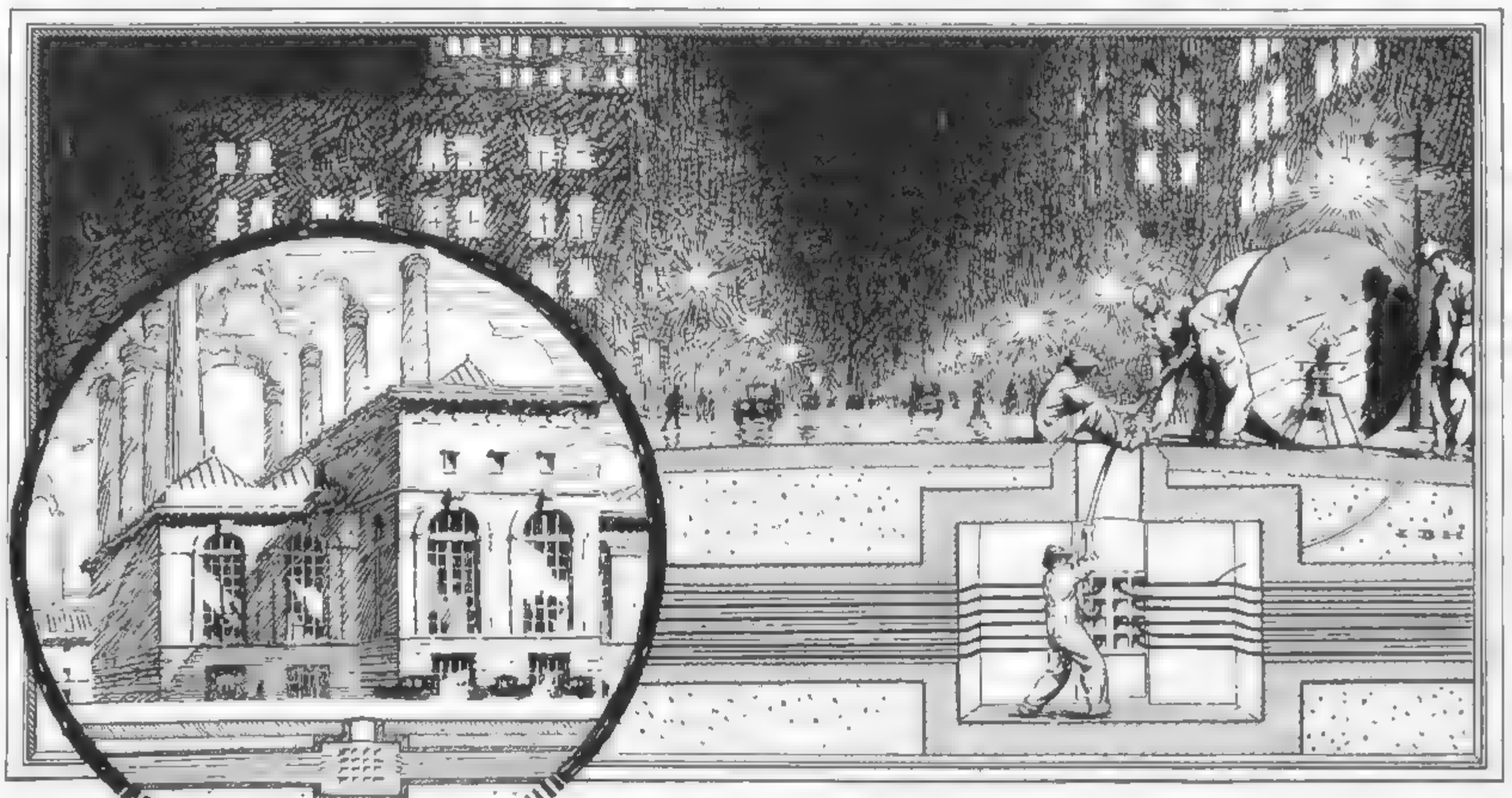
"Oh, Your Honor," cried Lorenzo with a great show of magnanimity, "the state will take the chance of that."

"Ah," returned the court, rolling up its eyes, "I also represent the state. I cannot trust subconscious bias. No; I shall send this case to Part Three, to Justice Calgary."

Next day the indictments appeared on Justice Calgary's calendar. Calgary was another jurist who had welcomed Jesse's advent to the bench with a cold and clammy eye. When the cases were called Calgary had the air of a man ready to try them forthwith and get it over. But he, too, was possessed of the warm heart, the cold feet.

"Now, gentlemen," he said briskly to counsel, "somebody has tucked these cases into my calendar without consulting me. I have no compunctions about sitting in these cases—none, none at all. But they're not here regularly. My own calendar must have the preference. I'll have to hold you over until the first Monday of the month."

(Continued on Page 74)



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Only a tremendous investment in boilers, generators and distributing equipment, and the constant maintenance of this expensive plant in operating condition at all times make possible at low cost the thousands of horsepower required for community needs, the silent, invisible force to light one lamp or any number of lamps.

Gone are the days when each individual household had to maintain its own lighting system. The troublesome days of candles and oil lamps have vanished, and today the local light and power company has assumed the burden of keeping the lighting systems of this country operating and in repair for the convenience of the public.

As new streets are developed and new houses are built, the local power company must increase its already large investment in generating machinery and transmission lines; must build new tunnels, install new cables. In other words, every new street, every new home means that the electric light and power company has an additional service to perform for the community. And every citizen who counts himself a responsible member of that community should lend his influence and stand firmly behind its efforts.

You and your representatives who regulate your light and power company demand efficient public service, which in turn demands the resources of such great manufacturing institutions as the Habirshaw Electric Cable Company; resources that are also available to accredited architects, electrical engineers and contractors, men whose expert knowledge and technical training insure the success of any electrical installation.

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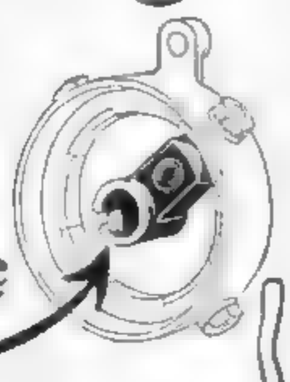

When you put this little brush in an old, pitted, "missing" timer shell, you get the perfect contact of a new timer, with *a fat, hot spark all the time.* Try it yourself. Get this

NEVER-FAIL
Timer Unit for Fords

from your dealer, or from us. Take out your old brush and slip in the Never-fail. *That's all.* No more "missing" caused by the roller jumping away from the contacts, for the Never-fail roller can't leave the track—can't be jarred away by bumps in the road or pits in the shell.

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The Never-fail Timer Unit fits any standard type shell. All wearing parts are of hardened steel—it requires no oil or cleaning—and it is guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your fifty cents will be refunded.

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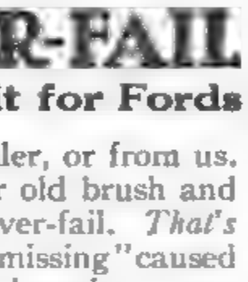
Good carburation always



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is another big investment in Ford comfort and economy. It brings more power—easy starting—smooth running—smooth and quick acceleration—freedom from carburetor troubles—real gas economy, for only ten dollars. And it's absolutely guaranteed.

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(Continued from Page 72)

Of the several terms of this court only two were set aside for the trial of indictments. The judges rotated. On the first Monday of the ensuing month two new judges took these two parts in hand. One of these judges was taken with an attack of chills and fever just after his calendar had been called; he was cold and warm by turns. He adjourned his entire calendar until the following day, with the exception of the Griffin-Oliver indictments, which, owing to their pressing nature, he shifted to his colleague just across the hall.

His colleague welcomed counsel with open arms, called counsel together for a private talk, asked feelingly whether there was chance of pleas of guilty being entered; found there was not; and forthwith set the cases down peremptorily upon his own calendar for the twenty-seventh of the month. This, it seemed, was the very best that he could do. On the twenty-seventh of the month the cases were on his day list, but unfortunately he was engaged in the trial of a long and tedious prosecution, with the result that the bribery indictments were not reached that term.

By this time it was very clear to the bar and to the public that the supreme-court judges, one by one, were sidestepping the distasteful task of trying one of their number for corruption. Lorenzo, with one or two newspapers at his back, got up on his hind legs and howled. It was clear to all concerned, the bench included, that something must be done.

It was done. The presiding judge called his associates together. He took a long breath.

"Well, gentlemen," he said at length, "who among us is going to be the goat?"

Silence. No man looked his neighbor squarely in the eye.

Justice Walkerry, a man with a tired face, one of the strongest judges on the bench, finally caved in.

"I know what you're getting at," he said to the presiding judge; "I'm the pack horse of this bench. I usually am picked to do the dirty work. Well, gentlemen, so be it then."

And so it was. The stage was once more set in Judge Walkerry's court, all hands ready, merely waiting for the word.

"Impanel a ——" began the court. He was about to add "jury." But he didn't. At that moment a court officer handed him a missive sealed with sealing wax. It was marked "Personal" upon the envelope, also "Immediate."

"Excuse me one moment, gentlemen," nodded the court.

He tore open the envelope and read the letter. He blinked his eyes and read it once again. Then fumbling with his robe he thrust the letter into an inside pocket. And then he bowed once more.

"Gentlemen," he proceeded, "we shall impanel a jury in this case."

There was a buzz of approval from Lorenzo and his pack. The jury was impaneled. It took two hours. The court then nodded once again.

"To-day is Friday. Having impaneled this jury," said the court, "we shall begin this trial at ten o'clock next Monday morning—sharp."

Monday would be three days away—three days more to wait. Before Lorenzo could utter an indignant protest Judge Walkerry had left the court room and had retired to his private chambers, where he denied himself to all concerned. From his private chambers he sent out to his colleagues an appeal for a private conference that afternoon. The private conference was held behind closed doors. Every member of the court was there.

"Gentlemen," said Walkerry, "in the matter of the Griffin-Oliver indictments ——"

"Oh, really," the presiding judge reminded him pleasantly, "you know, Walkerry, that's solely your affair."

Walkerry braced himself. He looked every member of the court squarely in the eye.

"When a member of this court is charged with corruption," he said sternly, "the honor of each member is at stake."

"Oh, not at all," said the presiding justice, with a yawn. "Are you trying to crawl at this late date, Walkerry? I'm told you've impaneled a jury in this case."

Judge Walkerry didn't argue the matter. He was getting nowhere somewhat to his surprise. He drew forth from his desk drawer a bulky mass of papers. He laid them in front of him. He fluttered their leaves.

"Gentlemen," he said, with the air of one appealing to a court of last resort, "before proceeding to the trial of these indictments I desire to make you acquainted with the fact that through—ah—an investigation of my own I have come into possession of certain data which may cast serious doubt upon the bona fides of this prosecution."

The data were the data carefully collected, collated and compiled by Marty Griffin and Marty Griffin's agents. Justice Walkerry explained their purport to his colleagues. They listened carefully, like men grasping at straws.

"What do you suggest, Walkerry?" queried a colleague.

Walkerry blinked his eyes. "On the whole," suggested Walkerry, "I think a private conference with the prosecutor—here, alone ——"

"And now," added another member of the court.

"And now," added Walkerry. He gulped down a glass of water gratefully.

The prosecutor was privately sent for, and he came. Justice Walkerry took the initiative.

"You will consider this conference a private matter, Mister Prosecutor," he remarked.

"And why should I consider it a private matter?" Lorenzo demanded belligerently.

Justice Walkerry shrugged his shoulders. "Of course if you prefer to have us all deny that this conference took place——" he said.

"Oh, well," returned Lorenzo, "we'll consider it a matter between gentlemen."

The judge glared at him. "I think perhaps," he remarked frigidly, "that you may have to convince us that it is."

"Is what?" demanded Lorenzo.

"A matter between gentlemen," said the judge. He tossed the bulky memoranda to the prosecutor. "Perhaps," he added, "you had better take a look at that."

Lorenzo took a look at it. The whole court watched him. Once, twice, thrice the pallor deepened on Lorenzo's countenance.

Finishing he tossed the papers back to Justice Walkerry. Lorenzo glanced in triumph about the room.

"There is not one charge in all that mass of rot," he said, "that rises to the dignity of evidence. Let me ask you, gentlemen, where is your proof."

Justice Walkerry smiled. "We have no proof," he said. "You are quite right, Mister Prosecutor. This is not evidence. We have no proof. And yet, these things have weight."

"What weight can they have if you haven't evidence?" cried Lorenzo.

Justice Walkerry kept on smiling. "Mister Prosecutor," he went on, tapping the papers with his glasses, "these are but straws that show which way the wind blows. They are not evidence, but they are straws. A good many straws—enough to have some weight."

"Not with a jury—not with the public," said Lorenzo.

"No," conceded Justice Walkerry, tying up his papers with a piece of red tape and reaching for a big brown envelope, "but this is just the kind of thing which, if placed *by this court* before the judiciary committee of the bar association, would prevent a man, ever and always, from getting a position on this bench."

Lorenzo started; he turned pale again; he swallowed hard.

"Suppose," he stammered, "suppose I have another conference with Justice Walkerry to-morrow afternoon."

There was no other conference next afternoon. And for good reason. Prosecutor Lorenzo was the servant of the people; for the people he had worked like a slave. Day and night he had worked incessantly in their interests. No man is made of iron. Next morning at his desk in the courthouse he succumbed to a complete nervous breakdown. He was taken to his home. His family physician and three specialists ordered him immediately to a health resort for several months' rest. During that period he was directed to forget completely his official duties. And he did.

Before the trial came on two of his chief witnesses in the bribery cases left the state for parts unknown. Lorenzo's first assistant, after a casual review of the evidence that he still had, joined with Marty Griffin's counsel in an application to quash two of the indictments. Jesse Oliver declined to make an application; he insisted upon standing trial. He stood trial. The one important witness still left in the case took the witness stand. Under cross-examination his evidence proved weak as water. Jesse Oliver, fortified by Marty Griffin, took the stand and denied the allegations which the prosecution had taken care not to establish. Under the circumstances the most rabid jury would have had to acquit. The absence of Lorenzo took the stiffening out of the backbone of public opinion. Jesse Oliver was vindicated. Once more he took his place upon the bench.

On the day following his restoration Martin Griffin called quite openly on Jesse Oliver in the latter's private chambers.

"Glad you came," smiled Jesse. "There's something about this case that I can't understand. Lorenzo could have won these prosecutions, and you know it. Why did he fall down?"

"Pressure," whispered Marty Griffin—"pressure brought to bear upon Lorenzo by the court."

"Of the court's own motion?" queried Jesse, puzzled.

"Pretty much," nodded Marty. He rubbed his nose.

Jesse thought it over. "Look here," he demanded. "What was in that letter with the red seal that was handed to Judge Walkerry on the occasion of our last time on call?"

Marty Griffin looked bashfully around the room. "It was a request from me," he said.

"What kind of request?" asked Jesse.

"A request," said Marty Griffin, "to give me his subscription for a book."

"What book?"

"My book," said Marty Griffin.

"Are you," asked Jesse, "the author of a book?"

"Not yet," said Marty, "but under certain circumstances I would have been. Under certain circumstances I was going to write one and get you to help me with it. I told the judge about it. I asked him to subscribe."

"Go on—what book?" persisted Jesse.

"Do you remember my telling you," said Marty, chuckling to himself, "of one justice on this bench that once slipped me thirty thousand dollars' worth of greenbacks?"

Jesse did.

"That man," went on Marty, "thought that all his colleagues were tarred with the same stick. They weren't. He only thought so. When we juggled these cases so they came before him, by gorry, he thought the whole bench had been put on trial. That man was Walkerry."

"No!" cried Jesse.

"Ah," said Marty, "there are men that will pay that are just as good as those that won't. Walkerry was the man."

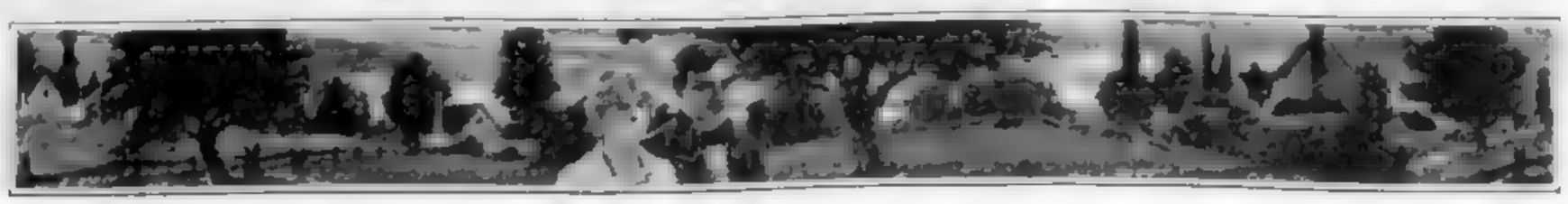
"You told him of a book," Jesse reminded him.

"Ah," returned Marty Griffin, rubbing his nose violently, "the book that you and I would write in prison, telling the history of the details of my method of picking judges for the bench."

Jesse thought about it for a moment. Then he chuckled too. He could well afford to chuckle. His skirts were clear. And then he frowned.

"Griffin," he said severely, "here's a case where both of us were actually innocent, and yet, because of your alleged past record, both of us came within an ace of doing time. Take my advice and quit before you start. You can't run past danger signals with impunity."

Marty Griffin bowed soberly. He borrowed obscure phrases from a one-time jester of the bar. "Your Honor is right, and I am wrong," said Marty Griffin, "as Your Honor generally is."



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THE ISLANDERS

(Continued from Page 19)

She stared apprehensively at the rough-chinned, bandaged philosopher facing her.

"You mean ——"

"I mean that you'll have to combine the duties of a chambermaid and a trained nurse for me, if I'm to give this tendon the absolute rest it ought to have," he answered soberly. "I'm just no good at all—a sort of middle-aged children's ward on your hands, you see."

He watched her narrowly. But an expression of unmistakable relief cleared her face; her sudden tension relaxed.

"Oh—that!" she said. "Don't think of it, Doctor Preston. I'll be glad to do anything I can, of course. Think what the nurses do!"

"You're a good sport, all right!" he muttered, surprised, obviously, at this simple acceptance of the situation. "Of course it's nothing for me or for a nurse; but you're not a nurse, you know."

"Apparently I've got to learn to be," she returned, more good-natured than he had yet seen her; "so if you can move at all I'd better make your bed, hadn't I?"

"I think I could slide into a chair, putting my weight on the back of it," he agreed; "but just stand by, if you will, while I do it. I tore a tendon once in my other leg, and I didn't treat it half seriously enough. It taught me a lesson."

She listened patiently to a lecture on bedmaking as differentiated from her broadly handled method of tucking the blankets, all together, in one tight parcel at the bottom of the mattress; and concealed fairly effectively her rage at an unguessed stupidity in the matter of boxing the corners.

"Now go and practice on your own," he suggested, "and if you'll pour some hot water for me and get that shaving kit from behind the stove, and leave me alone, I'll see what I can do. I was taught to be ambidextrous by my chemistry professor, thank the Lord, when I was a boy."

She left the room obediently.

"Isn't the rain slackening?" she asked.

"Has been for an hour. I think to-night will be the last of it."

In the evening, after their pork and beans, Judy looked up a little shyly at him.

"How does it feel now?" she asked. "Isn't there something I could do to make you more comfortable before I go to bed? I'm terribly sleepy, by the way."

"Thank you very much," he said slowly. "It doesn't ache nearly as much as I expected. I strapped her so tight she simply couldn't swell, you see. To-morrow I'll do it again. I don't think I'll need any help, but it's just as kind of you, all the same, Miss Wells. You're—you're very generous to me."

The old frown, like a veil, crept over her face.

"I didn't intend to be," she said briefly. "Good night."

In the chest of drawers in her room she found a man's sleeping suit, faded but clean; and slipping out of the clumsy unfamiliar underwear, with a dry little laugh, she put on the jacket and trousers, turning up the long flapping legs with careful accuracy. The rain beat very lightly on the windows now; it was hardly more than a mist. Once between the soft old blankets, a fog of dreamless sleep swallowed her instantly.

VII

THE light steady blue of a late August morning poured into the unshaded room and woke her. With a short cry of pleasure she got up from the bed, stood for a moment stretching her arms before the window, then listened, her breath held, at the crack of the kitchen door. Everything was utterly still.

She wrapped an old raincoat, noticed for for the first time on its peg behind the door, over her sleeping suit, forced her bare feet into the stained tennis shoes, thrust a bath towel from the drawer under her arm, and opened the front door with pains to avoid any noise. Halfway out she paused, considered a moment, then returned, and selecting the best of the stubby pencils from a basket on the table, wrote on a sheet of loose, blotted paper, "I have gone out for a bath. Back soon."

Bending, she slipped this under the door and turned away, only to stop again, hesitating. After a moment she lifted the simple iron latch with great caution and looked into the kitchen. Preston lay rolled in his blankets, even his head lost to sight. Laying the note on the chair by his bed she slipped out quietly, leaving the door half open.

There was a side path, well worn, at right angles to the way they had come from the beach, and at the end of it a little sheltered cove lay, blue in the morning sun. Down this path she had run in her rage of yesterday, and even as she wept and stormed beside it she had noted what a wonderful swimming pool it made. With the jacket flung on the salt wiry grass, dry as if it had never rained, she began at the trousers, but seized the coat again in a panic of terror at a snapping branch. Nobody and nothing was there, but she had not the courage to go on, and fastening on the coat hastily she walked down the tiny shelving beach and gave herself up to the cold, exquisite water.

Safely buttoned in the raincoat she hurried back along the path twenty minutes later, the damp pajamas under her arm, her braids hanging squaw-wise in the sun.

Preston sat dejectedly on his bed, wrapped from head to foot in one of his blankets.

"I thought you'd gone for the day," he said grumblingly.

"Oh, come now, Doctor Preston, it wasn't as bad as that!" she answered good-humoredly, as one answers a fractious child. "Didn't you see my note?"

"It was very thoughtful of you," he admitted, "but you might have left me a few things for a bath of my own, I should think!"

She flushed.

"I—I didn't think of that. So I might," she answered. "Can't I now?"

At such graciousness he could but unbend, and issued rapid orders.

"No—let the soap alone. Start your fire first, and the coffee and the cereal. Then bring me that largest kettle of water outside there, and the soap and a towel and some shirts and things—if there are any left," he added pointedly.

"There seemed to be," she answered coolly. "Anything else?"

"You might get a couple of buckets of water while you're waiting; the spring's off near that big rock you can see from the back door here."

"All right. I'll go in a few minutes," she said, laying some fresh clothes on the foot of the bed and slipping a final billet into the stove.

Her own things were quite dry by now, but when she came back, breathing quick, flushed, a full pail of water in either hand, she was still in knickerbockers, though her braids were bound like Gretchen's around her head. Preston sat clean and hungry on the bed; only a splashed area of the floor about him witnessed his recent struggles.

"My skirt shrank miles," she said abruptly, "and I tried to meet the belt, which was at least two inches too small, and tore off the hooks. I couldn't find any pins and—and so I kept these on. They're easier to kneel down in, anyway, if I have to dip that water out every day."

He nodded carelessly.

"See any boats?" he asked.

She gasped and her eyes widened in surprise at herself.

"I—I didn't look," she confessed. "I was trying not to spill the water!"

Again a quick nod from Preston.

"Coffee's ready," he said, "and I'll bet you're as hungry as I am, Miss Wells!"

After the wash-up, which she accomplished to-day with scarcely a word of coaching, Judy announced her plans.

"I thought it would be a good idea if I made a big fire on the beach," she began, "and rigged up some kind of a big flag and waved it. It's a lovely day and there must be boats out."

Preston puffed at his pipe consideringly.

"We-ell," he said after a pause, while her eyes searched his face keenly, "that's all right, of course."

"What's the matter with it?" she demanded impatiently. "You don't seem very enthusiastic over the idea."

"Why, I'll tell you," he said, "it's like this, Miss Wells: If I could be out there with you, I'd say go right ahead. But I can't. Now, to make any effect at all with your fire it would have to be a big one. I don't believe you've any idea of the work it is to build and keep up a big fire out of doors. The physical labor is tremendous. Then, the wood is pretty well soaked and we certainly can't spare any from the woodshed, nor any kerosene. Have you found any more than that five-gallon can?"

"No," she admitted.

"How many candles?"

"Eight or nine fresh ones."

"I wouldn't dare risk it. Then again, there's a good wind blowing up and if it keeps on south as it's begun, a spark might reach the house here—and good-by! I'm no use, you see."

"How about a flag of some kind then?"

He gave a short laugh.

"I'm afraid I've spoiled your chances there too," he said, shaking his head doubtfully. "You see, I let a troop of Boy Scouts use this island every summer for a couple of weeks in July and again in August. One of their great stunts is to signal to their friends on Whittlesey, and read them through a glass. They've got a big service flag the size of a sheet, and they wag it, off and on, all day, from the little rocky point on the end of the island, or from the beach to passing boats, on the chance of anybody's getting messages. Everybody around here's used to it."

Her face fell and she sighed, but her lips fastened obstinately together.

"All the same ——" she began.

"There's no harm in trying, is there?" he agreed. "All right—go ahead. And I'll tell you what I'd do: First pile up as big a fire as you can build on the flat top of the point, down by the end where we landed, you know. Driftwood, broken bits of that old pine—I'm afraid there won't be much. The boys tow old barrels and boughs over after them just to make fires, there's so little here. But you build it up and leave it to dry out in the sun. It'll go better to-morrow. About the flag—I'm afraid we haven't got much of anything. No sheets or tablecloths, you know. These blankets are far too heavy."

"But people on islands always wave something!" she cried impatiently, half laughing at herself.

"Oh, yes, in books!" he answered quickly. "They have flagpoles and sails and everything apparently. But I lost my boat one time when I was here alone, and I know what a fool I felt trying to get one of those darned oystermen to notice me! I'd wave and wave at launches that steamed by, and the fools only waved back and went on!"

A look of horror stopped him.

"Oh! I couldn't bear that!" she cried.

"Just so. I thought of that," he said quietly. "I imagined you might—lose your temper, perhaps."

"You don't think much of my temper, do you, Doctor Preston?"

"Well, I've noticed ——"

"Yes. Most people that live with me do," she interrupted hastily. "We needn't go into it, need we? I'll go out and build the fire anyway; it doesn't seem so hopeless when you're busy, somehow."

"Right you are!" he responded cordially. "And of course, you know, at any moment somebody may drop down on us. People coming for picnics or something. You might bring me a lot of that old scratch paper and what pencils you can find, before you go. I promised an article to a medical journal this week, and I might as well do it. I'll never have more time!"

As the echo of her steps died away on the path he burst into a short laugh.

"Poor little devil!" he said, and fell to chewing his stub of pencil.

The sun poured into the kitchen. The fire in the stove burned out. Three hours passed, by the doctor's watch, and still he chewed the pencil and scribbled, and still Judy did not come. At last he laid down the thick written sheets and stared a little anxiously out of the window, drumming with his finger nails on the chair seat.

"Now what'll I do?" he muttered. "Oh, well, hold your horses, boy, hold your horses!"

Suddenly the frown left his face; he heard her step. He dropped his free hand in his lap and sat, a figure of patience, waiting for her. She walked listlessly into the kitchen, her face drawn with fatigue, her eyes dull.

"I'm too tired to live!" she said, and dropped into a chair.

"Hard work, isn't it?" he agreed sympathetically.

(Continued on Page 80)

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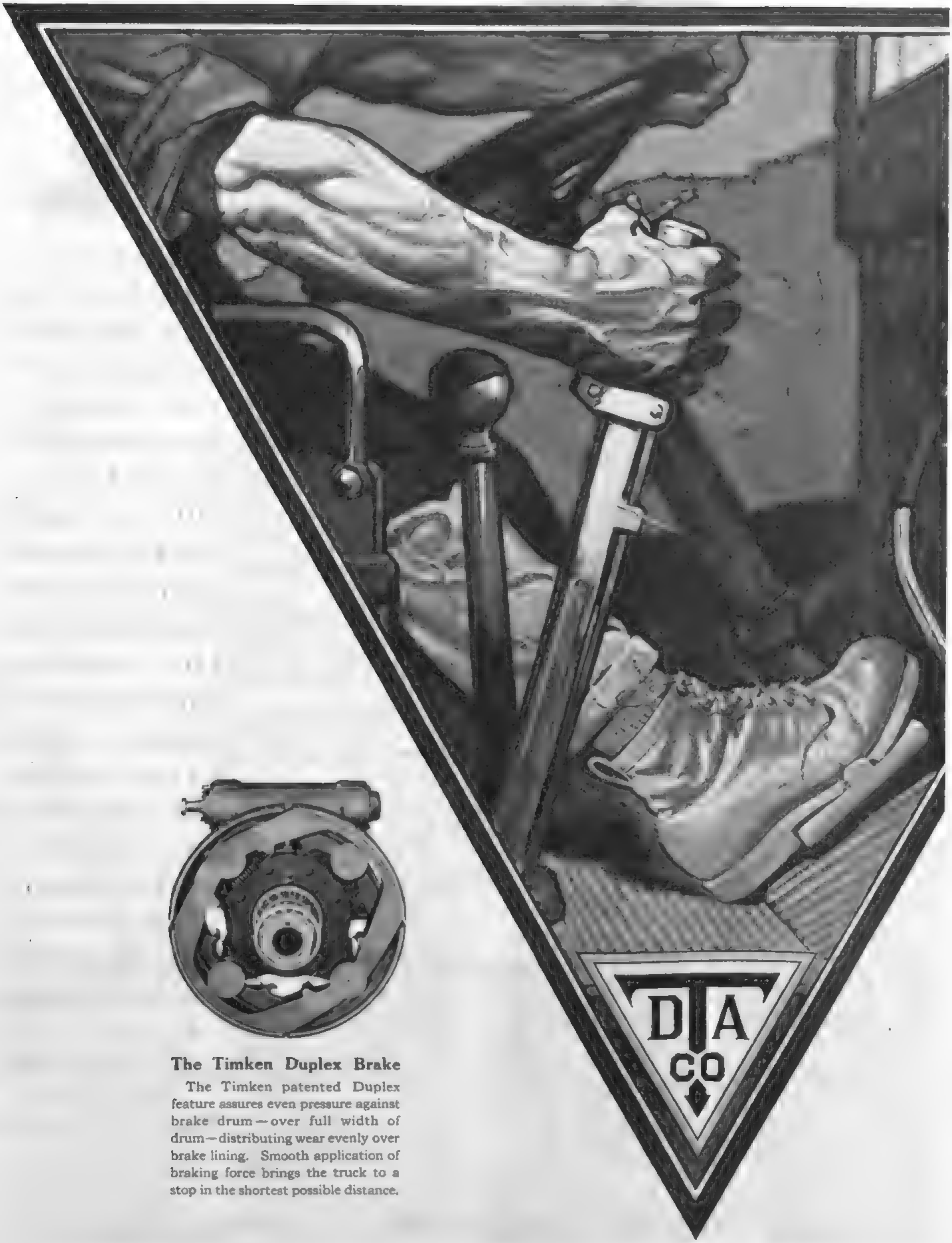

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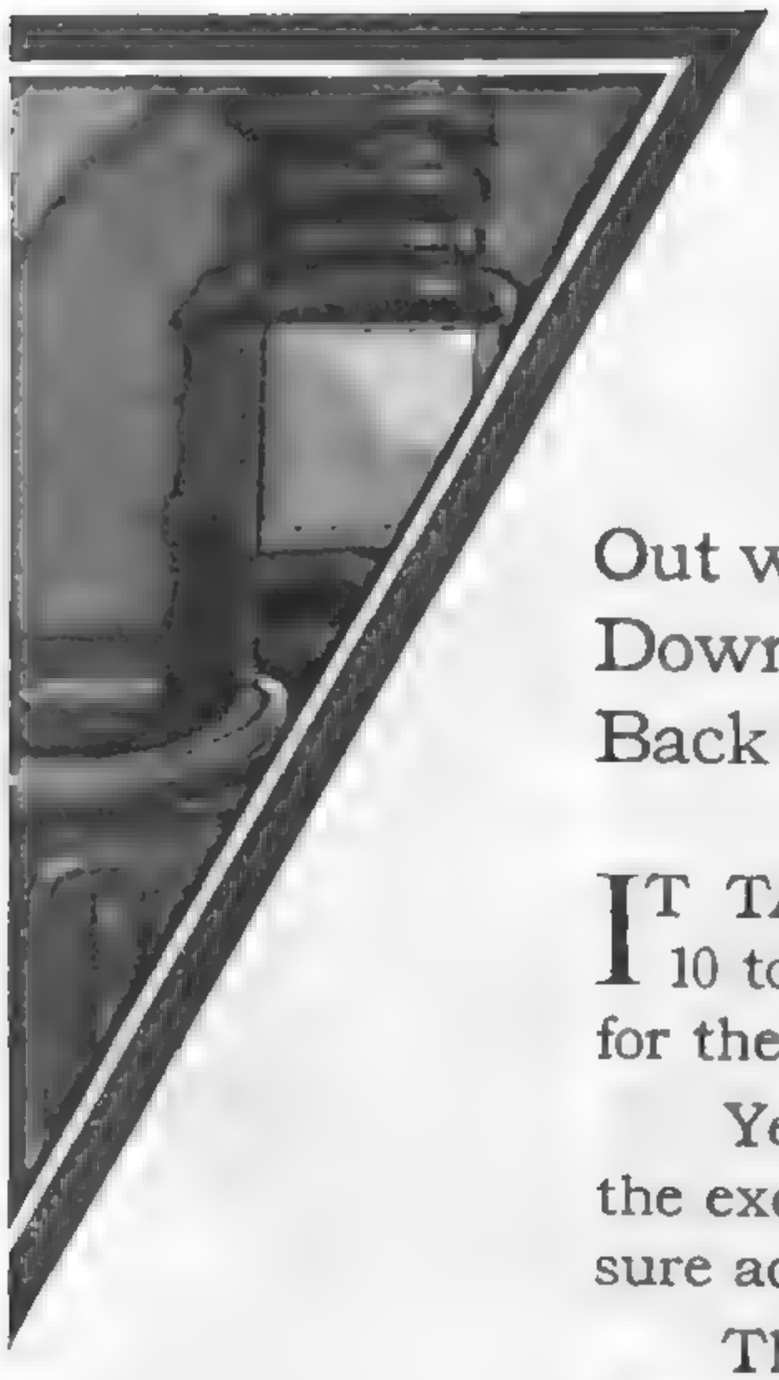

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Down on the service brake—
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(Continued from Page 77)

"Dreadful! And after all that work the pile isn't so big. I got every piece of wood within ten miles, I think. And I only saw three boats, and two of them were awfully far. Why don't more come, Doctor?"

Her lower lip shook a little; her voice was very sad.

"Why, you see," he said gently, "these islands are pretty bad places unless you know them well. It's simply riddled with shoals and reefs; they were probably all connected once. There are buoys and stakes out in the channels, and summer people are warned to study the charts pretty carefully or else take somebody along who knows the ground. Those of us who come up year after year know these islands as well as you know Columbus Circle, Miss Wells."

She sighed.

"This one seems particularly far," she said wearily.

"It is. That's why I picked it out. I might have had Whittlesey or even Flagstaff—two or three of us considered buying it together. But though it's farther out in the ocean it's right in open water, so to speak, and there's a lot more passin', as they say in these parts. So, as I wanted to get away by myself, I decided on Lone Pine, here."

She sat silent and dejected.

"What you need," he said after a moment, "is dinner. I'll be easy on you and suggest salmon and canned tomatoes and a cup of tea."

"I'd rather go without than bother," she answered listlessly.

"All right," he answered after a perceptible hesitation; "just as you say, of course, Miss Wells."

She sat profound in melancholy. Suddenly her eyes opened wider and a little color whipped into her cheeks.

"But—but I suppose you're hungry?" she suggested with a frank sigh.

"Well, it's a long time since breakfast!" he admitted.

Without a word she rose, started the fire, went for more wood to feed it, and, still silently, prepared dinner.

Once seated before her plate she ate hungrily, like a famished child, and, the last mouthful finished, sank into a chair, her eyelids literally falling over her sleep-filmed eyes.

Preston watched her narrowly, eagerly. He seemed intensely interested, even excited; his hands, reaching for the big tobacco jar, actually trembled.

Judy woke from a moment's doze and yawned heavily.

"I—I'm all in," she muttered. "I feel as if I'd had some—some sleeping medicine! I—I ——"

"Go and take a nap," he advised quickly. "Go—go now!"

A little surprised, she stared at his nervous tone, but the stupor mastered her again, and she stumbled, dazed as a drunkard, to her bed. The door swung to behind her. Preston looked at his watch; it was three o'clock.

For an hour he smoked steadily, lost in what appeared to be most successful meditations, for he smiled often and once chuckled triumphantly. Then attacking his papers, he read and slowly corrected them. Reaching down a pack of playing cards from the shelf above his head he began a widespread and intricate game of solitaire, reaching painfully over the blanket of his bed. It began to grow dark.

Raising himself carefully he pushed the stout kitchen chair ahead of him, dragging his leg cautiously at first, but little by little putting more weight upon it. Reaching the door he unlatched it gently and taking a heavy, knobbed walking stick from the corner of Judy's room nearest the door he leaned heavily upon it and walked, limping, straight up to her cot. She lay flat, her arms outstretched, submerged in a sleep so profound, so motionless that her breast scarcely stirred with the slow even breaths. He studied her closely for a moment, then quietly lifted one of her hands. Her whole body was utterly relaxed obviously; the hand dropped like a rag doll's. Blankets were piled on a chair, and lifting two of them carefully, using with a certain awkward efficiency the arm in the sling, he covered her with them, standing thoughtfully beside her afterwards, watching, watching in the fading light. At last he drew a long breath, nodded slowly to himself and limped back, closing the door.

From a tin box under his cot he drew a handful of heavy pilot biscuits and a lump of cheese, ate them with a slow relish, lit the tall candle in the tin candlestick, arranged it on the chair near his pillow, and addressed himself to a fat German volume from the shelf in the corner, making occasional notes in the margins. At about eleven o'clock he went to sleep.

VIII

WHEN Judy woke at last she stared vaguely around the room like a drowsy baby. Everything puzzled her—the gray blankets, her absurd clothes, the utter silence of the unfamiliar little room. Memory swam slowly to the surface of that sea of sleep that had drowned her, and suddenly she began to laugh—a clear hearty laugh like a child's. She jumped from the cot and swept across the room, throwing up the latch, then pausing, startled, to knock.

"Come in! Come in!" Preston called eagerly, and as she faced him, flushed and smiling, he laughed back at her.

"Don't say you're awake!" he said.

"You mean it's late?"

"It's three o'clock. Good afternoon!" he announced.

"You mean ——"

"I mean you've slept round the clock, as they say," he said. "How does it feel?"

She drew a long puzzled breath.

"It feels wonderful!" she said slowly. "I—I can't explain. I—what happened? I feel so different, Doctor Preston. As if something had gone—changed. I'm not —— Oh, what happened? What?"

His eyes left hers. He smiled contentedly.

"You've had a great old sleep, that's all," he answered lightly. "How about breakfast? Or shall we say afternoon tea?"

"I am hungry," she agreed more soberly, "but—but ——"

"But what?"

"Who got your breakfast?" she said; and then, her face falling, "Oh, I am so sorry! You should have waked me!"

"Not a bit," he assured her. "I've been making a few experiments and I think I'm safe for a little light travel to-day. I'm good for as far as the stove, anyway, with this stick, and I had some cold porridge and some crackers and cheese."

"Oh!"

"Perfectly good food—if you're hungry enough. But I think we can afford to celebrate, we've saved so many meals, you know. There's a can of vegetable soup there, and I found some pilot biscuit, and if you like I'll show you how to make pancakes."

"Oh! Pancakes are terribly hard, aren't they?"

"Come on—be a sport!" he urged; and that meal was a merry one.

He watched her, smiling; she was, it seemed, a new creature. Her step was quick and active, her eyes steady, her abrupt harsh ways and tones had sloughed off like an old snake skin.

"Are you sure you ought to stand up so soon?" she asked. "Don't run any risks, will you?"

"But I can't have you doing everything," he began.

"Why, Doctor Preston! How absurd—after I've just learned, too!"

She washed and rinsed and wiped; hardly a wasted motion now.

"You certainly are a quick learner," he told her.

"Oh, at first I was so tired," she explained, "I didn't seem to see what you meant. New things tire me so, you know. I mean, I get sad; but I feel so different now. I wish I could understand; since last night things changed. Why, I don't mind being here at all—do you know it? It's perfectly idiotic, I know, but in one way it's really rather fun!"

"That's the way to look at it!" he said. "You know, it's perfectly natural; a sleep like that accomplishes wonders sometimes, Miss Wells."

"Do I look different?" she asked curiously.

"Very different," he answered. "Would you like to use my shaving mirror?"

"It's too dark," she cried seriously. "I'm afraid I shan't sleep much to-night."

"On the contrary," he assured her, "I shall be much surprised if you don't. But get some water before it's really dark, will you?"

IX

THEY had now been five days on the island, and Judy had not mentioned the bonfire. On the sixth day Preston extended his walk to the flat rock, and at his suggestion they lighted the piled wood. But as she stretched herself beside it and took a long nap—she had swept and cleaned the two rooms, dragged the bedclothes into the sun and washed some of her clothes under his amused directions—and as the doctor read two old numbers of a scientific magazine during the bonfire, it is to be doubted if anything short of a boat drawn up on the rocks would have attracted their notice.

That night Judy waked with a start from her new dreamless sleep, and stared, her heart beating with a quick strange rhythm, into the moonlight that seemed to have been changed suddenly. Stiff with terror she threw a blanket around herself, found the door and listened. Surely someone was speaking!

"Doctor!" she cried sharply. "Doctor Preston! Are you there?"

"Coming! Coming!" his voice calmed her, and in a moment a match sounded; the door opened in another.

"A man came here! There was a light, and I saw a man's face staring at me!"

"My dear child, what do you mean?"

"In the window. And I heard a step. I am sure."

He looked searchingly into her eyes.

"Are you sure you were awake?"

"Sure? Why, the light waked me!"

"For heaven's sake! Well, whatever it was, you won't sleep again, will you? Come into the kitchen and I'll get one of the revolvers—oh, yes, there are two here, loaded!—or both, if you like, and we'll wait till it's light. Then we can go out and see. As a matter of fact, what would anybody want here? There's nothing to steal."

"N-no!"

"Here, sit down. I'll get the raincoat. Do you want to keep the light?"

"Oh, yes!" she gasped; and then, "Oh, no! He may come again!"

Preston shrugged his shoulders.

"If he went, I suppose he was scared," he said. "But the moon's light enough. Sit on the cot. I'll watch the window."

She sat in her blanket, pale, but safe with him. He, in the raincoat and bath slippers, revolver in hand, faced her, talking comfortably.

"As a matter of fact, you know," he said, "it's within the range of possibility that someone did come—though I can hardly believe it. But somebody who knows the island may have been out last night and got the idea of landing and sleeping here. One of the boys, maybe. Then he saw you and ran back."

"It wasn't a boy. It was a man—a negro."

"What!"

"Yes. I remember, because he looked like Henry, in your office."

He looked puzzled.

"Oh, well, we'll see in the morning," he said easily.

But long before morning Judy fell asleep on the cot.

When she woke, Preston was busy at the stove and the odor of coffee was strong in the kitchen. He was humming to himself contentedly. She slipped into the raincoat and as she rose he laughed and waved a spoon at her.

"The mystery is solved!" he cried. "You were right! Someone was here!"

"Oh! Who?" She paled and then grew red. "Are they—is it ——"

"I'm sorry, but he went, just as he came, in a boat. The marks are still there where he dragged it up—and his footprints. The fool! It's quite plain, Miss Judy, that Sanford expects to come here, and has sent some stuff ahead of him. Unfortunately the fellow that brought it didn't stop to verify anything. I imagine he got caught somehow, landed late, dumped the stuff, saw you, and was too scared to wake anybody and went back. But the stuff is up here."

"The stuff?"

"Wait till you see it! A sack of potatoes, onions and bacon, apples and oranges, a box of eggs, dried beef, prunes and apricots—Sanford's great on dried fruit—and a basket of green corn!"

"And you think ——"

"Here's the bill of lading," he said, and thrust a piece of wrapping paper into her hand.

"Mr. Sanford," it read. "Sorry not to see you, but am short-handed and send by oyster boy. Will bring rest myself later. No figs this week. Danny."

"But he saw me!" she faltered. "He must have known we had no boat."

(Continued on Page 83)

"Why don't you buy a NEW PERFECTION?"

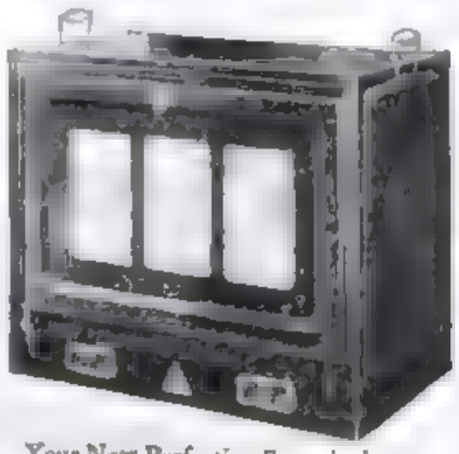
"It is so clean —it will cook anything, *and* it lasts for years"

KITCHEN mileage!—every extra step a woman takes increases the number of unnecessary miles she walks each day.

Before you buy a stove, talk with the owner of a New Perfection. Any New Perfection user will tell you from her own happy experience that the New Perfection cook *works* less and *walks* less—and gets the best of cooking results. For the New Perfection does away with those extra nerve-racking steps. It conserves kitchen energy—it reduces kitchen mileage. And it insures better cooking—delicious cooking.

Long Blue Chimney Burner Gives Speedy, Steady, Clean Heat

In preparing the early breakfast, you more than appreciate the instant response that the Long Blue Chimney gives. Just touch a match to the wick—it's ready for use instantly. No tedious wait for the flame to generate.



Your New Perfection Stove isn't complete without a New Perfection Oven

And that flame once set, stays put! You can depend on that—and you can see it through the little mica door. It burns steadily—boils the morning coffee and eggs quickly.

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"Why has the New Perfection that Long Blue Chimney?" you may ask. The answer is, so that the New Perfection can give you not only *intense* cooking heat, but also *clean* cooking heat. For that chimney is just the right length to allow *all* the kerosene to burn up clean—no soot can get on the utensils—no disagreeable odor is given off.

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There is always a constant uniform flow of heat throughout the oven. The three-point locking device keeps the oven door closed tightly—no heat wasted—and you don't have to open it because the baking is always in sight through the glass windows. The oven is strong but light in weight and is easily lifted about.

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It gives year after year of speedy, steady, clean cooking service—because it is built to last. The burners, for instance, are *brass*—won't rust or burn out.

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Because they have found that it is the sure way to *better cooking* and *less kitchen work*. It makes their kitchens cooler, cleaner, more comfortable rooms to work in. They have no sweltering fire to take care of, no ashes to haul—of *course* they like the New Perfection!

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CYCLE TRADES OF AMERICA, *Inc., 35 Warren Street, New York City, U. S. A.*

ad

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"Not at all. The oyster boy evidently meant to get Sanford, saw you, and was too shy to disturb you. They work all night, you know."

"But who did he think ——"

"Oystermen don't think," he interrupted. "He probably decided you were Mrs. Sanford—or—or somebody. It's hard luck, Miss Judy, but think of the green corn!"

"Hard luck?"

"Why, yes—your first chance to get away! And lost through that fool of a boy! But this means that Sanford'll be along to-day or to-morrow, you see. So cheer up!"

"I—it wasn't that," she murmured.

"No?"

"No. I meant that ——" She paused. "Why, he could have taken us off!" she cried out, aware suddenly of her stupidity, when Preston burst into laughter. She bit her lip and hurried to her room.

But Sanford did not come.

They feasted on the corn and apples, fried the bacon recklessly, roasted potatoes on the beach. Each day Judy swam and scrubbed and slept; each day Preston's leg grew stronger, though his wrist troubled him still. They walked over the little island, where the few paths permitted, and Preston, though he dared not swim, took a careful dip now in the sun-warmed pool, and assured her that the salt water benefited his leg greatly. Now that Sanford's coming was so certain Judy lost all interest in passing boats and only laughed when their signals met polite wavings from two sailboats and a launch.

"The idiots!" she remarked scornfully. "We might be dying here!"

"You don't look very dying," he answered dryly.

The girl bloomed like fruit in the sun.

"Oh, me! I'm all right," she agreed carelessly. "I wish you wouldn't swim out so far though," he added, a little doubt in his voice. "You see, I'm really no good if—if anything should happen."

"Happen?" she interrupted scornfully. "I suppose you aren't afraid of sharks, are you, doctor?"

x

ONE day slipped after another into its early evening, and twelve long hours out of every twenty-four of them Judy spent in sleep. Cleaning and cooking for the day filled her mornings; for luncheon they roasted potatoes and bacon on the beach, which they ate with cold biscuits of her baking, and fruit. In the afternoon, while Preston fished persistently from the farthest rock on the island, she napped on the sand, swam, and hunted for mussels, barefooted. A stew of these, made with onions, condensed milk and pepper, proved to be her favorite food, and she consumed bowls of it at a sitting. Rocks and underbrush had torn her stockings and she cut her serge skirt into strips, winding them like putties around her scratched brown calves. Her hairpins soon vanished into the sand and the sea, and her dark braids, tied with bits of twine, flapped like a schoolgirl's.

On their thirteenth day on the island Judy lay curled up in her after-luncheon siesta, alone on the beach. Fired with the ambition to present a perfect island to the amazed Mr. Sanford, she had arranged the woodshed and whitewashed the outhouse, which Preston had thoroughly cleansed. His suggestions that she should sweep the beach of seaweed and sandpaper the rocks she had scornfully dismissed, but she insisted upon a complete dissection of the stove and had herself found, among other treasures, a tin of stove blacking and, in spite of his taunts, applied it.

"I've taught you to keep house," he complained, "but, by George, Miss Judy, there's a limit to everything, you know. You'll be painting the shack next!"

"And a good job too!" she retorted swiftly. "I shall tell Mr. Sanford it needs it!"

A hearty spanking shattered her dozing dream of swimming miles under the green water, with Preston, a flat aquarium-shaped, finned thing, beside her.

"Well, you old lubber! Did you get the stuff all right? You said to-day, didn't you ——"

Judy rolled over, gasping with fright and rage, and the old straw hat fell from her head. Her braids tumbled from under it.

"Oh, my Lord! Madam, I—I can't tell you—I thought, oh, heavens!"

A slim, shy, sandy-haired man stood writhing in embarrassment and horror above her. Judy burst into delighted laughter. "You're Mr. Sanford!" she cried. "We thought you were never coming! Oh, please don't worry about it—you didn't hurt, really! You see, I hadn't any clothes. Were they—have they heard, in the hotel?"

"Heard?"

Mr. Sanford choked and mumbled; his eyes rolled helplessly.

"Oh, yes — heard. Oh, certainly. Heard ——"

"About me and the doctor," she explained impatiently.

"Oh. You and the doctor. Oh, yes. You see, I never go to the hotel ——"

His eyes fell from her braids to her knickerbockers; he stared desperately at the sand.

Judy stamped impatiently.

"I've got so used to wearing his clothes, I suppose I don't realize how queer I look," she dashed on, "but you see they're really so much more practical, anyway."

"Oh, absolutely! Oh, yes, indeed! More practical, of course. It's—it's lovely weather, isn't it?" he babbled.

Judy, more excited than she realized, sank upon the sand, overcome by a helpless fit of giggling. After a moment Mr. Sanford joined her in this exercise, and to Preston, striding hastily down upon them, they presented a strange sight.

"Well, we're saved at last, anyhow," he remarked concisely. "What's the joke? I see I needn't introduce you. I'm glad you got here, San. The matches were getting pretty low."

Mr. Sanford wiped his eyes foolishly.

"I haven't exactly been introduced," he said, "but I take it for granted this is Mrs. Preston?"

Woodward stared.

"Mrs. Preston?" he repeated. "What Mrs. Preston? What's the matter with you, anyway? This is Miss Wells. We've been shipwrecked here for two weeks. We couldn't seem to hail anybody, and no one knew where we were."

Sanford's face was as vacant of intelligence as any civilized face could be.

"'Shipwrecked'!" he repeated. "'Hail anybody!' But I understood you wanted ——"

"Where's your boat?" Preston interrupted hastily. "You make me sick! 'Mrs. Preston'! I suppose you think any two people cast away on an island must necessarily be married! This isn't a movie. And more than that, Miss Wells and I don't want to be married, anyhow. Strange, isn't it, after being on an island? Do we, Miss Wells?"

Judy's eyes never left Sanford's miserable face.

"Mr. Sanford," she said slowly, "what did you understand that Doctor Preston wanted? Why did you come to-day?"

Sanford grew paler. He straightened and looked with a certain dignity at them.

"Really," he said stiffly, "I don't know anything about it. Anything at all. If you want the boat, she's there. I think I'll go up to the house. Shall I see you later, Preston?"

"You'll see me as soon as I've taken Miss Wells to my place," the doctor replied, looking him straight in the eyes. "I'll be back this evening. Will you be kind enough to bring down that old raincoat of mine and chuck it into the boat?"

Sanford bowed, lifted his cloth cap and left them without a word. The two looked at each other. Judy had grown pale under her browned skin.

"What do you think I'm going to do now, Doctor Preston?" she said. "Do you imagine for a moment that I shall take a step into that boat without ——"

"I imagine that you'll step into it without wasting many minutes if you expect to step out of it in time to get your clothes changed and meet your aunt, who will be at my place sometime before dinner to get you," he answered promptly. "I suppose you don't want to frighten them to death, do you?"

"Where do the people in your sanitarium think that I am?" she asked, very low, her eyes on the sand.

"They think that I decided to put you somewhere else for your cure—which I did."

"There was nothing the matter with the Skoota, then?"

"Nothing at all," he said blandly.

A disagreeable smile curved her lips, red against her pallor. "But there was with you, wasn't there?" she reminded him. "You paid for all this, after all, didn't you?"

"I certainly did, Miss Wells," he answered. "You can realize, any time you wish to, just how I paid, if you care to put a perfectly good leg in a splint and a perfectly good arm in a sling—but it was worth it!"

"Oh! Oh!" she murmured, and sank down upon the sand.

"See here," he said, a little breathless but determined. "I said I'd cure you in two weeks, and I have. There was nothing else to do. You wouldn't have stayed overnight at my place, and I knew it. I knew that you were a bone idle, egotistic, pigheaded girl, with a perfectly good constitution which you were doing your best to ruin. You weren't entirely responsible for this, and I admit that you couldn't have controlled it, probably. But I decided that if you got a hard enough jolt—you could. So I provided the jolt. That's all. I want you to understand that to the best of my professional belief no artificial regimen would have succeeded. You had to be right up against it. So I put you there. I was convinced that your really good mind and your sporting sense would win out if I gave you a chance. But to do that—I had to take a chance. That's what interested me. I gambled on you. And whether you like it or not, Miss Judy, you must admit I won!"

He stopped and caught his breath.

"You sleep like a log," he said, forcing her to meet his firm brown eyes with her troubled brown ones. "You eat like a longshoreman. You work like a day laborer! You've cooked and scrubbed and piled wood and lugged water and slapped whitewash! You never lifted your hand to help out a human being, that I could find out—and, by George, you've emptied slops for me like a chambermaid! You wouldn't even have the decency to live on a diet for your own health—and you've dragged yourself up when you were ready to die with real fatigue, and made a fire to cook my supper!"

A large round tear slipped down her cheek. Her breast lifted high.

"Then—then I was always well, really—all the time?" she whispered, like a child too proud to cry.

"Not at all. You were in very bad shape," he answered instantly. "I wouldn't answer for you in another year. But what was the good of puttering along? I tell you, it was sink or swim. And you swam. Hate me for it if you like, my dear girl—but you swam like a good one! I'm proud of you!"

"Do they know?" she whispered.

"Not a word. Nobody knows but Henry. Oh, yes, it was Henry. He came to the wrong window. I wrote him some little notes to deliver every day or so. They're perfectly satisfied."

"But Mr. Sanford ——"

"Oh, I'll attend to Sanford. I'm coming right back. I always take three weeks off here in August, and I'll finish 'em up, that's all. I think we'd better be starting now."

In silence she thrust her hair under the old hat, in silence she put on the raincoat and strode off to the Skoota.

"Then Danny found it?"

"Henry found her all right," he answered briefly. "Hop in, will you?"

She sat in the stern staring, unseeing, into the blue. Preston started the motor and the Skoota buzzed and bubbled a moment, then caught her speed and darted on. Neither of them spoke a word.

At the lower dock of the little village the faithful Henry waited in the familiar little gray car. He scrambled from the wheel into the launch and Preston took his place, shouldering into the ulster ready for him.

"Everything all right, Henry?"

"Yas, suh; ev'rything's fine, suh."

"Good. Will you come in, Miss Wells? There's an extra coat here."

And again she sat in silence at his side.

At the all door of a comfortable rambling old building he left her in charge of a waiting housekeeper.

"Just see that Miss Wells finds all her things, will you, Mrs. Allen? She'll be leaving soon."

"Yes, doctor. Everything's all ready."

"I'll see you again when your aunt comes," he said briefly. "Tell Mrs. Allen if you want anything."

Judy walked upstairs behind her guide, a strange figure in the old straw hat and stained canvas shoes of—how long ago! It would have been difficult to guess her thoughts from her tanned set face.

Neither Possum nor Aunt Em looked twice at the freshly shaved gentleman in a

(Continued on Page 85)

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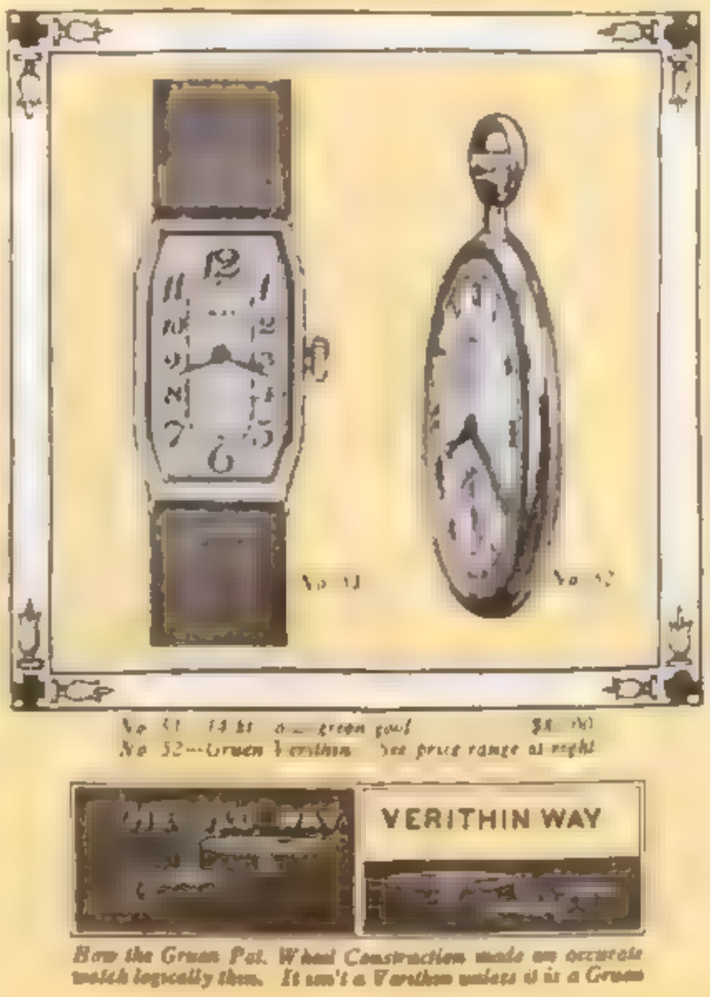
Here the Gruen craftsmen have also found expression for their ideals of beauty and elegance, as truly as did the great artisans of the earlier days of watchmaking.

Where Gruen Watches are conceived

In the Gruen workshops at Madre-Biel, Switzerland, the Gruen Watches are conceived. There, with the aid of American machinery, master craftsmen fashion the movements to the exacting standards of the guild. On Time Hill, Cincinnati, is the American workshop. Here the beautiful hand-wrought cases are made, the movements fitted into them, and then given their final adjustments and tests for accuracy.



How the Gruen Pat. Wheel Construction made an accurate watch logically thin. It isn't a Verithin unless it is a Gruen

In the accompanying panel may be seen worthy examples of the Gruen art of watchmaking. To the man who would find a sturdy, practical strap watch for the out-of-doors, Gruen offers Model 51 in solid green gold. Model 52, the Gruen Verithin, was America's first accurate thin watch. In it was solved a watchmaking problem four centuries old—the problem of decreasing the thickness of a watch without reducing the size or strength of parts.

At the sign of the Gruen Guild

Gruen Watches are sold only by chartered agencies, among the best jewelry stores in each locality. Look for the Gruen Service Emblem. There you will find these beautiful Gruen models and other Gruen masterpieces for men and women.

Prices: $25 to $750; with diamonds from $100 to $6000.

A book of Etchings and Photographic Plates showing Gruen Guild Watches for men and women will be sent if you are sincerely interested.

GRUEN WATCHMAKERS GUILD, Time Hill, Cincinnati, U.S.A.
Canadian Branch, Toronto
Masters in the art of watchmaking since 1874

GRUEN Guild Watches

Including the original and genuine "VERITHIN" model

(Continued from Page 83)

dinner coat standing beside Judy in the little reception room an hour later. They saw only her, and at her they stared and looked at each other and stared again.

"My dear—my dear!" said Aunt Em at last, and then, turning to Preston with a choking little laugh, "Is—is this possible, doctor? Is it true?"

"It's been very satisfactory on the whole," he said gravely. "Miss Wells has been an excellent patient."

Possum wrenched his eyes with an effort from the straight, sleek, deep-eyed creature in the corn-colored frock that turned her skin to a bronzed pink he had never seen before.

"Well, well, well! For heaven's sake! Was it in a bottle? You must have put on ten pounds, Ju!"

"My clothes are tight," she admitted gently. "Am I to go now?"

Preston bowed.

"As soon as you wish," he said.

Possum gasped.

"Thus this is hypnotism!" he exploded. "Will she mind us that way? Or do you have to be along?"

But Aunt Em glanced thoughtfully from one to the other

"She'll tell us all about it later," she said quickly. "Are your things ready, dear? I can't wait to get you home!"

■■

IT WAS in late October that Possum strode into the office and shut the door behind him meaningfully.

"Well, the game's up!" he announced. "I know all about it! You certainly are the darnedest, cheekiest —— Look here! Do you realize that you might have made an awful hash of everything with this island business of yours? Of course it's all right, and all that, but all the same, you know, it's pretty stiff if you look at it in one way!"

"Why look at it at all?" said Preston curtly.

"That's all right for you and Aunt Em to say ——"

"Oh, she says that, does she?"

"Yes, by golly, she does! And a woman too! You never know where to find 'em; honestly, you don't!"

"Well, I should say she was the best judge."

"I never," said Poss solemnly, "heard of such a thing. Nor anything like it. Never."

"Ah?" Preston inquired politely.

"And so matter-of-fact about it too. It's simply unnatural. Now if anything like that should happen in one of those magazine stories it would be all right, because the fellow always ——"

"Now, look here, Poss, that's enough of that. If you want that sort of slush go to the movies and get it, but for heaven's sake don't get the idea ——"

"Me get the idea? Me? Why, good Lord, it would be anybody's idea! Why should you do such a thing unless you ——"

"Well, I didn't," Preston cut in rudely; "and that's the end of it. Now forget it."

"You needn't go up in the air about it, you know," Poss began, staring at the doctor, who walked irritably up and down the room.

"I? I'm not aware that I ——"

"Well, you are, all right. I'm not saying that I think ——"

"Well, I should hope not! I should certainly hope not! If two people can't spend thirteen days together without—oh, you make me sick!"

Postlethwaite sat down in the office chair and took out his cigarette case.

"See here," he began curiously. "Are you in love with her?"

Preston snorted angrily.

"A man who knew as much about women as I do, and then fell in love with one, would be the greatest fool God ever made," he said.

"Well, but ——"

"There's no 'but' about it. Why, look here! Have I been anywhere near you since you came back to town?"

"No, you haven't. That's what Aunt Em noticed."

"Oh. That's what she noticed. Do women ever think of anything in the world but marrying?"

"Oh, well, she only thought ——"

"Now, see here, Poss! You can tell your aunt that I haven't the remotest intention of marrying. Neither her niece nor anybody's niece."

"Well, for heaven's sake! As if anybody ——"

"Bosh! She does. I know she does. They're all alike. She's made up her mind. You can't deny it."

"Well," said Poss hastily, "you know how women are. But I told her there was nothing in it, because Judy never even mentions your name."

"She never —— Oh, Lord, I knew it! I knew it! I was a fool ever to have done it. But it's no use, Poss, I won't marry her. She might just as well make up her mind to it."

Postlethwaite's fresh cigarette fell to the floor from his loosened fingers and rolled away.

"What's got into you, Woody?" he said, staring. "What are you talking about? Judy wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth."

"Oh. You think so?"

"Think so? I know so. She said so herself."

Preston sat down heavily in his swivel chair.

"Then it's all up," he said gloomily. "I knew it. I felt it from the beginning. She meant to from the very first—from the day she fell into this office."

"For Pete's sake, was it here she fell, that time?" Poss cried. "She never told us that!"

"No. She wouldn't have. She meant to from the day I looked after her in the sleeping car."

"Good Lord! Were you that doctor? She never told us that!"

"No, she wouldn't have. But I was that doctor. The doctor she means to marry. Oh, she doesn't know she means to, but she does," he threw in hurriedly. "She does. That's the way they are."

Possum sat speechless.

"You tell her," said Preston, fixing him with a morose, dark eye, "that I should never be able to have my meals on time, and wouldn't even pretend to. Tell her that I could never make any dinner engagements, and always smoke a pipe after my meals. Tell her I hate the theater and all I will go to is opera and chamber music. Tell her I never allow moth balls put in any of my things, and I hate to be kept waiting for people who aren't on time, and I don't like little dogs around, and ——"

"Why should I tell her all that rot?" Possum demanded, half laughing, half angry. "Tell her yourself if you think it's necessary. Why don't you?"

"Oh, well, you're right there. Why tell her? What good will it do?" He drew a long breath. "You can tell her one thing though," he went on, "and that is that she'd better pick a fair man. I'm too dark for her. That's the honest truth. She'd stand a better chance with a blond."

Possum shook his head.

"You may not be a blond, but you're surely an idiot," he said. "She mentioned only last night that she much preferred people with gray eyes. I remember it perfectly."

Preston pushed back his chair and waved his hands wildly above his head.

"Oh, all right, I'll marry her, I'll marry her!" he cried. "We won't discuss it any more! I might as well now as later, and get it off my mind. Tell her I will."

A curious expression grew in Possum's hazel eyes. His face was puzzled but his tone was soothing.

"Wouldn't it, on the whole, come better from you, old man?" he asked.

"I dare say it would. Tell her to be in this evening. I'll come up."

"I think they're going ——"

"Tell her to be in." Preston repeated obstinately.

"But really, Woody, if they're engaged ——"

"You tell her to be in! I'll be there at exactly half past eight. You can tell her that I don't care to go out in the evening very much, anyway, and that I loathe steam heat ——"

"For God's sake tell her yourself!" Possum shouted, getting up. "If that girl's fool enough to marry you, Wood Preston, she has my sympathy!"

"She has mine too," said Preston soberly, "but I'm afraid we'll have to try it, all the same. At half past eight, remember!"

As Possum stepped up to the street level the iron grille caught his eye. He paused a moment, remembering.

"The little devil!" he muttered, and then, as he turned toward home, "Heaven help you, missy, at half past eight!"

THE END)

Rest Assured—
For men who love luxury—
Faultless
Pajamas and Night Shirts
Art-weave fabrics —cottons, mixtures, silks—
In plain white, solids, and artistic color combinations
At 12,700 Shops
REG. TRADE MARK
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Pajamas and Night Shirts
"The NIGHTwear of a Nation!"
E. ROSENFELD & CO. MAKERS
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Faultless Underwear, the equal of Faultless Nightwear, retails at $1 and up.

The Successful

THE GENERAL
30 × 3½

Cord for Fords

Solving a problem that has puzzled tire makers for years

The General has solved the problem of Cords for Fords! It is no longer an experiment—but a proved, demonstrated success on thousands of Fords, Chevrolets, Maxwells, Overlands, Dorts, and other cars using 30 x 3½ tires.

American tire makers have realized for a long time that there is a tremendous demand for a good 30 x 3½ Cord tire—but it has been a baffling problem to produce a cord of this size which would live up to the standards that cord construction has established in larger tires. One big difficulty was to make a 30 x 3½ Cord which wouldn't rim-cut. That's the main reason why so few factories make this size.

Last year we kept track of more than ten thousand of our 30 x 3½ Cords. Only twelve of these tires were returned for adjustment—and they were injured by the use of under-sized tubes. There wasn't a single rim-cut or defective tire in the entire ten thousand.

That's why the trade looks upon The General as the successful Cord for Fords.

This latest General Tire achievement means that 30 x 3½ tires will now give you more mileage for your money than you ever had before. It means that your car will ride easier, with less wear and tear on its working parts. It means that you can also save gasoline.

This has recently been proved in a number of road tests. In every case, Ford cars equipped with General Cords ran at least three more miles on each gallon of gas than they made on fabric tires, which were tested under exactly the same conditions.

Forgetting the extra 5,000 or more miles that this Cord tire will give you, consider it from a gas-saving standpoint. The day you put your first ones on they will begin to make you money.

In addition to all these facts, the purchaser of a General Cord is still further assured of satisfaction by the record that all other General Tires have made for quality. Sales of The General Tire have doubled, or more, every year of its existence—and six factory additions have been necessary to supply the ever increasing demand. Today this great tire is delivering mileage at one-third the cost of 1914. This is the tire that has made good in the 30 x 3½ size just as surely as it has always found success in every other size and for every other purpose for which it has been offered and recommended by this company.

Go to The General Tire Dealer today. See this successful Cord for Fords. Its price isn't high for cord construction—and yet it has solved the problem that has puzzled tire makers for years!

Note: The General 30 x 3½ Cord Tire is as large as a regular 31 x 4 size. Always use our special 30 x 3½ "Cord Oversize" red tube or our 31 x 4 gray tube for perfect service.

Special Tank Shows Ford Dealers that Cords Save Gas

This is an arrangement that several Ford dealers have used to test the fuel economy of The General Cord as compared to fabric tires. In every trial so far the Cords have run the car at least three miles farther per gallon than it would go equipped with fabrics

Snow, Coombs & McBeath, Inc., Ford dealers of Boston, say:

"Special care was used to see that both types of tires were tested under equal conditions. In each instance the special tank was filled to the cap, the throttle of the car kept at the same mark for both tests, and the car was allowed to run at an even speed over the same course until it stopped, in each case, when the quart of gasoline was exhausted. In the test of the Cord tires, the speedometer showed that we had driven eight-tenths of a mile farther on the quart of gas than we obtained with fabric tires. On a gallon, this amounts to 3 1-5 miles more and represents a tremendous saving in fuel cost."

The F. B. Norman Company, of Wilmington, Delaware, and the Conroy Motor Company, of Worcester, Mass., are other Ford dealers who have made similar tests with practically the same results.

Built in Akron, Ohio, *by*

THE GENERAL TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY

E R A L

CORD

INSURE YOUR COMPLEXION

DON'T be too busy to take proper care of your skin! Neglect now will mean clogged pores, blotches, sallowness, roughness—in fact ruin for your complexion later on. Why risk it when regular cleansing with soap and water is usually all that is required to build a healthy, glowing complexion?

The soap you use, however, must be a good soap. That means one that is well made from pure, clean ingredients, contains no free alkali, lathers freely and rinses easily. RESINOL SOAP meets all these requirements and more because of the Resinol it contains, which helps it to soothe the skin while cleansing it.

It is not the "Spring of Perpetual Youth," but its regular use does help greatly to preserve the delicate texture and coloring of the skin beyond the time when most people lose them. It also tends to give that healthy, outdoor look which goes with a clear eye and a clear brain.

Buy a cake today—your druggist and toilet goods dealer sell it. Or, if you wish to try before you buy, write to Dept. 4-B, RESINOL, Baltimore, Md., for a free, trial size cake.

Resinol Soap

TOO MUCH SPEED

(Continued from Page 7)

Finally, determined to make doubly sure, he called a taxi.

"Santa Monica," he instructed the driver; "and there's ten dollars if you make it before the race starts."

He dropped back against the cushions. If anyone could wiggle through that traffic tangle in time it would be a professional taxi driver. And Old Pat was right. It lacked ten minutes to starting time when he slipped, a bit breathlessly, into Virginia's box in the grand stand.

"Why—why, daddy!" stammered Virginia. "I—I thought you weren't coming!"

Billy Dawson grinned a trifle nervously, but said nothing.

"Changed my mind," briefly explained Old Pat, intently scrutinizing the machines lined up for the start.

There were eighteen cars in all. Up at the head of the double line was Zeeker's big black Ronado. The sight of that car took Old Pat back abruptly to a scene at Indianapolis two years before. But with a distinct effort he focused his attention on the business of the moment. Across from the Ronado was a brilliant green Renco, then a Mono, a Rexford, two Fargotts, Hawks' Ronado, and back of it Dusty's old car, with Benny Britt, Dusty's former mechanician, at the wheel. And so on down the line. Every car was plainly recognizable for just what the oblong canvas sign fastened to the pit front said it was.

"Going to be some race, eh?" inquired Billy Dawson, trying to start conversation.

But Old Pat, chewing perplexedly on his cigar, did not answer. He sat back, scowling at the preparations for the start. Drivers and mechanicians crawled into their respective cars. Motors roared and backfired with tremendous explosions. A haze of hot castor-oil smoke rose, hung over the track and drifted into the grand stand. Unconsciously Old Pat sniffed the air like a hunting dog at a whiff of gunpowder smoke.

"Durn funny what's happened to that car!" he muttered to himself.

Abruptly there was an upheaval across the track. A big motor truck, loaded with spare tires, jacks and all the other paraphernalia so vital to a racing car, was backing noisily up behind a vacant pit. Simultaneously a heavy-set man buttonholed the referee, talked earnestly for a minute, then darted back into the crowd as the referee pulled a printed sheet of paper from his pocket and hurried to the nearest car.

Old Pat straightened up aggressively. A last-minute post entry of a car! Why in blazes hadn't he thought of that? He stood up and glared about for the new car, his cigar spouting smoke and ashes like a volcano.

Suddenly the vacant pit, at the referee's sanction—the drivers had all signed the post-entry agreement—sprang into life and the truck began to disgorge its load. Two men seized hammers and leaped over the rail to the track. Other men handed them an oblong canvas sign, a duplicate of the other banners which, fastened to the pit fronts, announced the names of drivers and cars.

Old Pat gripped the box rail until his nails cut into the wood. Why in blazes were the men so slow? Why didn't they at least turn the sign right side out?

From back of the grand stand there came the hoarse bark of a motor. The crowd at the gate parted to let the car pass onto the track. At the same instant the clumsy workmen straightened out the sign. It read, "Rhoades. Pakro."

Abruptly the grand stand heaved and shook with applause. Stranger slapped stranger on the back and yelled incoherent things. A man at Old Pat's elbow yelled: "I told you so! Old McMurran's slipped one over!"

That galvanized Old Pat into sudden action.

"I'll teach that kid a lesson!" he bellowed, diving for the box entrance. "I'll teach him to steal my car!"

But he suddenly found a slender form barring the way.

"Please, daddy, please! You can't stop Dusty! You ——"

The old man picked her up bodily to lift her aside, but Virginia's arms locked around his neck, and by sheer weight she pulled him down into a chair.

"Let me go! I'll stop that car if it's the last thing I ever do!"

"You can't, daddy! You simply can't. That isn't your car. It's Dusty's. Oh, don't you understand? I—I sold it to him. You—you signed the bill of sale yourself!"

The old man slumped back in his chair. "You?" he breathed. "You—too?"

He pulled his hat low over his eyes, deaf to the cheers that welled up as car after car left the line.

So this was Dusty's scheme for revenge—another heart-rending humbling of his beloved cars! The old man's eyes blazed dangerously.

Then a cheer mightier than any of the preceding ones boomed and crashed skyward. In spite of himself the old man looked up. A graceful crimson-painted car flamed and smoked on the starting line. But Old Pat's eyes saw something else—the mechanician—the hooded, goggled figure of Jimmy Rodman hunched down almost out of sight beside Dusty's bulking form. Old Pat's heart missed a beat. Jimmy Rodman—back in the racing game—back in the humble rôle of Dusty's mechanician! The idol of the past and the hero of the hour crouching side by side in the same car!

The old man's eyes narrowed puzzledly. Surely Jimmy Rodman would not lend his aid to any diabolical scheme further to disgrace the Pakro! At that instant Jimmy turned. His eyes sought out Virginia's box, met Old Pat's gaze, and his lips parted in a smile—a smile the breadth of which Old Pat had not beheld for more than two years; and as he smiled the mechanician's hands went up, clasped, then swept downward in a full arc. It was the old signal—"We'll win to-day sure!"

Abruptly something reached down and gripped Old Pat's heart. At least the old Pakro was going to have an honest chance. He started to his feet, the old war yell rose to his lips; then he relaxed. Dusty Rhoades was driving that car, not Jimmy Rodman. And Dusty wasn't running races for him because he loved him. The old man scowled at the track. Why had Dusty gone to so much trouble to get a Pakro into the race? There were but two answers. Either Dusty was playing some scheme for revenge or ——

"I knew it," Old Pat growled to himself. "Speed! All that kid cares for is speed and applause."

For ten laps, eighty-four miles, the score board was a vista of constantly changing numbers, the grand stand a pandemonium of speed-excited humanity. Never had such speed, such a wild mob fight, been witnessed on any road race course. And through it all, to the utter bewilderment of Old Pat, the Pakro forged steadily towards first place, steadily nearer Zeeker's madly flying Ronado. Zeeker was driving like an insane man frantically fleeing from some vivid hallucination. But each lap the Pakro crept nearer, and in its mighty, irresistible sweep forward there was no trace of the panic that characterized the Ronado's progress. Dusty might be a rabid speed maniac, but he handled his car with the calm precision of a veteran.

Old Pat, crouching in his box, watched Zeeker closely. There was something odd about the Ronado pilot's actions. Apparently he had thrown common sense to the winds. Every lap he careened wildly around the San Vicente turn and fled past the grand stand with his mechanician craning rearward as though watching the approach of some terrible monster that threatened to devour them, car and all.

And in the twelfth lap the mystery deepened. Zeeker's car skidded madly around the turn, straightened out and fled down the straightaway. Abruptly the crowd came to its feet with a tremendous yell. Close behind in the Ronado's smoke was the Pakro. Inch by inch Dusty gained. Slowly he pulled alongside. Then Zeeker did a peculiar thing, a thing discussed in racing circles for months afterwards. As the steady-traveling Pakro drew abreast Zeeker's Ronado suddenly shied off sharply towards the inside fence like a startled horse at a wind-blown paper. For several hundred feet the big black car scraped and bumped along the cement curb, threatening every second to turn turtle. Finally it veered back on the track and took up its flight behind the Pakro. But it traveled slower—much slower.

The grand stand buzzed with a hundred different theories for Zeeker's startling

(Continued on Page 91)

What is "Neglect of the Teeth"?

A hundred years ago the words "neglect of the teeth" were seldom used.

Now you hear the phrase time after time.

What does it mean to you? If it simply means brushing them once in a while so they will look clean, it doesn't mean enough.

There are causes of tooth decay which you can combat.

The London *Times*, describing a three days' conference on prevention of the diseases of teeth, held recently in Manchester, England, quotes an eminent British dental authority as declaring "that the one and only cause was action on the exterior enamel of the tooth of acid formed by bacteria from foodstuffs."

In other words, "Acid-Mouth" is a cause of tooth decay, according to this authority.

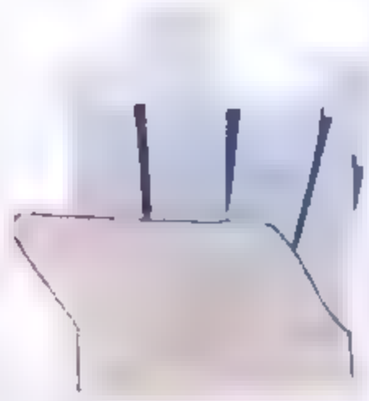
There may be other causes, as was believed by some dentists at the conference, but "Acid-Mouth" is acknowledged as a cause of much decay.

Pebeco Tooth Paste counteracts "Acid-Mouth."

"Neglect of the teeth" means not alone neglect of the looks of the teeth, but neglect of the health of the teeth and gums.

If by reason of your diet, or for other reasons, you have "Acid-Mouth," your teeth are sure to go unless you check it. Pebeco is scientifically prepared for this purpose.

A simple test will disclose the acid condition of your mouth.



Have You "Acid-Mouth" ?

It Is Thought To Be the Chief Cause of Tooth Decay

These Test Papers Will Tell You—Sent Free With Ten-Day Trial Tube of Pebeco

There are probably many causes that contribute to decay of the teeth, but dental authorities seem to agree that in the vast majority of cases decay results from over-acidity of the mouth. You can easily tell if you have "Acid-Mouth," and also see how Pebeco tends to counteract this tooth-destroying condition, by the simple and interesting experiment with the test papers, which we will gladly send to you upon request.

Moisten a blue Litmus Test Paper on your tongue. If it turns pink, you have "Acid-Mouth." Brush your teeth with Pebeco and make another test. The paper will not change color, thus demonstrating how Pebeco helps to counteract "Acid-Mouth." Just send a post-card for Free Test Papers and 10-Day Trial Tube of Pebeco.

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Also makers of Lysol Disinfectant, Lysol Shaving Cream, and Lysol Toilet Soap

On Gainaday Afternoon

It's Monday. It's washday. But she's entertaining friends for afternoon tea. She did a big wash in the morning. She ironed it too. And yet she isn't tired. She's fresh and care-free, ready for an afternoon of keen enjoyment.

The answer? Why, she just tumbled the clothes into her Gainaday Washer and a few minutes later out they came, all spotlessly clean. Electricity and the Gainaday did away with the tiring tasks of rubbing and hand-wringing.

And then her Gainaday Ironer relieved her of the rest of the burden of home-laundering. With twenty times the speed of hand-work it ironed everything beautifully while she sat comfortably and directed the job.

Is it any wonder she's unwearied and care-free and happy on Gainaday afternoons?

Would you like to be rid of the burden and drudgery of washing and ironing? Would you save your time and strength for better things? Then investigate the Gainaday way.

Write today for descriptive literature telling about these two wonder-working machines that do two days' work in one.

Dealers—Ask for details of the Gainaday Franchise

PITTSBURGH GAGE & SUPPLY CO., *Manufacturers*
3012 Liberty Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

WASHDAY IRONINGDAY GAINADAY
Two Days' Work in One

Gainaday

Washer Wringer

(Continued from Page 88)

maneuver. But not one of them was right. No one had heard the warning Jimmy Rodman had muttered in Zeeker's ear a few minutes before starting time.

"Our left-hand steering knuckle was crystallized and I had to put in an old stock one," Jimmy had said, his voice dead serious. "If we pass you give us room—lots of it. Understand?"

And Howdy Zeeker, his mind reverting back to a certain crash at Indianapolis two years before, had understood—perfectly.

"Zeeker's yellow," Old Pat growled.

"Certainly he is," agreed Dawson. "It took Dusty and Jimmy to show him up. And by the way, Pat," he added, "it's some race your Pakro is running. Sort of looks as though Dusty had busted the jinx, eh?"

"Billy was right," the old man agreed to himself. "They thrive on speed and applause."

Old Pat turned and gazed lovingly at Virginia's profile, and the fact that his car was slipping easily along a good three miles in the lead faded into insignificance. With startling vividness his mind insisted on visualizing the grotesque dream that had followed him so relentlessly. Almost nightly there had come to his bedside two ill-assorted companions—black-robed, malevolently grinning Death and fair-clothed Cupid—to dice on the counterpane of his bed for the life of the driver of the low-hung, fire-breathing car that roared and rocked around and around the room in an endless race.

The old man's lips pinched together in a white line. Which would win?

The answer came with startling suddenness in the thirtieth lap. With but five more laps to go the Pakro rolled into its pit. The referee ran to the side of the car as Dusty climbed out from behind the wheel and slipped off his hood and goggles with an air of finality. Old Pat sank back in his chair with a sharp intake of breath that was a sob. In the years his Pakros had been on the track he had grown case-hardened to defeat; but this time, deep down in his heart, he had permitted himself to believe that his car was actually going to win. "I ought to have known better than to hope," he muttered. "My cars are jinxed."

"Jinxed!" flared Billy Dawson. "Dusty isn't out!"

Old Pat looked up quickly. Dusty, holding the referee firmly by the arm, was insisting vehemently about something that caused Jimmy Rodman to protest violently. An anxious murmur ran over the grand stand. Each second Howdy Zeeker's big black Ronado was cutting down the Pakro's lead.

Then the referee nodded his consent. Dusty leaned over, caught Jimmy Rodman by the sleeve and half pulled him into the driver's seat. A pit mechanic leaped over the rail, seized Dusty's hood and goggles and scrambled into the mechanician's place. With a mighty roar—an exultant roar, it seemed to Old Pat—the Pakro lunged back on the track, a scant three hundred yards ahead of the Ronado, and fled thunderously towards the lower turn as Dusty nonchalantly climbed over the pit rail.

The announcer swung his megaphone into position and bawled, "Jimmy Rodman now driving Pakro!"

There followed a moment of silence, then the very foundations of the huge grand stand seemed to vibrate under the wave of applause. Old-time racing fans threw their hats in the air and yelled themselves purple in the face. The cheers rolled and swelled, died down, then leaped to life with increased vigor as the Pakro swayed around the San Vicente turn and thundered by. And Jimmy Rodman, hunched down behind the wheel, heard the ovation. His twisted shoulders appeared actually to straighten, and he responded with a daring skid around the old Nevada Avenue turn—just to show how he could.

Old Pat loosened his grip on the box rail and sank back into his chair. A soft arm crept around his neck.

"Isn't it wonderful, daddy?" whispered Virginia. "Isn't it just simply too wonderful for words?"

The old man nodded. Into his keen black eyes there had come an expression of intense admiration. It was wonderful, magnificent, the most magnificent thing he had ever seen! Dusty, the kid who cared for nothing but speed and applause, with a hard-earned victory but five brief laps away, had calmly stepped aside that Jimmy Rodman, unable to drive a full race, might once again flash victoriously past the checkered flag, might once again drink of the cup of fame.

"I'm sorry I tricked you on that sale, daddy," Virginia breathed into the old man's ear. "Will you forgive me?"

But just at that moment a crimson car, on the side of which was painted in white the numeral "9," rocked past the gaudy black-and-white-checkered flag that crackled in Jimmy Rodman's face. Virginia felt herself crushed as though in a vise.

"Forgive you?" boomed Old Pat's voice in her ear. "Why, child, it was the greatest piece of salesmanship I ever saw! Unless I'm a pigeon-toed, knock-kneed, busted prophet you're going to get a commission check on a certain South American order that'll make your eyes bulge!"

"For a wedding present?" she inquired.

"Well—er—that is—well ——"

But Virginia's question was abruptly answered by a cyclonic youngster in greasy coveralls who leaped over the box rail and pushed Old Pat aside. But Old Pat didn't seem to mind. Possibly he heard the words that the young man whispered in Virginia's ear.

They were: "From now on, honey, even a steam roller in low will have too much speed for me."

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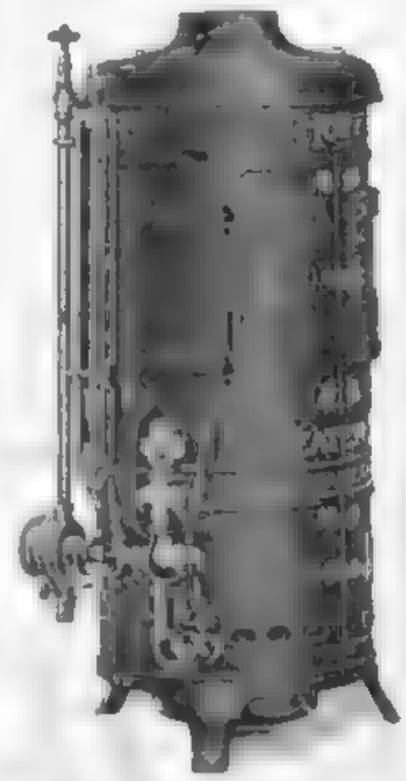

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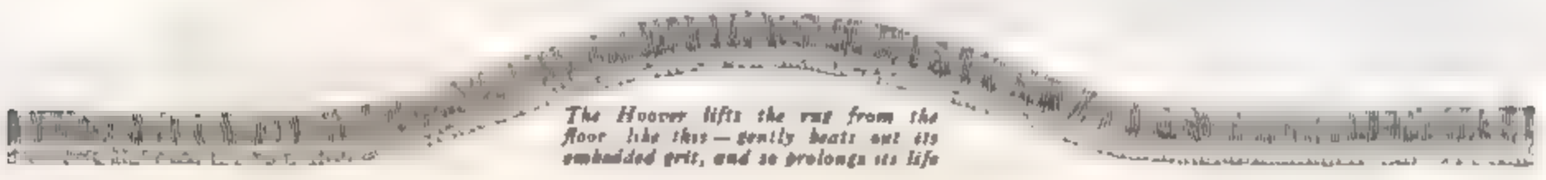


The Hoover lifts the rug from the floor like this — gently beats out its embedded grit, and so prolongs its life

THE SWORD AND ITS SHEATH

(Continued from Page 21)

it is even most probable that the ratio of strength would have to be pretty much what it is to-day. So long as we have inequality in national strength we shall have much the same situation, as far as the possibility of war is concerned, as we have to-day. So long as war remains possible, so long as it rests with the individual will of nations, so long as they can keep what they can gain by war, they will fight for what they want or what they conceive to be their rights with what arms they have, just as the North and the South began the bloodiest war of the last century with negligible armaments.

An even more potent reason for saying that disarmament cannot prevent war lies in the nature of modern war. Mechanical progress has entirely changed war. No longer is it confined to small, highly trained professional armies. Steam and motor transportation and the tin can now enable millions of men to live and to move where not one-tenth of that number could have existed a century ago. Air transportation will in the future permit a still greater augmentation of force. Mobilization has taken on a new meaning, summed up in the expressive phrase "the nation in arms." The potential war forces of the nations now dwarf their kinetic forces—their standing armies and navies—though it is not so far back in history that these two stood at much the same stature. Compare our present army of 175,000 with the four million armed men, and more, which we know we could put into the field. Look at the harmless chemical plant, making dyes and perfumes in peaceful times, but capable of a metamorphosis which will bring forth high explosives and lethal gases when the need arises. And the planes of the aërial mail may be the bombers of to-morrow's war. A modern industrial nation is potentially a huge war plant.

The soldier knows that disarmament cannot suppress war because the potential forces of the nations, the real war forces, cannot be disarmed. He knows that the essence of war is not armament but will. He knows that, to suppress war, the will to war must be curbed by a concentrated purpose which admits of no dissipation of force, moral or material.

Of Hague Tribunals and other arbitration projects without force behind them there is little a soldier can say. They offer means of arbitration when nations are willing to arbitrate, and they have an educational value in that they keep alive an idea and an ideal. In so far they are of undoubted benefit. But it is only too obvious that they have not in the past prevented war. And in a troubled world there seems to be little hope that mankind will reach that degree of self-control under which the most harassed and war-excited nation at any given moment may be counted on to choose voluntarily and invariably the arbitration of foreigners rather than its own means of enforcing what it believes to be its rights.

The Price of Peace

As war-suppressing machinery these three projects—leagues, disarmaments and tribunals—can but leave the soldier amazed. He will grant that his view of them is not that of the philanthropist, and even that it is sometimes prejudiced; but he still maintains that they do not cut clean to the root of the matter and that the essentials of the problem are not being reached. What then are the essentials, as he sees them? What sort of organization might successfully suppress war?

First, it must be international. We must certainly regard a federalized world control as but little less possible—and perhaps hardly less desirable—than a world domination by some power capable of giving us a new *Pax Romana*. No alternative remains but an international organization. This means that its basis must be international agreement to do and not to do certain things, but it does *not* mean that it must necessarily include all nations, at least until they prove their fitness and trustworthiness for the work in hand.

Does this international agreement mean that a nation concerned must surrender its sovereign right to make war at its own will and agree to do so only when an international body of some sort calls on it for aid in restoring international order? Yes, just that. We cannot suppress war and still retain the right to make it. Articles X and XI of the Versailles League somewhat timorously presented this very simple truth. They have been attacked on the ground that they surrendered a sovereign right. But why worry about the technical retention of our sovereign right to make war or not, as we see fit, if we really mean to suppress war entirely? Why not face the issue squarely, even if it involves an amendment to the Constitution of the United States? For any real renunciation or suppression of war would limit the positive affirmation of the Constitution that "The Congress shall have power . . . to declare war." We cannot eat our cake and keep it too.

Second, the organization must be simple and single-minded. It must say, "This one thing I do." We are dealing with a very old institution. War is accepted by millions as a natural phenomenon. Their fathers before them for a very great many generations have tried it and found it productive of very definite results. It is true that it is a tool for the accomplishment of human will which has for some centuries been growing increasingly crude. The outlay it entails has been steadily increasing in proportion to the results it may bring. Nevertheless, it still brings results which can be had in no other way, and mankind has so far shown no marked confidence in any substitute offered. The breakdown of the many substitutes which have been tried has but confirmed his set habit of thought that war is a necessary evil. If we are to prevent the use of such a tool we must take psychology into account. We must single-mindedly refuse to complicate our problem with any unnecessary objective or process whatever. We must reduce our machinery to its simplest form, so that it may be both tangible and understandable to mankind in the mass. For a factor necessary to success would be the confidence of many men in many lands that this new international machinery could and would succeed.

War Made Ineffective

If, then, the soldier sees the problem in terms of international agreement as the hypothesis, and simplicity of aim and method as the basis on which the necessary confidence may be founded and built up, how would he then proceed?

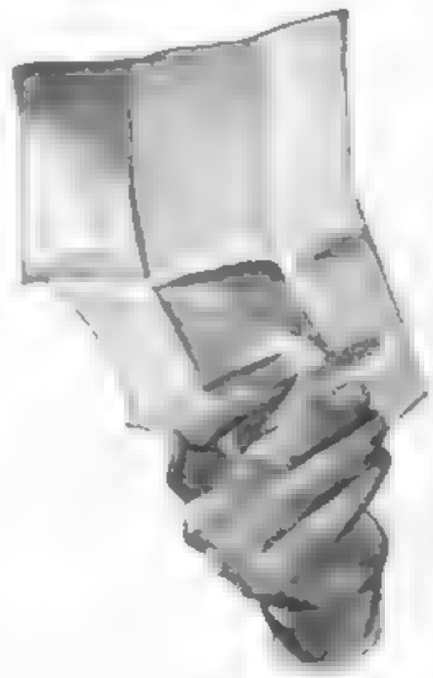
Here he reaches firm ground—that of his own profession. For his problem now becomes that of conceiving only such necessary force, applied only in such necessary way to the weakness he knows to exist in modern war as will render war ineffective. He assumes that, could war be rendered—and proved to be—ineffective of any results for which it is waged, it would not be waged.

Norman Angell said, "War is ineffective. Why resort to it?"

The soldier says, "War is not ineffective; but it can be made so, and then it will not be waged."

The results, whatever they may be, for which one side or the other wages a war can be obtained only by offensive action. The offensive must take the form of an invasion by land, water or air. Invasion means a time-and-space problem. Within a given time and space certain objectives must be gained if the offensive is to impose its will on the defensive and win. The defensive cannot win save by exhausting the time factor of the offensive. War is ineffective of results if neither side can win. Neither side can win if it cannot solve its time-and-space problem.

Modern conditions have both extended and limited the space factor in war—extended the fronts of contending armies and limited the areas capable of manufacturing the enormous quantity of intricate munitions they require. The time factor has been greatly limited. The attrition of time on a nation in arms, or anything approximating a nation in arms, is almost incomparably greater than that attrition in the simple days of the professional or adventurer armies. The net result of all this—the extended fronts of the unwieldy armies, the limited areas capable of producing their munitions and that hour glass of time pouring its grains of gold faster and faster each year—the net result is a huge, intricate, delicate combination which can be deranged and rendered ineffective by the application of exterior force.



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Fold a piece of ordinary window shade material tightly. It cracks and shows pinholes

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Brenlin *has no* "filling"—

Like school chalk, "filling" in an ordinary window shade breaks and crumbles.

An ordinary window shade must have this brittle chalk or clay "filling" to give weight and body to flimsy, loosely woven base-material.

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You'll be surprised to find how much like fine, strong linen Brenlin looks—how beautiful its texture! See it at the Brenlin dealer's in your town in all its soft, rich colorings. And see Brenlin Duplex, made for perfect harmony with a different color on each side.

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This is the crux of the problem, as the soldier sees it: The employment of a force capable of suppressing war by rendering it ineffective. Let us take a case in point as the best way of presenting this idea. In June, 1913, a certain area in Macedonia lay in dispute between Bulgaria, Serbia and Greece. It was occupied by Serb and Greek armies. All three nations had agreed to submit the dispute to the Czar of Russia, and their commissions had started for St. Petersburg. Suddenly the Bulgarians attacked the Serbs and Greeks simultaneously. They sought to occupy the territory in dispute and present a *fait accompli* at St. Petersburg. While this fighting was going on in the southwestern corner of Bulgaria, Rumania to the north and Turkey to the east declared war on Bulgaria and advanced on her territory. Within thirty days the war was over. It had been rendered ineffective by the action of powers outside the dispute.

Now this Second Balkan War was not an example of altruistic action on the part of Rumania and Turkey for the suppression of war. Far from it. Nor was the strangulation of the war wholly due to Rumania and Turkey; for, as a matter of fact, the Bulgarian attack on the Serbs and Greeks happened to fail, and the latter also advanced on Bulgaria. But it does illustrate the possibility of disrupting the time-and-space factors in the military calculation of one contestant to the extent of making his war aims unattainable. The Bulgars thought that before they could be prevented from doing so by any outside power they could seize and occupy the territory in question. The Serbs and Greeks defeated and driven out, they thought they could then turn and face any potential enemies, and that they would probably be allowed to retain their gains because no other powers would care to fight for them.

A Preliminary Agreement

There are here two points to be noted: First, the war which Bulgaria began was promptly strangled as soon as a situation developed which entirely isolated her from the world by a blockade of encircling enemies and which shattered her time-and-space calculation. Second, had it been known to Bulgaria that Rumania and Turkey would first isolate her and then advance on her, and that they would do this not selfishly but *for the suppression of war*, she would have realized the hopelessness of gaining her point by war. For such an action on the part of outside powers would have made her time-and-space problem insolvable. Even could she have defeated the Greeks and Serbs and seized the disputed territory, eventual failure would have been certain in the face of outside powers strong enough and determined enough to see, in the interest of international peace, that she got nothing out of the war.

On a larger scale the World War can be used as a rough example of the same idea. Had Great Britain and America been pledged in 1914 to suppress international war in Western Europe, first by isolating it and then by such action against the aggressive power or alliance as would effectually prevent any gain from war, can it be supposed that the Central Powers would have gone to war? Consider for a moment the difference between this suggested isolation and strangulation of war and the present benevolent custom of declaring neutrality. Under the present system the general custom of nations is, on the outbreak of war between foreign states, to declare their neutrality—and then to loan money and to sell material of war to either side or both, as their individual interests dictate. If a fire breaks out do we declare neutrality—and then stand by to furnish fuel to the flames?

But to return specifically to the problem as the soldier sees it—to conceive of only such necessary force applied only in such necessary way to the weakness of modern war as will render war ineffective.

Let us conceive of this force in its simplest form, without any unnecessary trimmings. Since one of the essential factors in its eventual success is the confidence of mankind in its determination and its power to succeed, and since that confidence can only be built up slowly, let us even begin with a force of limited application. It must certainly not be applied to the suppression of civil war or rebellion. It is organized international war on the modern and largely prearranged plan which the world needs to suppress. Let us beware the meddling into the private affairs of the nations exhibited by the Holy Alliance.

First, then, we must have a group of what we might call pioneers in this business of suppressing international war. It must consist of progressive nations which have shown themselves sincere in their desire for international peace. The Group must not be too large, for we must make a simple beginning and avoid needless complication. On the other hand, it must be large enough to insure the force necessary to suppress any war which touches it. For example, the Pioneer Group might be the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy, Belgium, Brazil, Chile and the Argentine. With the sole purpose of suppressing war they must be agreed:

To refrain from making war independently on each other or on nations not in the Group;

To appoint a board, on which each nation of the Group shall be represented, whose *sole* function shall be that of determining when a state of war exists between two or more nations at least one of which is a member of the Group;

On the announcement of the board that such a war exists, jointly to declare *all* nations involved in that war under ban;

To act jointly against each nation declared under ban until it renounces the war and any gain it might derive from it. This joint action to take the form, first of complete severance of relations, and later, if necessary, of direct military action against that banned power or alliance of powers which takes the offensive, to the end that all the banned powers may be forced, one by one, to renounce the war;

When the war has been renounced by all the nations involved in it, to take no further action.

Here, then, is a limited group with a limited mission. Its war-suppressing powers are limited not only to international war but to international war which involves at least one of its members. The amount of sovereign power surrendered by each nation is cut down to the essential minimum—the power to make war independently. There is no question here of foreign dominion or of a superstate, beyond the negative control which forbids war and the power to make that negation effective. Nor is there any hostile rivalry to the League of Nations or to the Permanent Court of International Justice or even to any probable disarmament convention. The Group could in a large measure coexist with them all, since its single purpose is the suppression of war. The essential point is to form an international nucleus, quite independent of, but not necessarily hostile to, any alliance or league or arbitration or disarmament convention, which will bid for success by eliminating every commitment and complication not essential to its single purpose. To carry this single-minded simplicity to its logical end it must even renounce any attempt to adjust differences after it has suppressed a war. This simplicity is practical, given the will to carry it out.

The Functioning of the Group

How would such a Pioneer Group function in the suppression of a war? In the interest of tact let us call the members of the Pioneer Group A, B, C, D, E, F and G. Suppose F and G to become involved in war—no matter how—with two powers not in the Group, X and Y. The board having decided that a state of war exists involving F, G, X and Y, the remaining nations of the Group declare all four warring nations under ban and sever diplomatic and commercial relations with them. It may be supposed that F and G, as members of the Group, would then be inclined to renounce the war and join the rest of the Group in suppressing any further war proclivities of X and Y. Both X and Y may also be tempted to renounce the war for their own reasons.

But let us suppose the war fever runs so high in the four nations that none of them do renounce the war on the declaration of the ban. A, B, C, D and E then proceed to blockade the four powers under ban to the extent now permitted nations at war under international law. They not only close their own frontiers to any aid that might be sent to any one of the banned nations, but also, to the extent of their military and naval power, shut off neutral contraband of war from them. If among the banned nations there is one or more which is fighting in self-defense or in defense of its honor, or for any motive other than the hope of direct imperialistic gain from the war, the Group will have now brought about a situation which will almost compel it to renounce the war. For in renouncing the war it simply

(Continued on Page 97)

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WESTINGHOUSE BATTERIES

(Continued from Page 94)

renounces any material gain it might win in the war, and it may remain on the defensive, militarily, until the war is suppressed. The conception of national honor to-day is not stretched so far from common sense that a nation fighting in defense even of its honor could not honorably pursue this course.

We are imagining a test, however, so let us suppose that all four banned nations remain intransigent. A, B, C, D and E must now put into active use their military and naval forces. These forces should be under the single control of a small group of men. The lesson of 1918 is there to show that, though this is difficult, it is not impossible, and its advantages are enormous. These forces are brought to bear, of course, on that nation or group of nations which assumes the offensive, militarily. F and G invade X, we will suppose. The Pioneer Group strikes at the source of power of the F-G combination. This source of power would be, generally, the bases of military production of F-G. In assuming the offensive F-G must reach out, away from their bases. Thus their offensive itself lays the source of their power open to attack by the Group. The reaction would generally be the complete paralysis of the F-G offensive.

But even should F-G conquer X; even should they then turn on Y and conquer her, they would still find themselves at war with five powers pledged to maintain that war until all involved in it agreed to return to the *status quo ante*, with no winnings, compensations, reparations or adjustments whatever. The time-and-space factor in F-G's problem would be extended to that time necessary to conquer the space represented by the vital areas of all five powers.

F and G might perhaps find allies willing to aid them in their war on the Group. It is more likely that neutral nations would come in, if at all, on the side of the war-suppressing Group—witness the World War. It is still more probable that about this time both F and G would be willing to concede the truth of General Sherman's famous dictum.

Popular Opinion a Growing Factor

Perhaps the future may produce a power or a small group of powers so strong or so stubborn that such a war could be continued and the Pioneer Group finally defeated. We only know that this is hardly possible to-day; that success in war must depend more and more on mechanical production; and that the great producing nations are inclining more and more towards renunciation of war as a means of gain. We also know that, should any power or alliance of powers be able in the future to defy such a Pioneer Group, international peace would be impossible of attainment by any means whatever. Short, then, of the rise of a combination able to impose its will on the civilizing forces of the world in the true Prussian sense—an assumption which must be barred as incompatible with any security or progress—war could be made ineffective, and suppressed.

This imaginary test has been pushed to the point at which we must conclude either a successful suppression of war or the overthrow of the nations grouped together to suppress war. As a matter of probability, however, there is little reason for pushing the test to this limit. The severance of relations by productive nations and the blockade are themselves great war powers. They alone would probably accomplish the end desired in the general case without actual resource to arms on the part of the Group. Nations no longer fight blindly, without reason. Popular opinion is a strong and rapidly growing factor in the conduct of war. Given a chance, and a continuing chance, to get out honorably, such as I have suggested under the term "renunciation of the war"; given a chance to remain on the defensive while proclaiming to the world that it fought not for material gain but for defense: given a decent way out in its own eyes and in the eyes of the world, what nation would persist in continuing a war for its own aims in the face of almost certain ultimate defeat?

From the military point of view there can be little doubt that a small group of progressive and productive powers could suppress any war which involved one of their number, provided they had the will and the single-minded purpose to do it. And they are the very powers whose real interests lie most clearly in the direction of international peace, and which, seemingly at least, are most anxious to establish it. Once established, the advantages of peace would tend to draw other nations into the protecting circle of the Group. And so, in the measure of the world's fitness for international peace, it would be attained.

But from the psychological point of view the direct enforcement of peace necessitates the acceptance of the idea of paying for it in money, in service and—if necessary—in blood. It is so much easier and more pleasant to conceive of the suppression of war by the voluntary acceptance of arbitration, or by the moral pressure of a League of Nations embracing practically the whole world and charged with the solution of so many other difficult problems. It is so much easier to deceive ourselves into thinking that, because disarmament would ameliorate the burdens of peace, it would also prevent war. So long as there is a chance of suppressing war painlessly and without sacrifice, it is perhaps too much to ask of human nature that we should get down to the cold basis of facing facts.

A Symbol and a Weapon

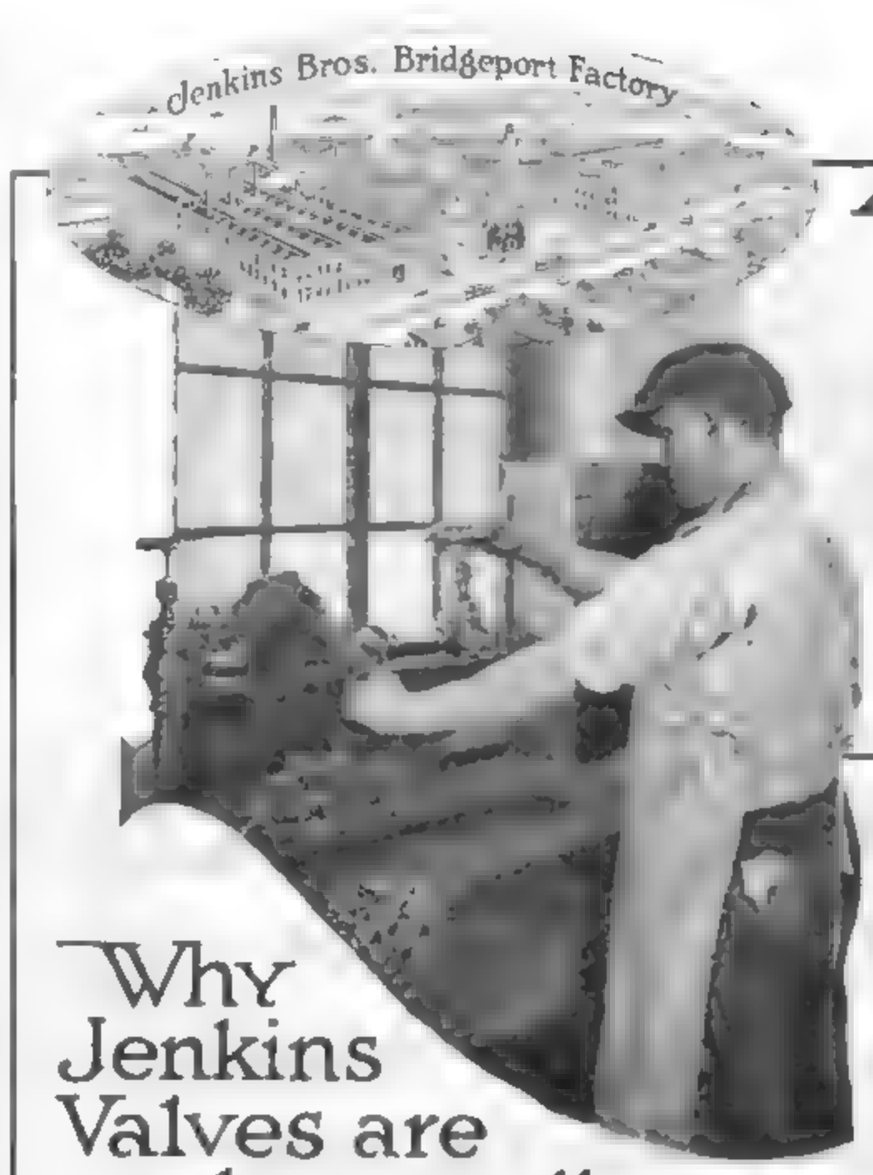
Yet the facts are there. Every man knows that peace is maintained between individuals and between the smaller communities by armed force, backed by the will of the majority. It is paid for in money and service, and the power so purchased is tangible. In the face of that power, skepticism as to the maintenance of peace becomes risky. Habit comes along later, and confidence; and gradually we come to think of the policeman's truncheon as a symbol and not as a weapon. But it is a weapon. When necessary it becomes a machine gun.

And it is not difficult for anybody to reason back and see that peace and order were brought about within the nations by the slow, steady building up of forces adequate to the end to be attained. All men did not voluntarily give up their individual prerogative of securing their rights or their desires by their own strength. It was simply taken away from them—eliminated slowly but surely by the formation of peace-compelling forces.

The modern skeptic says that the nations will never pay such a price for international peace; just as, no doubt, the ancient skeptic said that man would never pay the same price for individual peace. But he did. For individual peace, for the peace of smaller communities, man gave up the right of making war in his own behalf, his dream of the dominion of his sword over his fellow men and the pleasure of using it to satisfy his private justice or vengeance. Those in power in those old days, those whose ambitions and lusts were high, must have laughed to scorn the idea of a community enforcing peace and order. But slowly, by the development of a single-minded purpose and forces adequate to its attainment, individuals and groups in all lands have been deprived of their ancient war privileges—some voluntarily, some only after wisdom had been sufficiently impressed upon them. So men and small communities of men have come to accept the principle that they must get what they want or what is their due by means other than that of physical force. The story of civilization is the story of the gradual substitution of law and order for physical force in human relations, and of the concentration of physical force on the conquest of Nature.

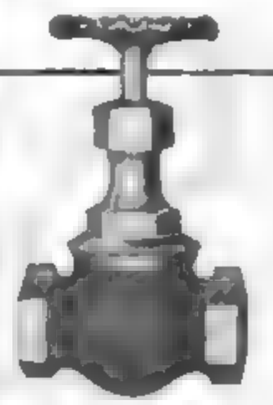
Does all this savor of militaristic propaganda? Is this reasoning of the soldier only a subtle plea for his own profession of arms? Is he seeking to discredit the higher, more advanced means of attaining international peace, while at the same time bringing his own profession forward as the only solution? Perhaps. In any event he is quite prepared to rest his case on plain facts, and to leave it to anyone who cares to examine them. If they do not bear him out he can well afford to wish the anti-military pacifists better luck in the future with their painless panaceas.

If it is true, however, that we can build up international peace only slowly, from small, simple and above all direct beginnings, by service and sacrifice, then we had best be about it. The problem is difficult. The need for solution is great and growing daily greater. But the way is obscured by a fog of conflicting schemes and darkened by the skepticism which a great reform must always face, particularly a reform which has been discredited by failure in the past. It will not be easy to form a group of nations



The Tests

Jenkins tests start with the metal and continue through every stage of manufacture to completed valve, which is tested at two and one half times rated working pressure.



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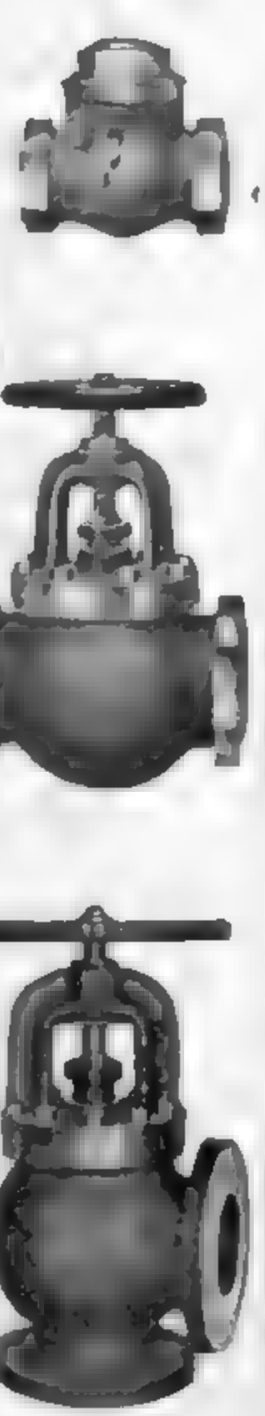

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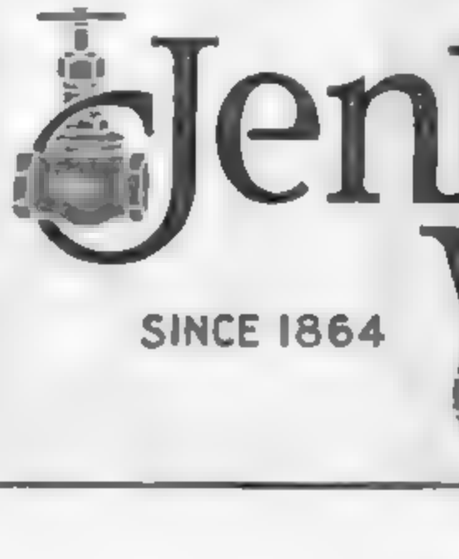

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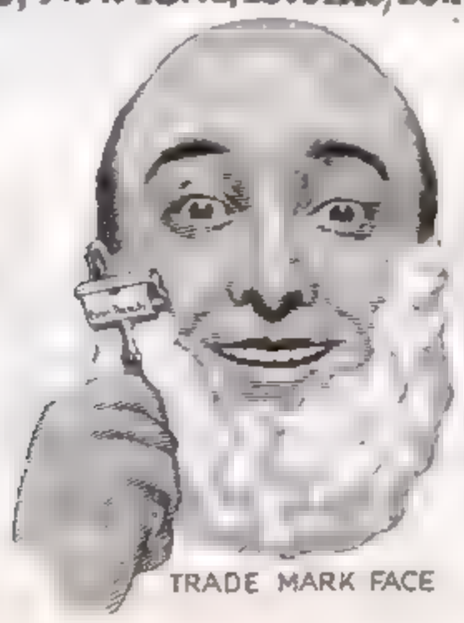

TRADE MARK FACE

such as is here proposed. It will not be easy to clear them from present commitments incompatible with their obligations in the Group. It will not be easy to persuade them sincerely to renounce their sovereign right of making war at their own free will. It will not be easy to build up within the Group a public opinion and popular confidence sufficient to insure the smooth working of the machine in its war-suppressing function. Perhaps least easy of all will be the growth of the conviction that the disease of international war must be cut out of the body politic cleanly and without fester. No gangrene of adjustments and reparations and compensations must be allowed to form after the operation. War must be cut out simply and cleanly, and the nations at issue left to settle it by some means acceptable to civilization—any means, in fact, save that of physical warfare.

This involves a degree of renunciation and self-control on the part of nations that only single-minded realization of necessity can bring. But it also means the forcing forward of mutual agreements and of arbitration; for, as the possibility of war is eliminated, other ways of settling international disputes must be brought forward. And it also means the gradual disarmament of the nations down to the requirements of national police and of a pooled international responsibility.

All armaments beyond those limited requirements would become patently unnecessary and undesirable, and would disappear just as the sword disappeared from the side of the private individual when he could no longer use it.

The old walls which protected civilization are shattered. The storm beats in upon her. A new structure of political and economic adjustments could be built which would shelter her from the pitiless hail of taxation and the freezing winds of hate and of narrow nationalism. In the warmth of that structure her blood of commerce would flow again and her filthy rags of demoralization and disease be cast off. But the foundation of that structure would have to be international peace, and the carefully selected stones of the foundation would have to be laid in the old-fashioned mortar of direct simplicity and force.

CLASS DOUBLE A

(Continued from Page 13)

Them fans never remember anything more than a week."

"Fans may not, but I do. You can forget about New York as far as I'm concerned, and I don't care anything about a car. I wouldn't have either now. If my husband isn't a man, things like that can't make him one—in my eyes. You ever intimate such a thing again and I won't even speak to you!"

I had started something that I couldn't stop. I tried to crawl, but it was no use. There was no halfway with her. I had to come clean. I looked into the blazing eyes of that little woman and I got wise to myself. She had made me see the streak of yellow in my thoughts. That's all it was—plain yellow. I was a hound. I felt just about the size of a nickel bag of peanuts—and about as game. It got through my thick head that I had no class and had challenged a thoroughbred. It cured me too. I begged forgiveness, claiming that I had not realized how my words had sounded. At that the look in her eyes seemed to get softer. I think she looked on me as a weakling and felt sorry for me. She gently patted me on the head and I began to see with a clearer light. If anybody had joked me about making a bad play right then I believe I'd've killed him.

A terrible weight seemed to be lifted off Ada—something I still couldn't understand.

I went to the ball grounds next day, determined to show them the best third-basing they'd ever seen. But it was too late. I was told to sit on the bench, the utility man having been sent to third. This I thought the hardest blow of all—but it wasn't.

The manager called me up next morning to say that I had been traded to a minor-league club, and was to report immediately.

"Yes," he said in answer to my questions, "every club in both big leagues has waived claim on you. Better go ahead, take your medicine and say nothing. You can call yourself pretty lucky, at that."

This was hard to swallow—Wally Conway a busher!

There was something queer about this. I may be thick, but I am no fool. I was still fast on my feet, was hitting around three hundred, and I know I was as good an infielder as anybody on the big circuit. Still, nobody wanted me—not even New York, the club that had been after me for two years! The old work had been put in somewhere. I was being railroaded. What for?

I had sense enough to know it would do no good to buck the system. If I didn't play with the minor-league club where I was sent I'd play nowhere. Could anybody really think Wally Conway hadn't been trying?

I was completely balled up. Now what would Ada say? She had married me for a big-league star. Neither of us had thought of the future. Even if I could stand for being a busher I couldn't make her a busher. She wouldn't stand for that. Now the fellows would give me the old ha-ha—the I-told-you-so.

As I turned from the phone I found her standing at my shoulder. She had heard it all. And she had read my thoughts like they'd been big headlines.

"Don't be foolish, Wally," she said, just like a manager would talk. "Get right down to the office and find out when they expect us to report. I'll have everything packed as soon as you want to start."

"You mean ——" I felt more like a hound than ever. Still, I had a feeling that she was trying to rush me away from something.

"Yes, I mean that we will go to the bush league together. You'll be the greatest minor-league ball player in the country," she said. "We will fight our way back."

"What's the bushes to me?" I asked angrily. "You think I could put my heart in my work, with nothing at stake?"

"You've got everything at stake, Wally," she said in a soft sort of way. "You've got to prove to them that you are a star. And you've got to prove it to me. Do it under fire and you'll be more of a star than ever. As soon as you find out when we start, telephone me."

Try as I would to get the real dope on this funny bush-league business I found everybody tight lipped. The other players acted offish-like and wouldn't talk. The manager ducked me cold. But I could figure out some of it myself. I knew that all the major-league clubs wouldn't have waived on me unless they had been tipped off to do so. It was a frame-up, pure and simple. The word had gone out somewhere, and I was being made the goat.

I couldn't believe that anybody thought me through as a big-leaguer. I thought of seeing a lawyer, and then figured on consulting some of the club managers personally. But at every move Ada stopped me.

"Let's take our medicine, Wally," she urged. "It isn't fair, but we know that you are a man. Let's prove it, and prove it under fire."

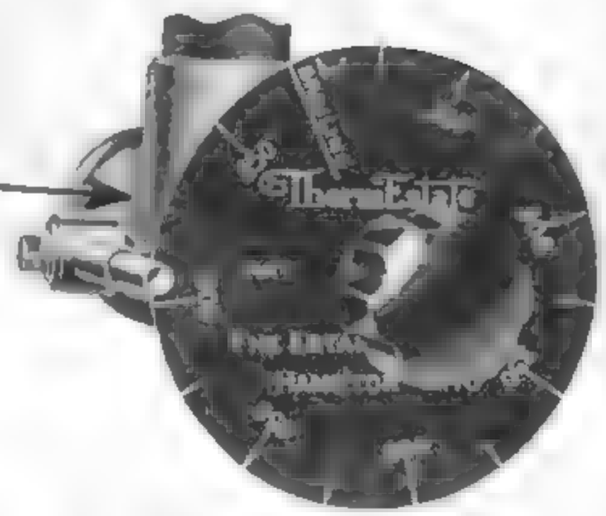
"All right, honey," I blurted. "As long as you know, I don't give a darn what these underhand guys think. We'll go."

The newspaper fellows treated me mighty square, I'll say that. They told all about my long record and predicted that I'd set the bush league afire. They all expressed wonder at no club having claimed me The management had refused to give them a statement, they said.

The minute we got on the train I could see that a big relief had come over Ada. She was downright happy, it seemed. That pepped me up, her sticking to the ship that way. All the way out to the Middle Western city where I was to play I felt myself itching to get in harness. I was full of fight now; simply wanted to plaster that old ball. I'd show 'em!

And, believe me, once I got going I did set that old bush league afire. I never hit so well in my life. My fielding, the papers said, was phenomenal. Ada was always content and smiling. I don't believe she was ever lonesome a minute out there. Also, for the first time, I noticed that she was getting interested in the game, and was cutting clippings from the papers every time I got a boost. I won two or three games by good hitting in the pinches and our club commenced to climb.

(Continued on Page 101)



Such puzzling terms as "fast" ovens or "slow" are not used in modern cook books. Exact oven temperatures are now specified. So you merely set the ThermEstate at the required degree, and the correct oven heat is maintained indefinitely. No guesswork, no uncertainty. Note explanation below, and mail coupon for Free Recipe Booklet.

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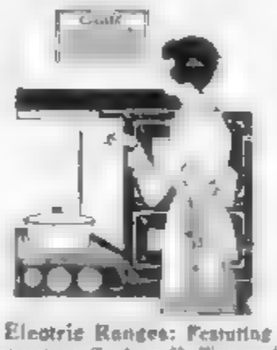

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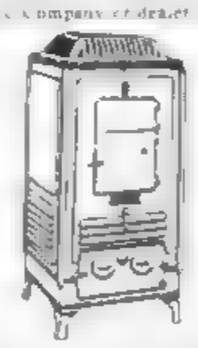

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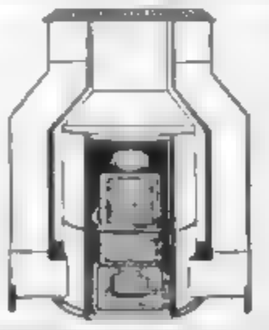

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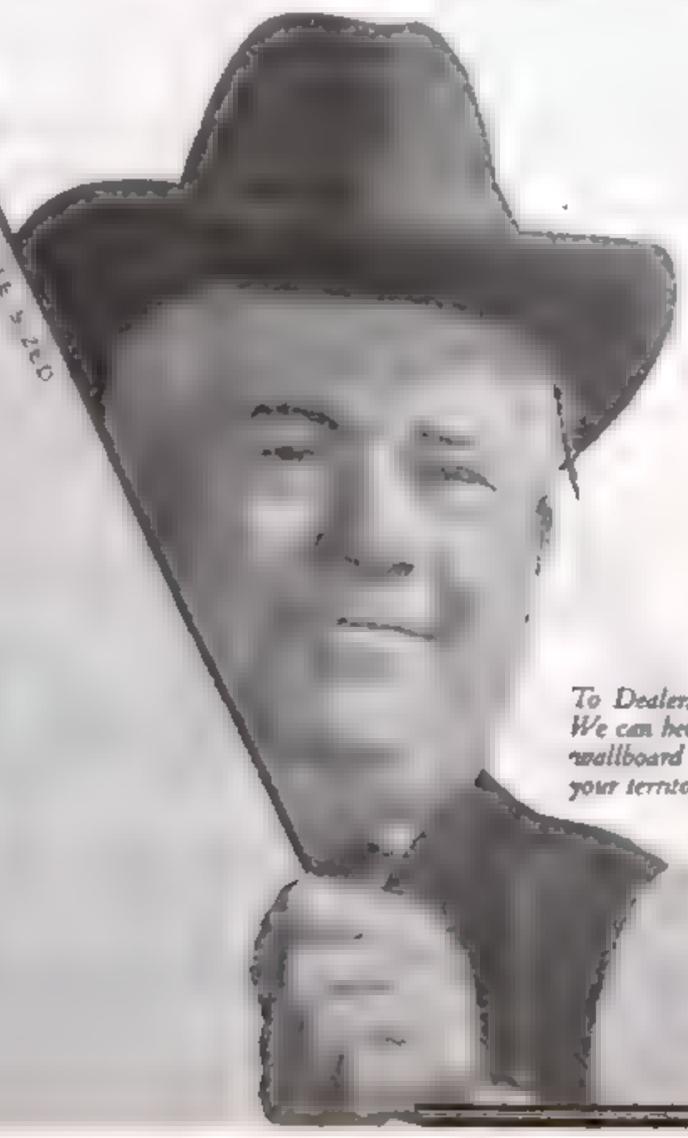

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(Continued from Page 98)

It was getting toward the end of the season—I had been there two months—when a boy came to the bench one day with a note saying that a gentleman wanted to see me at the hotel after the game. He was from the East, he said, and it was very important.

I got down there just as soon as I was dressed. The man was a lawyer, a real big-town fellow, too, though old and gray.

"Mr. Conway," he said after introducing himself, "I've dropped off here to get a statement from you—an affidavit. A lot of things have been going on since you left, and we think maybe you can help clear up some matters—if you are willing."

"Sure," I said. "I'll tell you anything I can."

The old boy warmed up to me right off.

"Do you happen to recall the date of June twelfth?"

"June twelfth? Do I remember June twelfth? Say, if there's one date in the world that I do remember, that's it!"

"That's fine." And he began to rub his hands in a way that made me think of a fellow stropping a razor. "Now," he said, getting all squared off, "do you remember who, if anybody, called at your house that night?"

"Sure I do. Steve Oldeen and his wife were at my house that night. That's exactly what makes me remember the date."

He seemed to brighten up all over. He acted like he'd expected a tough bird and had suddenly run into easy pickings.

"That's just what I wanted to know," he said. "Now I want a detailed account of everything that happened there that night. Jog your memory a little and see if you can tell me just what was said and done."

"Now you are on a dead one," I told him. "That's the very thing I've always wanted to know. I wasn't at home."

"You were not at home?" he asked as if doubting me. "Where were you?"

"I was down at a hotel with some of the unmarried fellows playing poker," and I gave him their names. "My wife was at home though."

"Well, that changes the atmosphere of things," he said, and began tapping the table with his pencil. "But before going any further, there's one other question, Mr. Conway. When was it that you received a communication from a man named Davis?"

The way he put that made me kind of sore. He shot it out sudden-like, as if he was trying to catch me napping.

"Davis? Davis? Say, who in the devil is this guy Davis anyhow? Somebody else ——" I was about to say I'd been asked that before, but I remembered it was Ada and Steve who had pulled it, and caught myself just in time. "I never had a letter from a fellow named Davis in my life."

The old boy scratched his head. I could see he was all balled up about something.

"Well," he finally said, "things have taken a remarkable turn."

"Say," I suggested to him, "my wife can tell you all about that visit of the Oldeens, if she will. She never would tell me what come off. I've got a notion she bawled 'em out, because after they'd gone she give me orders to see that they never come to our house again. And I did it too."

Just then a boy came in with a telegram. There was something in it that made the lawyer curl up his eyebrows. For a minute or two he held the message in his hand and walked about the room.

"Mr. Conway," he said, suddenly turning around, "is it possible for you to catch a train in forty minutes and go with me to Philadelphia? I'll arrange it with your manager."

"I'm game for anything," I said, "if I know what it's all about. What's the trouble, and why the big rush?"

"It's of vital importance to you—more than you may imagine—and it's just as vital to baseball."

"You're on," I decided; "only I ought to have a grip. I ain't even got a toothbrush here. Maybe I can beat it home and get back in time."

"No," he said; "don't do that. It is very necessary that Mrs. Conway be there also. Couldn't she catch the late night train and bring your things?"

"She might," I agreed, "in a pinch, if she knew it was necessary. But before we go any further, wise me up. What's it all about?"

I was getting sick of all this mystery business.

"It means everything in the world to both of you," he told me. "I haven't time to go into detail, but the National Commission of Baseball has appointed a board of inquiry to meet at Philadelphia tomorrow to inquire into a matter involving the integrity of the game—maybe your honor. Does that make it any clearer?"

"I think I get you."

"Well, they want you to testify, and I am now convinced that Mrs. Conway also should testify. You will waive all immunity so as to testify freely?"

"Bet your life we will!" I told him, though I didn't get that immunity stuff at all. You can see yourself how thick I was.

"All right, then. Now get your wife on the phone, explain the situation to her, and caution her not to see any reporters or give out any statement until she has joined you in Philadelphia. We will go from this room right to the train."

I could see that the old guy was framing it so that I wouldn't see Ada or anybody else till we got on that train. But I was going through with it now.

I got Ada on the phone and fixed everything. I think she was aching for some excitement; she seemed more than willing to make the trip.

The lawyer and me had just got on board and the train was ready to pull out when a newsboy came in with the final editions of the evening paper. I bought one and of course turned right to the sporting page.

You could have knocked my eyes off with a stick! There it was in big headlines, and a column long.

Steve Oldeen had been rousted out of baseball. Even the minor leagues had turned their back on him. While the newspaper didn't come right out and say that he was a crook and had taken money from gamblers, they might as well have done so. Any kind of a sap could read between the lines. The paper went on to show that games had been thrown and that a lot of money had been split up with a gang of sure-thing guys.

The newspaper fellows even picked out the games and showed where the work had been put in. It was a scandal for fair. They must have known all the dope, but they couldn't say it right out because they needed some legal proof so as to keep out of a lawsuit. I was wise to that, all right. And then—my eyes popped again.

"It is an interesting coincidence," I read, "that Wally Conway, the star third baseman, was transferred to a minor league following the first three games in question."

I was burning up. So that's what the lawyer had come to see me for, eh! He was after the real dope—legal proof—and thought I had it. A cog had slipped somewhere and the story broke before he was ready.

And these fellows had railroaded me to the bushes on suspicion—thought I was a crook! It hit me like a sack of shot over the head. What a dummy I had been! They ought to have used my head for making collar buttons. And Ada was wise—had talked me out of that yellow streak to save me! Oh, how I wished I hadn't caught that train. The one person in the world I wanted to see was her. She had the answer, and this old guy was keeping us apart!

I looked up in sort of a daze. The old lawyer was tut-tutting all over the place. The story had busted up his playhouse.

"Too bad, too bad," he kept saying to me. "Everything would have been all right in another week."

"Say," I finally said to him, "what is this stuff—this crack here about me? You fellows think you've got something on me?"

"Don't let that annoy you, Mr. Conway. From what you have told me I feel that you'll clear yourself beautifully."

"What's the idea? Where do you get that stuff? I'm not on trial, am I? And another thing—you rushed me on this train so I wouldn't see that newspaper stuff, didn't you?"

"I tried to—yes. To be perfectly frank, the telegram I received while talking to you notified me that the newspapers had got the story, and for me to get you to Philadelphia before you could be interviewed by reporters. It's for your benefit though. Nobody suspected, of course, that your wife was possessed of any needed information. Bringing her along was a thought of my own, based on the frank and honest way in which you impressed me."

"Well, I've got a hunch that she's got the answer," I said. "I may be a dub, but she's a wonderful little woman," I told him.

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Twinplex Stropper
for Gillette and Durham-Duplex Blades

ONE HUNDRED SHAVES FROM ONE BLADE

That old fellow was all right, it turned out. He was square as a die. As we rode along he questioned me closely and helped me arrange the facts I had, so that I would know just how to present them.

Ada and I had a room on the same floor as the meeting place of the board. She got in at lunch time and they called us as soon as we had got up from the table.

Ada was a little timid at first, with so many men around and no other woman. But they were so nice to us that she soon felt at home. It didn't take them long to see that she knew how to handle herself in classy company—was no simp. They gathered around her and pulled so much of that light-gab stuff that I thought the show would never get started.

"We'll question Mr. Conway first," announced the lawyer in charge, when they finally got down to business.

They asked me the same kind of questions the other lawyer had—he was also present—and of course I handed 'em the same kind of answers.

"It was a surprise to us, Wally," one of the baseball magnates said to me, "to learn that you were not at home when Steve Oldeen and his wife called that night. But I was glad to hear it. I was never convinced that there was anything intentionally wrong with your playing."

"I didn't know anybody thought there was anything wrong," I said, "until I saw this knock in the paper. If anybody thought I was a crook, why didn't they come out and ask me? If you think you've got anything on me now, go ahead and shoot."

"Well," the lawyer interrupted, speaking directly to me, "we've got the goods on Oldeen, but there are others. We've brought you here to give you a chance to exonerate yourself, provided you waive immunity."

"I'll answer any questions you want to ask me because I'm clean," I told him. "In case of any jamb or monkey business I want that gentleman over there"—the old fellow who had come to see me—"to be my lawyer."

They all smiled and agreed to that. It seemed to please him. I didn't know it then, but the laugh is that he was a million-dollar lawyer, hired by them.

"Mr. Conway," began the lawyer, "you will swear that Steve Oldeen never at any time, or in any form, made a proposition to you to help throw games for a consideration to be paid by certain gamblers?"

"You can go and bet I will! Now—wait a minute. Yes, one afternoon, after that third game with the Grays—June sixteenth, it was—he told me that I was going great. I thought he was kidding. Then he made a kidding crack about keeping it up and I'd be traded to New York. I didn't get him at all, because a minute later he asked if my wife had told me everything. When I stalled about it he said they would come up to see us again."

"Did they?"

"No, sir. That's why I got the whole thing balled up. You see, my wife had put it up to me to see that they did not call again. When I hinted this to Steve he got sore—not at me but at my wife. I think so, because he added, 'But everything's all right between you and me, ain't it?' Naturally I wanted to let him down as easy as I could, and said yes. That's every word that passed between us. And I haven't seen him since to speak to him."

A buzz run around the room like everybody was suddenly wised up.

"Well, Mr. Conway," said the lawyer, "but for one thing I'd think that you had been played for a sucker, as you call it."

"I'm a sucker, all right. But what's the other angle?"

"Why, we know that Oldeen went to your house to make a proposition, and we know that he reported back to certain gamblers that everything was fixed. Everything did turn out all right, it developed, and these gamblers sent you money."

"That's a lie!" I cracked at him. "No living man ever sent me money to be crooked, and I'll knock the head off any man who says he did!" I meant that too.

My wife turned a little pale at this.

"Now don't get excited, Mr. Conway," the lawyer salved me a little. "We have evidence corroborating what I've said, but, frankly, I have nothing to show that you ever took the money. We know you made inquiries about certain makes of automobiles, but you did not buy one. Now if you will wait a moment I think we had better question Mrs. Conway."

Gee, I was burning up then! When they all turned on her you could have fried an egg on any part of me.

"Mrs. Conway," asked the lawyer, very polite-like, "you recall the visit of the Oldeens that night, I suppose?"

"Very well indeed, sir."

"Did they make a proposition to you that your husband should join in a scheme with the gamblers to throw games for money?"

"No, sir. They made no such direct proposition as that, but they did suggest a way for my husband to be dishonest."

Everybody's ears pricked up. I reckon I was the most surprised.

"They intimated very plainly," she went on, "that they knew Wally and I wanted to live in New York and have a car. They even took me to the window and showed me theirs. They explained that if Wally didn't exert himself in the next few games it would be easy for him to get traded to the New York club. Mr. Oldeen also hinted very broadly that if this were done a check to help on the car would be sent to us, but I must keep it very quiet. I asked who would send this check, and he advised me not to bother my head about that; in baseball, he said, they had ways of doing nice little things like that; that the New York club would be quite willing to give up ——"

"Why, the cur!" spoke up a New York magnate on the commission, all excited. "Mrs. Conway, you didn't really ——"

"And you never told your husband about this?" demanded the lawyer, paying no attention to the rise she had got out of the New York guy.

"No, sir. I've never breathed a word of it to him to this day."

"Why did you not tell him?"

"Why, because I had really wanted to go to New York, and I could see that in their coarse way they were deliberately trying to play on what they thought my weakness. If such a thought was even suggested to Wally I knew it would prey on his mind. The whole thing was so dishonorable in its suggestion that I didn't want him to think of it. You see, sir, I was perfectly innocent of the ways of baseball and I thought it possibly true that baseball clubs did do things like ——"

"You mean to say," broke in the New York magnate again, "that you really thought the New York club would resort to a thing like that?"

"Yes, sir; I am sorry to admit that I did. I didn't want my husband to have anything to do with a ball team that would be so dishonorable, even to satisfy my personal vanity."

"Didn't it ever occur to you that Oldeen would see your husband at some other place and tell him?"

"Not after I decided what action to take. At first I was on the point of ordering them out of my house; then I acted on another impulse—woman's intuition, I guess you would call it. I told Mr. Oldeen I would attend to the matter. Then when my husband came home I told him to ask the Oldeens never to come to our house again. I know how easy-going Wally is and I thought that would make him keep away from Mr. Oldeen so as to avoid the embarrassment—and I was right."

So now I knew what Steve meant when he said "But everything is all right between us, ain't it?" and what he thought when I said yes.

The lawyer caught it at the same time I did.

"Well, your feminine plan appears to have worked," he said as everybody smiled. "Now, Mrs. Conway," he went on, "we are quite positive that Steve Oldeen is a crook, and he has been blacklisted from baseball. Your husband has a chance, but there are a few things we must clear up. We know that the gambling ring cleaned up a lot of money on that series with the Grays. One of them has confessed to us, though the public does not know it. We are anxious to bring Oldeen to trial in the courts. We have every reason to believe that he was paid considerable money—paid in cash by a person we know as Davis.

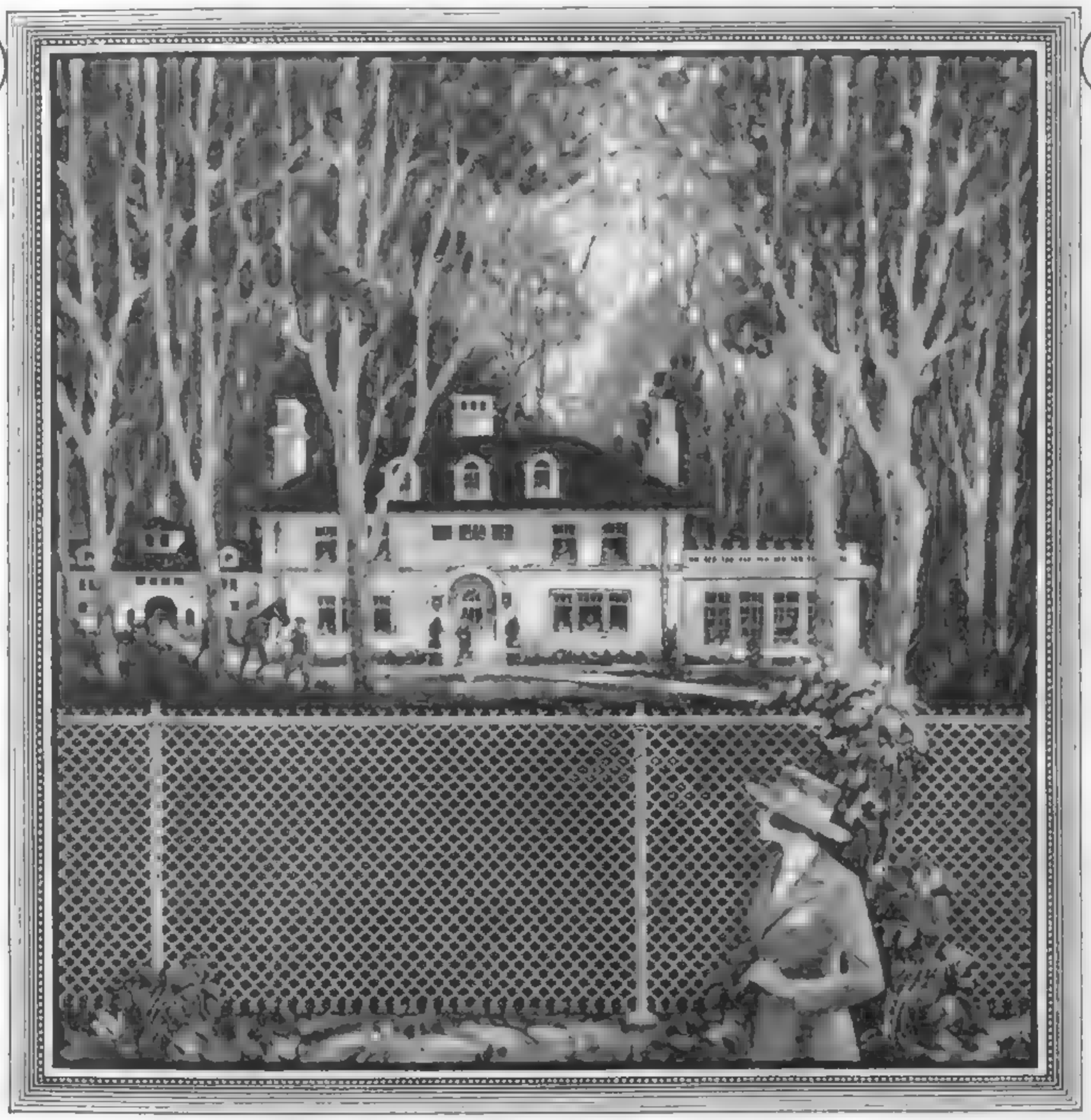
"Now"—and he leaned forward—"we also know that after those games Oldeen reported to the gamblers that Wally Conway had delivered the goods and was all right."

"The cheap loafer!" I said aloud. "Just give me a ——"

"Then," went on the lawyer, paying no attention to me, "this person known as

(Continued on Page 105)

CYCLONE FENCE



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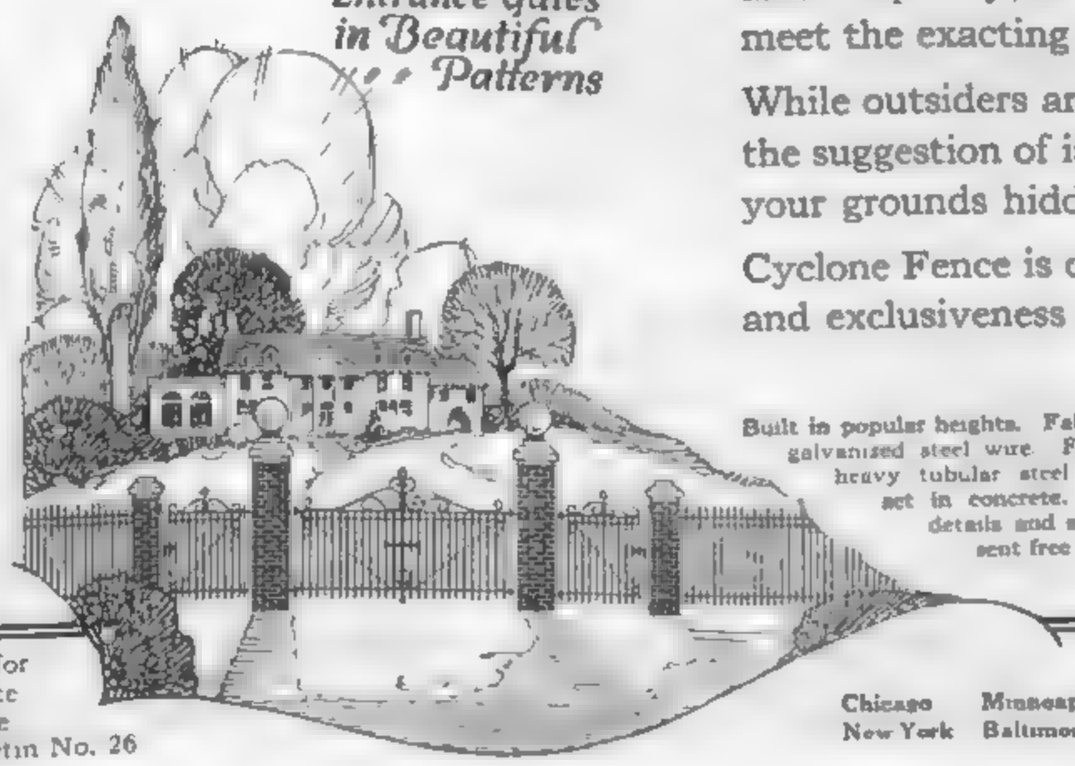

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(Continued from Page 102)

Davis drew a check for one thousand dollars and mailed it to your husband. Two days later he mailed another for the same amount."

"That's another lie!" I shouted, unable to hold myself in.

"No. Wait a minute, Wally," my wife cautioned me. "Let him get through." The lawyers smiled at this gentle call down.

"We know that these checks were sent direct to your home. In proof of their having been drawn, here is the stub of the check book." He certainly had the goods there, all right. "But," he added, "the trail ends there. We have no record of their cancellation. Now can you tell us if your husband ever received those checks?"

"Yes, sir, I can tell you. He did not. I have them both here in my purse. He has never seen them!"

I almost fell out of my chair as she fumbled in a silk bag and then handed the two checks to the lawyer.

"You mean to tell me," said the surprised lawyer, "that you didn't even tell your husband about that?"

"There is a little note attached to the first one which will explain why I did not tell him," she said. "You know, sir, I always open my husband's mail."

"You didn't think to return them to the sender?"

"There was no address," she explained. "Read the note and you will understand."

He read it aloud:

"A bunch of your admirers down here have decided to chip in and buy you a car as a souvenir of your great work for ten years. This is the first payment. X. Davis, chairman."

Now, that's what I call pretty clever—that note. They passed it over to me and I gave it a look. At last I was wise to that Davis stuff.

"I still don't quite understand, Mrs. Conway," said the lawyer, "just why you didn't lay this whole thing before your husband."

She hedged around a minute like she didn't want to answer. She had more sense than all those old dodoes put together. They didn't get it at all. But I got it—and got it good.

"I know why!" I yelled, jumping to my feet and losing my head. "And I'm going to tell you too. I don't know nothing 'bout your rules here, and I may be crabbing the show, but I ain't going to let my wife set there any longer and try to keep from showing me up. She's done enough already, letting herself burn up inside just to save my feelings—and me, all the time, going round like a sap. She didn't show me them checks because she knew I'd cash 'em! That's the answer, if you want to know. I'd have been simp enough to do it too. Look! There ain't nothin' there to show that these checks is crooked. Don't every ball player think he's a hero, and that the public is crazy about him? Don't they get presents from bug fans? There ain't nothin' ever said about that, is there? Didn't the ball players know I wanted a car? Couldn't I figure that some of 'em had tipped it off to the fans? Take it from me, gents, no sucker ever framed up that way of slipping me dough!"

I was all steamed up and shouting now. Ada sat there staring at me like she was mesmerized.

"I'd've cashed them checks in a minute, and you know it. Don't you see? I'd've been sap enough to think my admirers wanted to do as much for me as that other crowd did for Ollie Peters when they give him a car. And what would've happened if I had fell for it? You know. When this scandal broke, them checks would've come back to the bank and you'd've had the goods that I was a crook—and me honest all the time. Ain't it so?" I slung at the chairman, a real baseball man

"The boy's right," he said. All of them nodded, serious-like.

"You get it now, don't you?" I popped at 'em again. "That little woman read me like a book. She's got brains and education. I'm just a roughneck sap, and she knows it. She took no chances on letting me spill the beans by falling for the stuff them hounds framed up. She may look like a pretty picture, but she's as wise as a treeful of owls—and I just tumbled to it! She's took all the punishment and kept it to herself because she's the old thoroughbred stock. She's too much class for a boob like me, I'll tell the world!"

Something told me I was going too far. I saw Ada turn red, then pale. She must've been mortified to death, but I couldn't help it. The pasty look in her face stopped me dead in my tracks.

"Excuse me, gents," I said, slowing down. "I know I'm just a dub, but I had to get that off my chest. Go on with the show. I'm on to myself, whatever you do."

There was an awkward sort of pause—looked like I had gummed up the cards. I went right over and kissed Ada in front of them all. I didn't know what else to do, so I put my arm around my wife's shoulder and led her out of the room. Then she started to cry for fair.

"Just a minute, Wally," the chairman called to me as we started down the corridor.

I turned back, but Ada went on to our room.

"Conway," said the New York magnate when I was back in the committee room, "our club has had an option on you ever since that first game with the Grays, and I'm going to exercise it now. If it suits you come over to our offices to-morrow and we'll agree on terms."

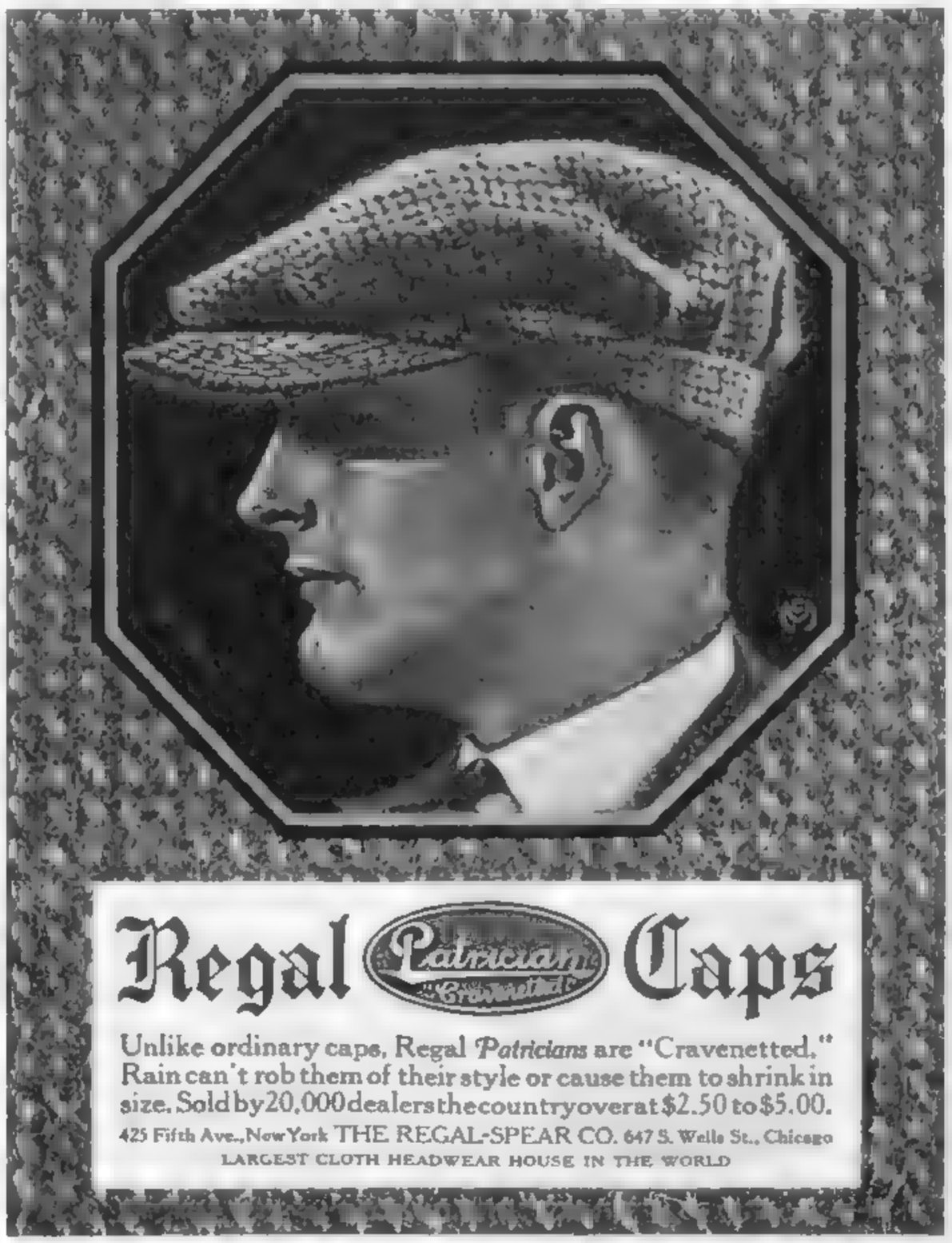
It suited me all right.

"I'll see that you are fully exonerated," the chairman told me. "We'll send out a full statement to the press."

"But for the love of Mike," I said sheepishly, "don't let the papers get all that mush stuff I pulled about Ada. That would be duck soup for them kidders on the club."

PHOTO. BY SUNSET-EMERSON PHOTOGRAM COMPANY. COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

Half Dome, Yosemite National Park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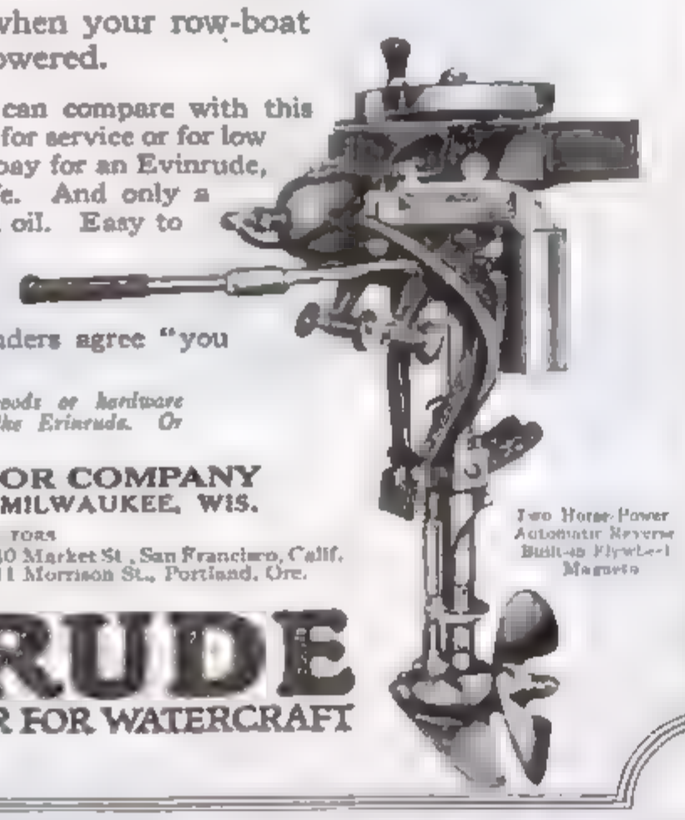

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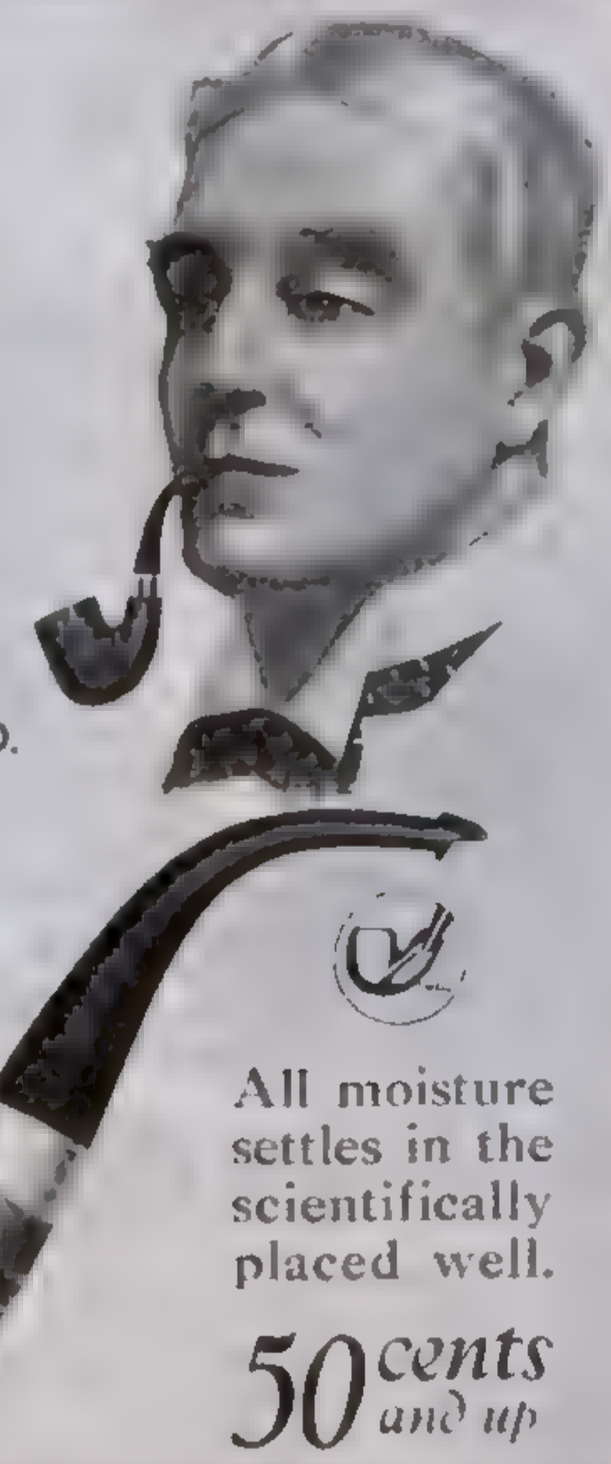

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TYPHUS—THE CAMP FOLLOWER

(Continued from Page 9)

and succeeded in proving positively that it was due to an organism carried only by the bite of a tick.

Then the fiat went forth that the ticks—which bore the simple and inoffensive name of *Dermacentor Venustus*—like Carthage, must be destroyed. The only problem was how to catch them. After a number of more or less ingenious attempts the problem was finally solved by driving large flocks of sheep through the affected valleys in the spring and early summer, when the ticks were just coming out of their winter quarters. The ticks, which loved mutton, promptly attached themselves to the skin and wool of the sheep, and after they had all been soaked up in this fashion the sheep were driven down to central corrals, dipped in strong insecticides and carefully hand-picked for ticks, with the gratifying result that in about three or four years the supply was exhausted, and tick fever rapidly declined and almost disappeared.

About this time—1910—a lively epidemic of typhus—*tabardillo*—flared up in Northern Mexico, and Ricketts and Wilder, who had got the scent of insect-borne diseases into their intellectual nostrils, so to speak, decided to investigate this in the light of their new findings, without having heard of Nicolle's incomplete discovery. They quickly found that no tick was incriminated, but that there was every reason to suspect another biting and bloodsucking parasite, the louse, which was present in millions. The disease was transmitted by the bite of infected cooties, first to apes and monkeys and then to a few plucky volunteers, and careful examination with the microscope of infected insects showed in the walls of their stomachs a tiny germ or organism resembling that of tick fever.

Two Martyrs to Science

Just in the very hour of triumph, when the discovery which would forever rid the human race of this horrible pestilence had been made complete by a glimpse of the germ which caused it, poor young Ricketts was bitten by an infected louse which he was transferring from one experimental animal to another; in ten days he fell ill with the disease, and ten days later died of it, one of the noble army of martyrs of science. As a last sad tribute to his memory and to connect his name forever with the wondrous boon which he had won for humanity, the germ or organism which caused the disease was named Rickettsia. And with the broad human internationalism of science which knows no boundaries, a young Serbian investigator named Prowazek, who had also risked and lost his life in the further study of the pestilence, had his name coupled with that of the discoverer, and the germ to-day has passed into scientific nomenclature as *Rickettsia Prowazeki*.

That they had not died in vain was quickly proved on a nation-wide scale and in a most dramatic manner. Almost directly, after the Great War got fairly under way, typhus began to break out in the armies of Eastern Europe and in the Balkans. It naturally appeared first in the dirtiest and most unsanitary, the Austrians, or rather the Hungarians. And when they had been soundly whipped by a plucky little Serbian army less than half their size, and driven back out of the parts of Serbia which they had overrun in the first rush, they retreated so precipitately and in such panic fashion that they left behind them their insect bodyguards, which were better fighters than they were, and all their sick and wounded in a state of indescribable filth and neglect, infected and swarming with lice; in fact, most of them were ill with typhus.

Every camp of Austrian prisoners became a blazing hotbed of typhus, and the Serbians in the kindness of their hearts, and not knowing how to prevent the spread of the disease, broke up the deadly camps and scattered the Hungarian prisoners in smaller groups all over the country. This of course was just scattering the fire broadcast, and by December, 1914, half of Serbia had blazed out into a furious epidemic. In practically every case the infection was traceable to Hungarian prisoners, but in spite of this fact they were treated with the greatest kindness and consideration. Our commission, which soon came to aid, records repeatedly that it found in many of the hospitals the Serbian sick and wounded lying on blankets on the ground, while the prisoners were provided with beds and cots.

The country was ravaged by war, was almost destitute of medical supplies and equipment, nearly half its doctors had been drafted into the army, and there was only one adequately planned and equipped hospital in the whole country, at Belgrad.

Naturally the epidemic spread like a tidal wave, and by April new cases were coming at the rate of 9000 a day in both the army and civil population. The American Red Cross promptly organized and dispatched a relief commission, headed by Dr. Richard P. Strong, of Harvard, next after Gorgas probably the highest authority upon epidemic diseases in the world. This was promptly joined by smaller units from England, France and Russia, who, sinking all national jealousies, united in the Inter-Allied Sanitary Commission under the leadership of Doctor Strong. All the hospitals and camps in the country were visited and brought under one management, disinfesting establishments were built at the hospitals and other convenient centers, while disinfestation trains were speedily equipped and sent out in all directions through the country districts.

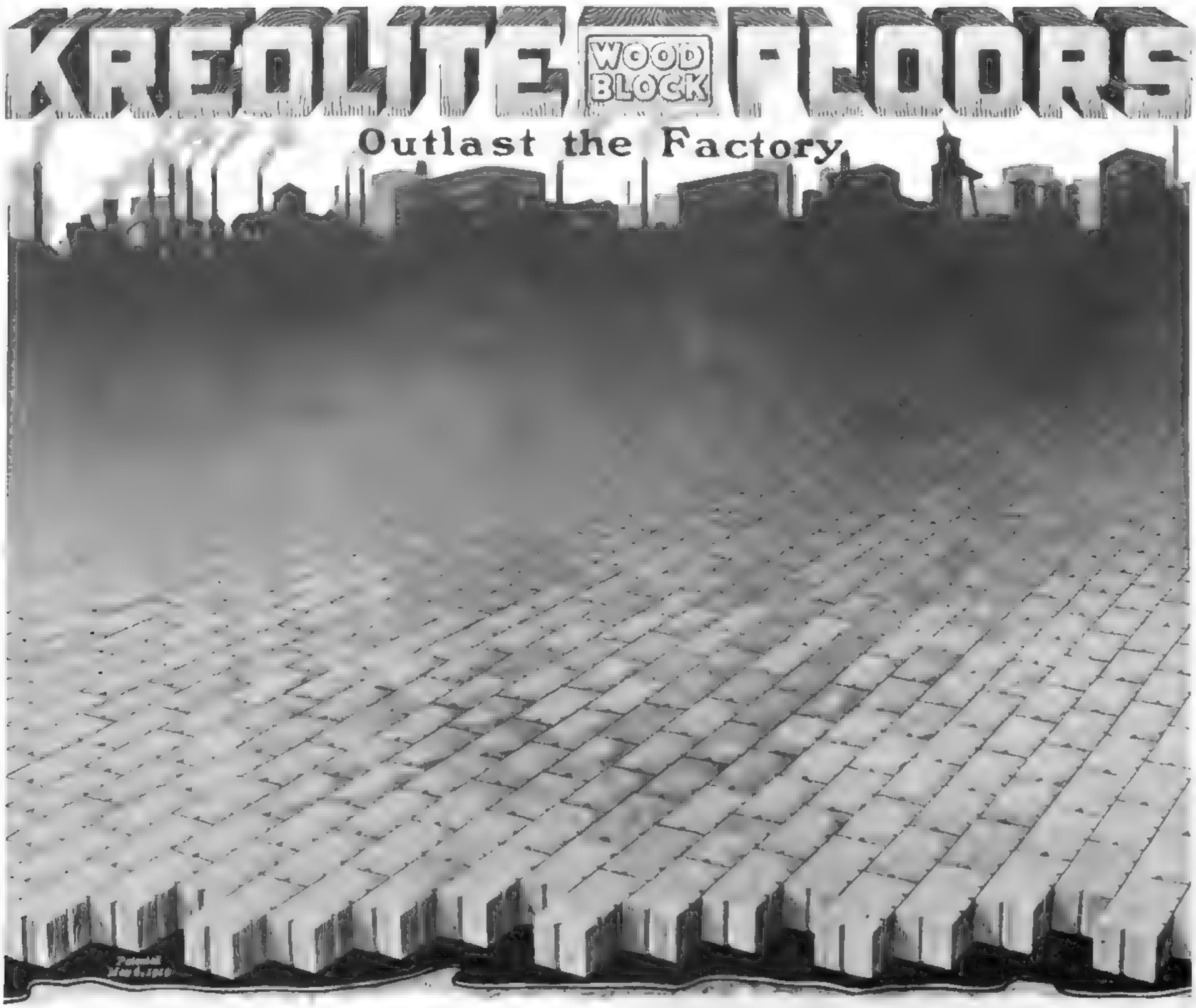
These establishments were such as were already in use on the Western Front, consisting roughly of a dressing, or more correctly undressing, room, where the patients divested themselves of all their clothing, putting it into large network bags. These bags were then placed in a steam sterilizer and subjected to live steam at high pressure, completely destroying all insects and their eggs. The owners of the clothing meanwhile were given first a hot shower bath with plenty of soap, and then rubbed and anointed thoroughly, especially in the armpits and in the scalp, with either emulsions of kerosene or insecticide salves. At the door of the bathroom through which they were to pass out stood a stern-eyed man with a hose, who made every one of them stand and rotate slowly before him while he finished off any spots that might have escaped proper attention. Then the clean and comforted subjects passed on into a re-dressing room, where they arrived just as their clothes were shot out of the big steam sterilizer. The two were promptly united and went on their way rejoicing and cootie-free.

Cootie-Proof Clothing

If anyone objects that no time was allowed for the clothes to dry he has never seen one of these plants in operation. So tremendous are both the heat and the pressure that when the clothes are brought out of the steam chamber into ordinary air they almost explode and literally blow off all their superfluous moisture. One single shake and they are as dry as before they went into the sterilizer. The steam sterilizing chambers on the trains were run by the steam from the engines, which was most ingeniously utilized. Of course in many instances more primitive equipments had to be used, such as Russian baths in tents filled with steam from water poured over large stones heated hot in a camp fire, but they did the work, with the triumphant result that although the epidemic had run to at least 500,000 cases, with more than 150,000 deaths before the commission arrived on the scene, within three months it was on the decline, and within six it had been stamped out altogether. Never was a more brilliant and splendid victory won against greater odds, and it added new and richly deserved luster to the reputation both of the American Red Cross and of American science.

Then by carefully equipping all doctors, nurses and hospital attendants with one-piece uniforms—stockings, trousers and underwear combined—woven lice-proof, with high boots, or shoes of rubber, the spreading of lice from infected patients to the attendants was absolutely prevented. To make the uniforms completely lice-proof broad bands of adhesive plaster were drawn around the juncture of the trousers with the top of the shoe or boot, while the cuffs of the sleeves were attached to the wrists in the same manner. Then by dipping the hands frequently in kerosene or other insecticides and keeping the hair well rubbed with the same, attendants reduced

(Continued on Page 108)



Production's Magic Carpet

PRODUCTION is a fundamental of prosperity. It is the vital force which feeds transportation and makes it necessary.

The *floorways* of production are as important as the railways and waterways of commerce. Factory floors govern the flow of production—*they are the established lanes of production.*

Carpeting hundreds and hundreds of factories with their magic softness, their smooth surface, and their wonderful endurance, Kreolite Floors seem to work magic among men. They are manifestly superior for Factory Floors.

The tough end-grain of the wood is a perpetual barrier against wear. The thorough impregnation of the blocks prevents decay and disintegration.

Patented grooves anchor Kreolite Floors solidly together.

Their service is evidenced by use-tests in the following branches: machine shops, foundries, warehouses, loading platforms, areaways, roundhouses, paper mills, tanneries, and stables.

In connection with Kreolite Floors, we have built up a nation-wide service of trained Factory Floor Engineers. Their services are always available for Manufacturers, Architects, and Engineers interested in furthering the welfare of men or industry through better factory floors.

There is no obligation in connection with this service. Write us about your floor problems or send for the Kreolite Floor Book. Address the Toledo Office.

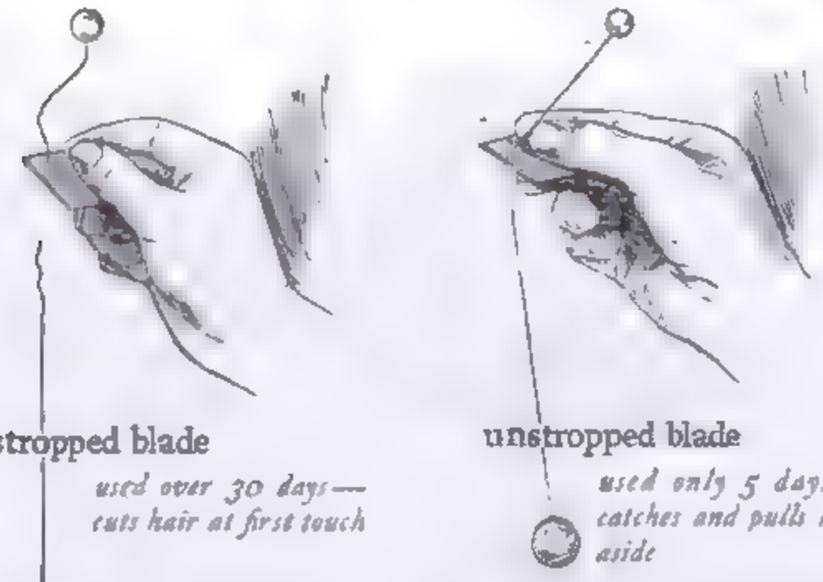
The Jennison-Wright Company, Toledo, Ohio

Branches: Albany, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, Toronto, and other principal Cities

Western Sales Distributors—Western Wood Preserving Company, Spokane, Washington

British Distributors—Anglo-American Agency, Royal Liver Building, Liverpool, England

Amazing difference in blades shown by this test



stropped blade — *used over 30 days—cuts hair at first touch*

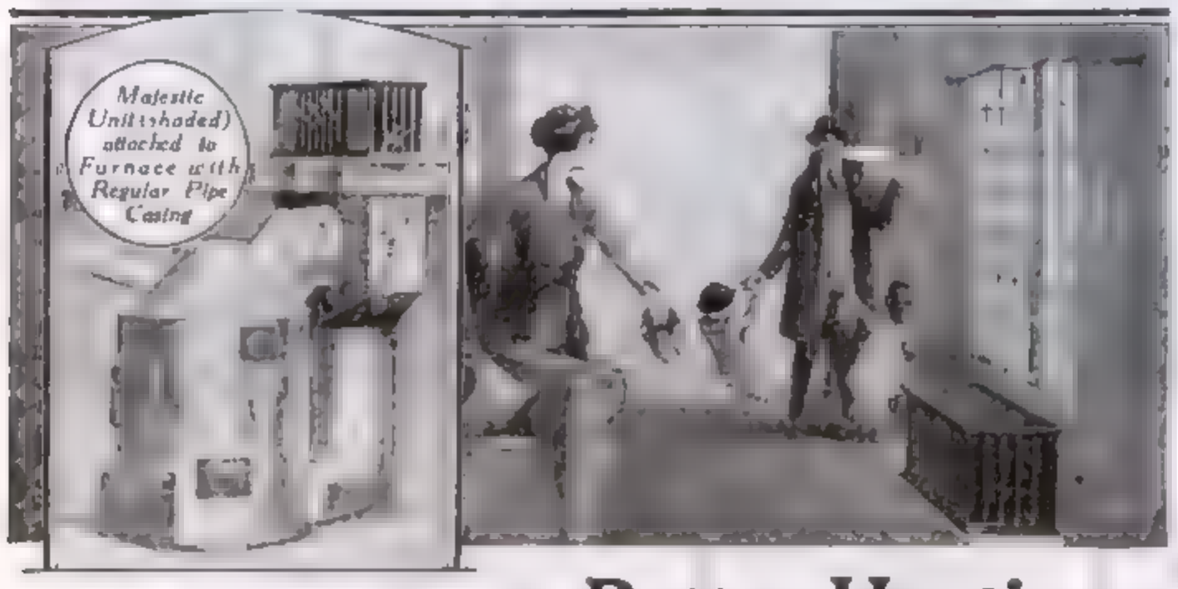
unstropped blade — *used only 5 days—catches and pulls hair aside*

TIME after time the test shown above was repeated with the same result. Valet AutoStrop Razor blades used over 30 days made good. They had been stropped regularly. That meant comfortable, smooth shaves. Ordinary, unstropped blades, used only 5 days, failed. That meant they would "pull" and scrape in shaving.

The Valet AutoStrop Razor is *made to strop itself*. A fresh, keen edge in ten seconds morning after morning! Quick, easy, convenient. A year of smooth, cool shaves from the package of blades that comes with each set. Complete with razor, strop and 12 blades—$5.00

VALET
AutoStrop Razor—$5.00

Sharpens itself—saves constant blade expense



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The Mahoning Foundry Co., Youngstown, Ohio.
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Moore Bros. Company, Joliet, Illinois.
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Peninsular Stove Company, Detroit, Mich.
Peninsular Furnaces
Hart & Crouse, Utica, N. Y. & Chicago, Ill.
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Better Heating

HAVE the MAJESTIC Duplex Register Unit installed with the warm-air furnace you choose, and you will have a one-register heating system with these 8 new advantages:

1. Register locates against wall, out of the way.
2. Register occupies about *one-half* less floor-space than a floor-level register of *equal capacity*.
3. Register attractively finished to harmonize with room furnishings.
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Any furnace dealer can get you the MAJESTIC Duplex Unit from a furnace manufacturer, jobber or direct from us. Write us today for booklet "Better Heating" which explains the MAJESTIC Duplex Unit in detail.

The Majestic Company - - Huntington, Ind.

Majestic
Duplex Register Unit

(Continued from Page 106)

their risks to a minimum. It was also found safest for nurses and attendants to wear gauze masks when caring for the patients, for there is some possibility of the infection's being conveyed directly by sputum coughed or sneezed from the nose and throat.

But there was a terrible penalty paid for ignorance or neglect of these simple precautions before the commission got complete control. There were only about 360 doctors all told in Serbia at the beginning of the war, and of these no less than 130 died of typhus during the epidemic. The death rate among the nurses was almost equally pitiably heavy. This had always been one of the striking characteristics of the disease, and it again makes us wonder why its significance could not have been guessed centuries before. Typhus from the earliest ages has been known as a doctors' disease. In one period of twenty-five years in Ireland, during the early half of the nineteenth century, of 1230 physicians attached to county hospitals, infirmaries or Poor Law clinics, no less than 520 died of typhus.

Ireland was the last haven of typhus in Western Europe on account of the primitive dirt-floored hovels and bathless, almost washless habits of the mass of its old peasantry. Typhus has played an even more sinister rôle in the history of Ireland than in the rest of Europe; in fact, the most dramatic and frequently recalled episode in her history, the great famine and depopulation of the early nineteenth century, was due almost entirely to it.

Ireland and the potato have always been most intimately associated ever since Sir Walter Raleigh planted some of the strange roots, which he had brought back from the New World, in his garden at Youghal. The potato took to the Irish soil and the Irish people took to the potato; so much so that to-day in America it bears their name. Its cultivation spread rapidly through the country, and in the seventeenth century it was discovered that simply by laying the tubers in rows on the ground on the rough grass or heather or ferns, as the case might be, and then running a plow down first one side and then the other, and throwing a thin layer of sod and dirt over them, the crop would ripen and mature without any further fertilizer, digging or cultivation. On the strength of this almost effortless free lunch the sturdy peasantry married, splitting up their little farms among their children, and covering all the hillsides and moors and even the drier parts of the bogs with these surface-grown potato fields. They didn't even bother to harvest and store the potatoes, but left them in the ground to be dug as they were wanted, and a severe frost in 1739 actually produced a famine.

Discovering Enemy Insects

The population of the island increased at the most incredible rate from barely 4,500,000 to more than 8,000,000 in about a century and a half. But the end came swiftly and deadly. About 1835 patches of a new strange disease began to appear on the stalks and leaves of the potatoes. It proved to be the dreaded potato rot, and year after year saw the fields covered with only a few forkfuls of black and rotten stalks in place of sacks of sound potatoes. The great famine was on foot. By a sinister house-that-Jack-built process no sooner was the famine well under way from the germ of the potato rot feeding upon the plants than the germ of typhus began in turn to feed upon the peasantry, with such appalling results that within fifty years the population of the much-suffering Emerald Isle had fallen from its high-water mark of more than 8,000,000 to barely 4,500,000 again; 1,500,000 had emigrated, 250,000 died of famine, the rest of typhus.

I have a sad but proud personal interest in the great famine fever, for my maternal grandfather went out to Connaught at the head of a Quaker relief commission in 1864, caught the disease and died of it at his post.

Even as lately as 1840 a bronze tablet was erected in the hall of the great Edinburgh Infirmary to the memory of forty doctors and thirty nurses, out of a total staff of less than 250, who had died of typhus contracted in the discharge of their duty within the past thirty years.

There appears to have existed even among the laity a vague sort of suspicion that insects had something to do with the spread of the disease; at all events that parlor boarders of this description were good things to get rid of whenever an epidemic was abroad. This had not escaped the keen and penetrating eye of that famous photographer of human life and manners before the days of the camera, Pepys. In a passage in his famous Diary he records that there was much fever abroad and that, looking out of his window one morning, he did see in their courtyard across the street the Russian ambassador and his staff "a lousing of themselves." He also records that the young Duke of York was ill of a fever and that his skin was covered with spots and bites.

It is not at all unlikely that the vivid and usually totally unfounded popular dread of illness and even death from the bites of insects, particularly of spiders, may have had a vague sort of basis in cases of typhus and other fevers following insect bites.

It is interesting, however, in this connection to notice how extremely recent is our knowledge of all the other fevers and infections that are carried by the bite of insects. The French army surgeon, Laveran, who was the first to discover that malaria or ague, the deadly jungle fever of the tropics, was due to an animal parasite, is still living, and less than eighty years of age. It was nearly twenty years later that the English pathologist, Sir Ronald Ross, discovered that this parasite was carried by the bite of the mosquito. This was quickly followed just after the Spanish-American War by the discovery of Gorgas and Carroll and Reed that the terrible yellow jack of the West Indies, or yellow fever, was carried by the bite of a mosquito of a different species and genus.

Parasitic Diseases

Right on the heels of this followed the proof that the terrible bubonic plague, the ghastly black death of the Middle Ages, was carried by fleas from a human patient to a rat and from the rat to another human being. Then came relapsing fever, then trench fever, both being due to the bite of cooties, and finally tick fever and typhus.

They are an extraordinary group, these insect-borne diseases; not many, but of a terrible deadliness, as their comparatively short list includes the three greatest wasters of human life known in the world of medicine—the plague, malaria and typhus, while yellow fever runs a close fifth, and if we could count the hookworm, for the purposes of this discussion, as an insect, it would not be too much to say that this big six of the pestilence world have swept away and are continuing to sweep away more human lives than almost all other pestilences, famines and wars put together. Yet now that we know their secret, the one and only path by which they can pass from one victim to the next, we have them absolutely within our power, and their wiping out is only a question of time; in fact, one of them, yellow fever, is practically stamped out already.

The one thing that made for their deadliness, that they were injected right into the blood vessels and very lifeblood of their victims, was the fact that made them vulnerable to fatal attack. It may be of interest to explain, though possibly this is well known, that the germs, or organisms, which cause insect-borne diseases, are not plants, or vegetable organisms, like the bacteria and bacilli, which cause most of our infections, such as typhoid, tuberculosis, diphtheria, and so on, but a very low type of animal organism, and hence cannot multiply or indeed live at all outside of some living body, either that of a human host or of their insect carrier.

This was one of the reasons why we were so comparatively late in discovering them, because they absolutely refused to grow upon any kind of culture medium that we could possibly devise. The great majority of our disease germs, being tiny plants—fungi, to be precise—will grow readily on any fertile soil where they are scattered or sown, just like the seeds of any other plants. All that was necessary in the laboratory was to spread them upon plates, either of gelatin or a sort of seaweed jelly, agar-agar, put them in an oven or incubator at the proper temperature, and they would sprout like so many onion sets.

But with animal disease germs the case is far more difficult, because we cannot spread them out upon smooth little plates and file them away in an incubator, as they will grow only in the living tissues of some animal. The only way that we can get to

see them under the microscope is by killing that animal, making sections of its tissues, and then trying to stain them in such a way as to bring out and make clear the invading germs.

The reason why insects play such a pestilent and deadly part in the spread of disease and have become the common carriers of pathology is that they are the only kind of animals that frequently and habitually bite human beings. Mad dogs and rats are almost the only other species of free biters, and each of them carries a deadly disease by its bite—rabies and rat-bite fever.

We now begin to understand the secret of the astoundingly sudden and mysterious disappearance of typhus from the Western world. Its whole existence and hope of perpetuation depended absolutely upon the louse, and just as soon as "lousy" became a term of reproach of fighting magnitude, and the fine-tooth comb and weekly bath were put in full operation with the utmost rigor of the law, Othello's occupation was gone. The cooties had to emigrate to less sanitary and strenuous quarters—the Balkans and Russia in Europe, and Mexico on this continent.

The cootie is a slow but persistent traveler and a most industrious and successful colonist. In the language of the old doggerel, he has no wings to fly but he gets there just the same; but his one failing is that he takes from three to five days to dig himself in, so to speak, into both underwear and body surface, and if during this time he is disturbed by distressing upsets like floods of soapy water or the removal and shaking out of his garment home he loses his courage and drops off to find some less strenuous and storm-swept place of refuge. So that those who change into some form of night garment every night, and take a good hot bath with soap at least once a week, make him feel so thoroughly uncomfortable and unwelcome that he utterly fails to get a foothold.

Immigration and Disease

It is a sweet and enjoyable revenge for some of us who have kept stoutly insisting that the daily bath was of real and substantial value to health, and a protection against infections, even though we couldn't put our finger upon the precise infection against which it guarded us or the special good that it did to our skins or our circulation. In general we had to take refuge in vague terms like "toning up the system," "increasing our resisting power against disease," and so on, while our cold-blooded bacteriologists and strictly scientific friends sternly demanded that we name the particular germ that was washed off by the cooling flood of the daily bath; and when we shuffled, some of them proceeded to inform us gleefully that instead of these profuse ablutions doing us any good we were actually washing ourselves weak, making our skins tender and cracked, so as actually to facilitate the entrance of marauding germs.

Other clinicians loftily declared that when we do not know what actual substantial good any procedure does us it is very wrong of us to say that we do, and that in all probability the cold bath is purely a luxury and enjoyment and of chiefly mental and psychic benefit, a test of heroism and character.

But now we have found that it is not necessary to kill the organism or its carrier, nor even to drown it or wash it away with floods of soapy water, but simply to keep it rattled and feeling as if it had made its bed in the middle of a street. "Thou canst not prevent the birds from flying over thy head, but thou canst keep them from building their nests in thy hair." The bath emerges triumphant from the aspersions upon its parts of speech; it is not merely a standard of heroism and a hygienic panacea but a veritable Red Sea against the swarming hosts of epidemic Egyptians.

Now as to the nub of the situation: What is our actual probable ability to protect ourselves against a live and spreading invasion of typhus, in view of the floods of immigrants pouring towards our shores from all the typhus-smitten countries of Eastern Europe? It is quite possible for immigrants suffering from mild forms of typhus—or, what is more dangerous and probable, carrying infected cooties in their clothing—to get on board the ships and be brought to our shores. But we have two natural and self-acting barriers—one that the incubation period of typhus is only from five to twelve days, usually about a week, and the voyage now from most of the Eastern ports of Europe is anywhere from eight to twelve days, so that any infected persons would be almost certain to develop the disease within that time.

The other self-acting barrier is that the infected lice retain their infection probably for no more than a week or ten days, though upon this point we are not yet quite so certain.

Suppose that immigrants do reach quarantine with infected lice upon their persons; a thorough disinfestation and delousing will make them absolutely harmless so far as spreading the disease is concerned. Even if the infection should still be slumbering in their veins and they should have an attack of typhus after they have landed, if they are free from lice there is no danger whatever of the disease being spread to others, for the one thing that is absolutely certain in typhus is—no infected lice, no typhus.

On the other hand we have also the protective fact that individuals who are to contract typhus from others must usually be either lousy already or with their clothing and persons in a friendly and receptive condition such as would make a cootie feel at home and glad he came. And that, thank heaven, is a comparatively rare state of affairs among our native-born population.

But unfortunately this is not so true of our foreign-born population. Crowded together in their colonies, whether in city slums, factory-town tenements or construction camps, and living just as nearly as possible in the way in which they have always lived at home, many of them still furnish the snuggest of snug harbors for cooties, as was illustrated by the report made at a recent meeting of the New York Academy of Medicine, called especially to consider the typhus situation and problem. The meeting passed most reassuring resolutions as to the slightness of any danger of a serious and widespread epidemic of typhus, because our general sanitary habits were so good that lousiness was a comparatively rare condition.

But right in the middle of this chorus of cheerful assurances and belittling of danger suddenly sounded the distinctly crawly and disquieting note of an official report to the effect that 200,000 cases of lice infestation had been discovered among the school children of New York that very year, and that 20 per cent of the graduating classes of the public high schools were more or less infested, not to use any less parliamentary term.

This is one of the pleasing prices New York pays for being, since the destruction of Petrograd by the Bolsheviki, the largest Russian city in the world.

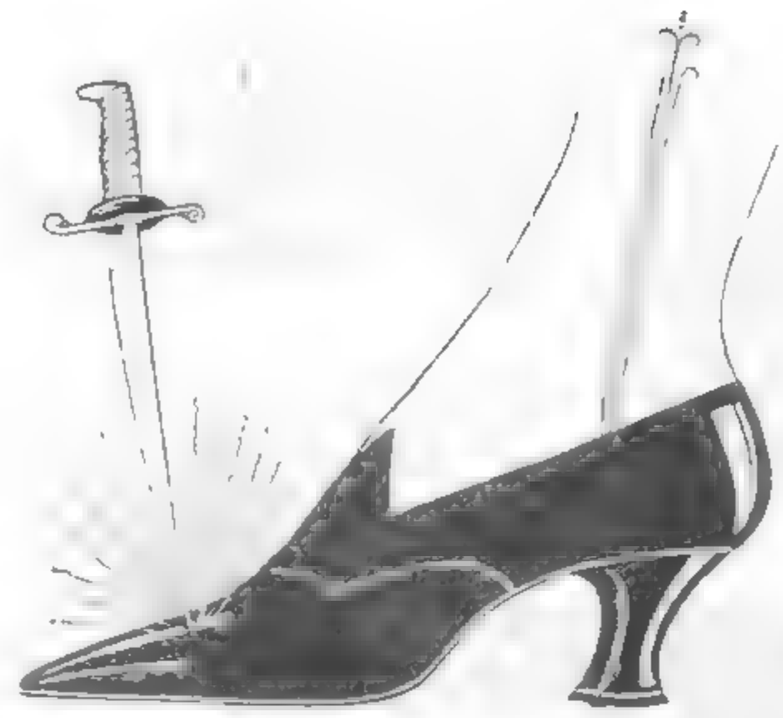
The Menace of the Cootie

The report made a feeble attempt at reassurance by hastening to state that the great majority of these undesirable citizens—known in hygienic and scientific language as *pediculi*—were only of the *Pediculus capitis*, or head-louse variety, which lives only in the scalp and is not quite so active in spreading the infection of typhus as is the real Peruvian doughnut and Ethiopian in the Russian brush heap, *Pediculus corporis*, or body louse. But to the panic-stricken eye of the average citizen in typhus time all cooties look alike.

Now this is a state of affairs that is neither creditable nor tolerable, and is a fair sample of the careless, haphazard, inefficient way in which our whole immigration problem has been handled. And if the spectacle of thousands of immigrants swarming with typhus-infected lice, who are now either headed for or actually on their way to our shores, will wake us up to adopt some really adequate and intelligent method of dealing with this serious problem our fright may have been well worth while.

One thing might be laid down for a beginning—we don't want to import any more lice, even though completely free from infection and in the very bloom of health. We might go a step farther and say that we do not want, nor propose to admit into our citizenship, any individuals who are infested with lice and whose standards of personal cleanliness and general sense of decency and civilization are such as would be indicated by that fact.

This standard of nonlice-entiousness might be a useful, practical addition to our already existing illiteracy and criminality tests, and would catch quite a group of most undesirable citizens who could slip by the other tests. A Bolshevik, for instance,



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You can lift off every hard corn, soft corn, corn between the toes, and the "hard-skin" calluses on bottom of feet. Just get a bottle of "Freezone" at any drug store, anywhere.

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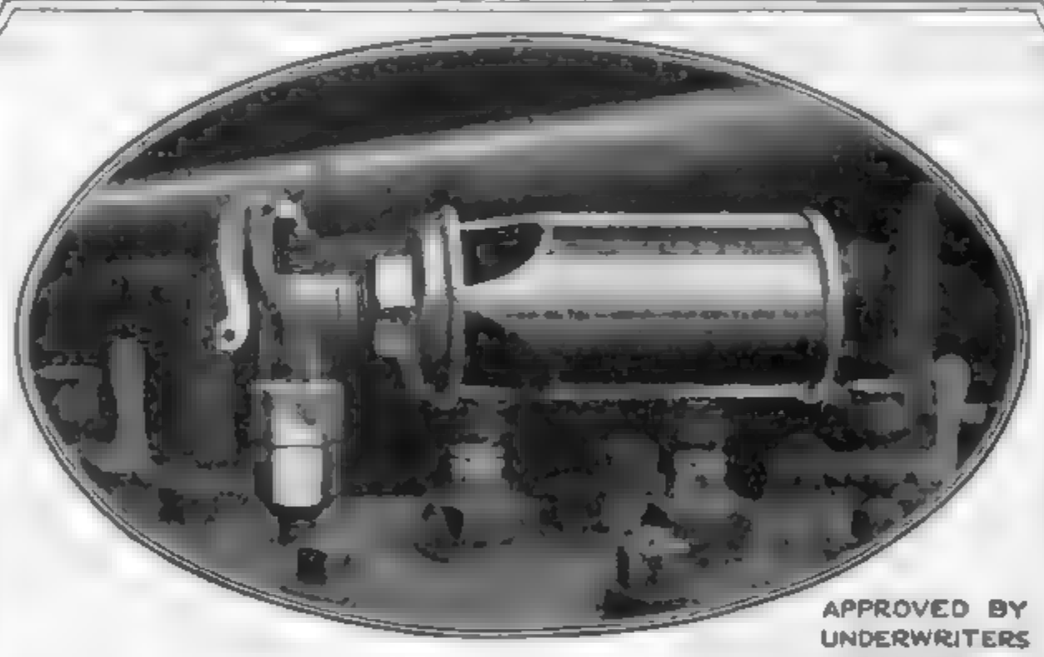

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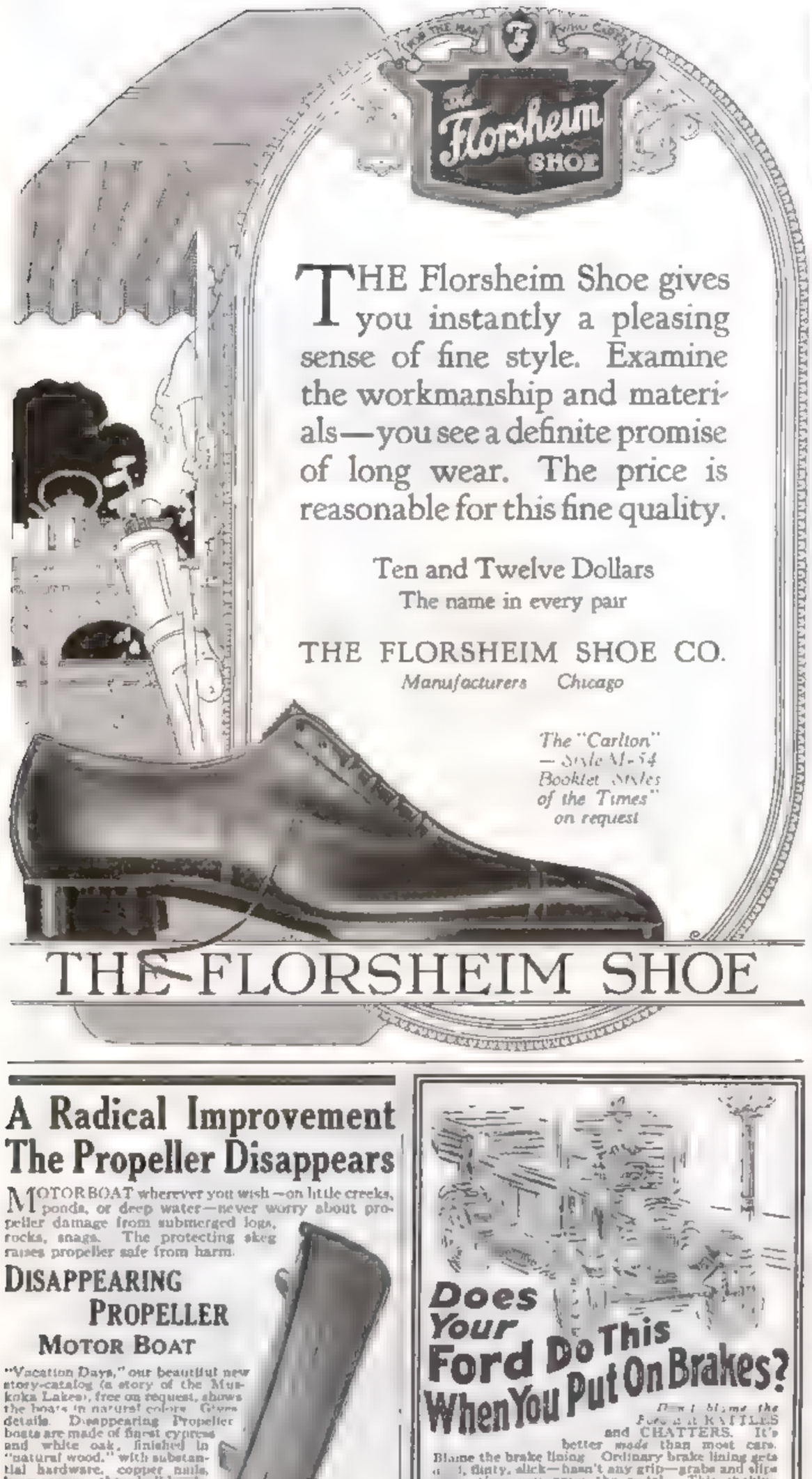

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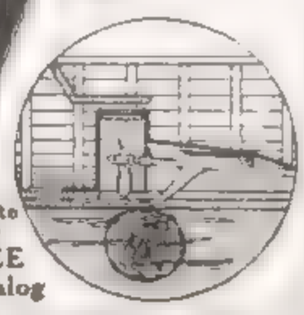

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may be highly intelligent and well educated, but he is rarely clean, and would rather die than take a bath. The mere presence of these disgusting little insects should bar absolutely any immigrant for at least a year and, if the infestation be extreme, permanently.

Of course, like all the other tests to exclude immigrants of undesirable class, the inspection should be made at the port of embarkation in Europe by United States officials—any other course would be unfair—and the staff of the foreign inspection division of our United States Public Health Service, which now conducts such embarkation examinations, should be at least doubled or, better, quadrupled to deal with the situation. At present their numbers are absurdly and disgracefully inadequate. Some years ago on a visit to Naples, calling at the quarantine and inspection office at the docks, I found that two inspectors and two assistants had that morning examined 1100 steerage passengers bound for New York. How thorough and elaborate that examination had been could be imagined without further comment.

The Water Test for Immigrants

The complete stripping and cleansing of the skin, so that its native hue would actually emerge into the light of day for the first time in years, which would be required for disinfestation, or delousing, would also reveal a number of serious skin and blood diseases if they were present, and the way in which the immigrants reacted to the ceremony would give a valuable clew to their general intelligence and standards of living and decency.

Only a few months ago the steerage passengers on board two ocean liners, who were taken to quarantine station and ordered to submit to a hot bath with plenty of soap, were so horror stricken and furious at this barbaric indignity and outrage such as had never before been offered them that they actually drew knives and started a riot which had to be quieted with revolvers and capstan bars. Anybody who feels that way towards warm water ought to be permanently excluded from this enlightened republic. Nor is this a mere chance instance. During the late war it was found most important in the munition plants engaged in the manufacture of high explosives, in order to prevent poisoning by TNT, to have the workers take a full bath from head to foot, with a thorough scrubbing at the end of each day's work, so that no poisonous sediment would remain upon their skins. So violent was the antipathy and resentment on the part of some of the foreign-born workmen to this harmless procedure that it was found necessary to drive them into a sort of corral or long corridor with a row of shower baths spouting full force from its ceiling the whole length of the run. When they had been herded into this runway the door of entrance was closed and locked behind them, and the only way for them to get out was to run the gantlet under the whole row of shower baths and escape at the other end. It was actually discovered that some of the hunkies were so madly afraid of the water that they would sneak umbrellas into the factory and secrete them at the entrance to the runway and then, the moment the inspector's back was turned, up would go the umbrella and away would go the hunky through the shower passage, emerging dry and safe at the other end.

This simple test of infestation would have another practical advantage. Like all the other tests required, it not only should be made temporary but should extend into the future for at least five years, and any admitted immigrant who should be found again in an infested condition any time during his first five years should be deported at once. He should be regularly visited, at first every month, and later at least twice a year, by some representative, either of the local board of health or the United States Quarantine Service, to see that these standards were being lived up to. And these same visits could be made to include the maintenance of good behavior and of freedom from any of the other diseases or defects which might have escaped detection at the time of entry.

The best thing about this method of applying the immigration tests would be that it would make quite as much for the welfare and benefit of the immigrant as for that of the nation.

We have every right to impose a high standard of moral, mental and physical desirability in our future citizens, both as a matter of protection to ourselves and our families and in the interests of the whole human race as well. For the reflex influence of these high standards upon millions in Europe who are seriously considering emigration, though they may never leave the country, and the missionary work done among the peasantry of all the European countries by returning successful immigrants from this country, are extremely widespread and valuable.

As for the typhus, though it is a most unpleasant and undesirable situation that its infection is being brought to our shores every week and that there are at least 2,000,000 of our foreign-born citizens who are carrying about their persons its favorite riding horses, yet the other 103,000,000 of us walk almost absolutely protected by the halo of our own personal ablutions and cleanliness. Furthermore, it is only another turn of the screw, so to speak, and we can absolutely exclude from our shores lice of every sort and description, and when they are once barred out, all risk of typhus is gone.

Soap! More Soap!

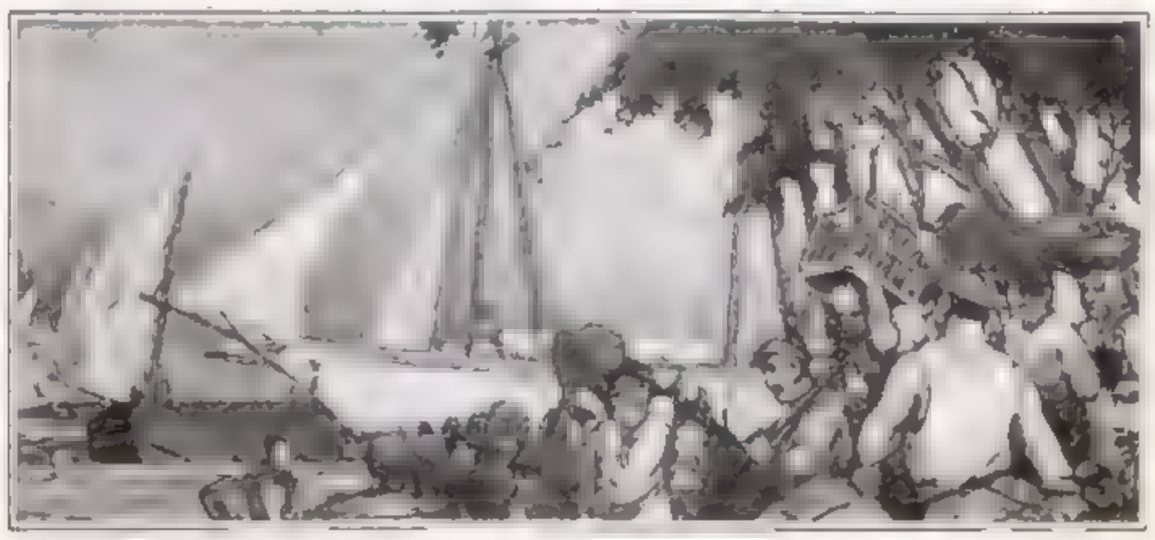
Like the wicked of Scripture the cootie cannot stand in slippery places, and the warm affection of the infant mind for soap bubbles is another instance of the wisdom of babes.

Soap for the children to play with, hot water for everybody every day in the week will soon wash in the millennium.

To paraphrase Goethe, "Soap, more soap!" should be our motto: compulsory hot water in every tenement; shower baths in every school, used by every pupil at least once a week; public baths and laundries in every ward, run by waste steam from power houses and factories; showers and rest rooms in every department store, large office buildings and every factory and mine.

For the still further promotion of our peace of mind it may be of interest to state that we have had in New York City, and in lesser degree in other large cities with a considerable foreign-born population, a steady run of a curious type of fever known as Brill's disease, from the physician who first described and recognized it. This is almost unquestionably a mild denatured form, so to speak, of typhus, with all the symptoms of the real disease, though fortunately of such extreme mildness that it practically never results fatally.

Nearly 250 cases of Brill's disease were reported in New York last year, and as this rate has been going on for at least ten or twelve years past, and yet not a single case of the real disease has developed from it, it shows that we are pretty nearly typhus immune.



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These fifty trained farm investigators will work a year for you for just **one** dollar!

National Farm News Service

Week of May 28

The Railroad Rate Increases have played havoc with farm marketing systems in many sections of the country. E. V. Wilcox, in a series of penetrating articles, tells what is being done to offset losses through high freight costs. His article, *Gambling in Winter Salads*, is in this issue.

Getting On With the Pure-Breds is the general title of a helpful series by William Johnson. This week's story, covering the Jerseys, offers sound guidance for any dairyman.

Every Step in Beekeeping is being described by Benjamin Wallace Douglass, an authoritative writer on bees as well as on successful fruit raising. One article of the series appears this week.

A Dollar Above the Market is the price Kansas growers of Kanred wheat get for their crop. A. B. Macdonald tells how careful experiment has developed an ideal, hardy strain of high yield.

What About the Non-Partisan League? There has been enough impassioned rhetoric for and against it—what the farmer wants now is an impartial estimate of its accomplishments and failures. Just such is Philip S. Rose's *The New Day Wanes*.

The Farmer's Credit Problems are not the least of his worries. Herbert Quick, formerly of the Federal Farm Loan Board, keeps COUNTRY GENTLEMAN readers in touch with every development toward more satisfactory credit. His story, *Where Dreams Came True*, appears this week.

Other Features include letters from a retired farmer to his scientific son, articles telling of farm success the country over, keen editorials, smashing cartoons, short stories and infectious humor.

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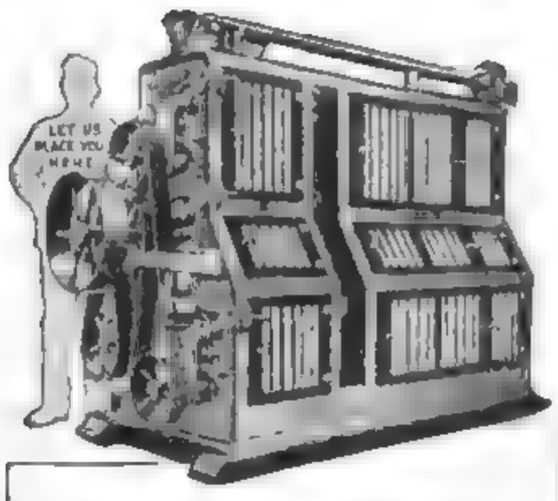

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CATALOG ON REQUEST

WEST BROADWAY

(Continued from Page 26)

really unnecessary for Jim to put his foot in my face, but that's a husband for you—no consideration in little things!

However, I after a moment realized it was not Jim's foot, but the heel of a suitcase from the back of the tonneau, and that Jim was under me and pinned down tight.

I couldn't believe it had happened, or if it had that it must be on a location and pretty soon the whistle would blow, but it didn't; and instead came not the director's voice but that of young Westman, who had been flung clear of the car and was already on his feet and busy at something or other, I couldn't tell what. To hear the two voices of he and Jim you would of thought they was continuing a calm gabfest that had been going on in a private smoking den or something for maybe a hour or two.

"I think I'm only caught," Jim was saying. "Will she hold if I move?"

"The top saved her from going completely over," says Tom's voice, "and there's a fence holding below. I'll have her up in a minute. Wait till I lift her off you."

And this time it was me he meant by "her," and somehow or another he got me out, first removing a couple of bags off my face, and then the golf clubs, and then by sheer strength pulled me through the wind shield, and would of helped me to sit down, but I found a young tree and held onto it.

"Jim!" I says. "Get Jim!"

Well, I don't like to dwell on the rest of it too much. Because, believe me, I dwelt one thousand years in twenty minutes at the time, and that is enough. But I do want to go on record with a few things about Tom Westman, and what he did was according to him nothing at all, but the true facts are that Jim was caught with one foot under the car and only held about an an inch from being crushed by a combination of lunch box and twisted left fender; and that Tom somehow found a plank where there wasn't any and jacked that bus up all alone so's Jim could pull out his leg unharmed and get free also through the wind shield, and that the car lay such a way that only for Tom's being on the job so quick and not losing his head Jim would of at least had one less leg to-day.

Well, anyways, after Jim was out and my heart had commenced to beat again and my head begun to figure out that the trip was ruined and we would have to go on by train, provided we could ever get to some place where trains passed, and that now Jim was alive and safe and nothing broken but his sense of humor why, then of course I also begun to realize it had all been his fault and his deliberate carelessness, and even the fact that I would from now on always have something to throw up to him for which he would have no comeback failed to comfort me.

And here was where Tom, who seemed to have the strength and cheerfulness of a team of oxen, showed us different. For he and Jim got the Puller and hitched it to a tree and this time it did pull, and pretty soon—lifted mostly by sheer strength of language, I guess, only of course under the circumstances I pretended not to hear it—that car stood upright on the road, uninjured except for a broken wind shield, cracked radiator shell and crumpled left mud guard. And I was so happy over it that I never passed a single remark about how they had laughed at me for bringing it when they took the two gallons of extra oil and put it into the of course empty crank case; and when Tom got in and stepped on her and after a heart-cracking sigh of hesitation the engine actually turned over I wanted to pray in thankfulness.

You know the way a person first naturally makes a lot of rash enthusiastic promises in the gratitude of the moment, and, believe me, Tom would of got his if he would of let us, which he would not, and somehow made us shush, as he put it, we hardly knew how. He was a better gentleman than either of us, I'll say that; but just the same Jim and I kept reservations in our mind about what we would do for him in increase of wages and a car of his own when he least expected it, and I personally myself decided to surprise him at Christmas with a diamond-mounted watch, and was determined not to cool down to a post card with greetings by the time the holiday season actually come around, as is often the case.

"I'll never forget what you done for us," says Jim as we come at length limping into the next town, the most beautiful town I ever saw that night in my life, if you get me! "I'll never forget it," says Jim. "And I'll prove it if ever I get the chance to do something for you!"

"Oh, shush!" says Tom.

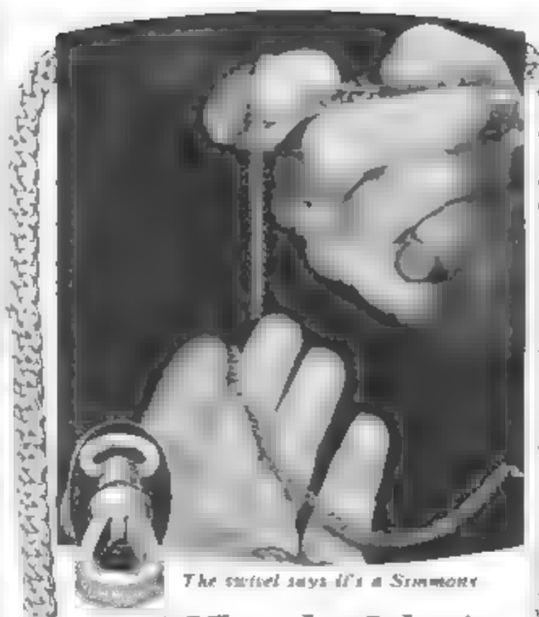
Now far be it from me to say anything against this town or any other part of Illinois or its people, except of course their so-called roads, and why be in a hurry to criticize even them, because maybe nobody ever called the natives' attention to the condition of their roads, and perhaps if they read this they will notice the roads the next time they are trying to go some place, and then maybe the roads will be improved and become as the poet says, worthy of the towns they run up to and the farms they lead to; and when this is accomplished, why it will be easier to keep help that has seen Paree, because the help will not be so constantly reminded of the battlefield mud, which they have also seen, remember! Also social calls between farm ladies will be easier, and the heart of the farm problem, which, like pretty near any other national problem, it seems, lies in the home, will be a little solved by making the great farms more accessible, and farmers are social human beings like anybody else, or would be if possible; and it's a shame that hell is paved with good intentions when the apparent lack of even the intentions is making hell out of such a lot of good farm country.

I don't know how a person does it, even after having done it myself, but once you get your mind made up to drive from coast to coast you get a kind of extra strength that comes partially, I guess, from your mental workings and the utter freedom from all ties. But however the scientific facts are, I know that a person can and does fall into bed at night with every bone and muscle aching like you had the flu or something, to say nothing of the ache in your temper and the pain in the small of your disposition. And yet you wake up next morning before the roosters do, all full of pep, and would have to look in your notebook to remember how you felt last night. A kind of urge to get along -to be on your way—gets to you, and by the time you are in the Middle West the Far West starts calling like mad, even if you ain't ever seen it before. It's like getting religion or something. It's like hearing the voice of somebody you love, faint and clear and insistent in your brain. You actually get homesick for the West that is in your brain, and you feel you got to hurry toward it or be sick. I don't know why this is true, but it is. You are like the little girl in the fairy story where the magic lady kept leading her from field to field where each new place had bigger and brighter flowers than the one before, until she was a very long long ways from home and glad of it. Can you get that at all? It's magic, all right, that's what—and the thrill begins with the very word "West." The farther you go the bigger the flowers are in the next field just beyond, and—I know this sounds sort of silly—you get greedy for beauty and more of it.

And those fields of flowers are not all flowers of speech on my part either. Because after a day of repairs at the town, during which time our dramatic night of horrors and heroic reacues come down to earth as a plain hellova nuisance and delay—well, after that day we plunged down into fields of golden flowers all right; acre after acre of clear yellow blossoms that would put your eye out, and each field more lovely than the next, although I expect a mere weed to the farmers.

Down, down we plunged out of the hilly country—and "plunged" is right—through lakes that had once been roads, with the blue sky reflected in them and the curses of the tourists drowned in them, and all the while the fields growing flatter and more golden; but I did sure wonder where the tourists who was camping done so; perhaps they carry rafts as well as tents while passing through this country, which, I must add, grows wonderful watermelons—and why not?

At last the map showed we was on the Mississippi bottoms, and I showed off a little of my education to Jim, which it was about time I done so, because he, having seen the West by train, was forever pointing out things we was coming to but never did.



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"Say, this Mississippi River is what made Mark Twain and Frances White famous, ain't it?" I says—"besides several other great song writers?"

"I don't know," says Jim. "But I know St. Louis is the place so many head waiters was named for."

Well, the comedian having pulled the cue, I sat back and waited for the black-faced chorus in red-and-white stage calico to cross our path with a patter dance and a few jazzy stanzas about down the Mississippi where we all go dippy underneath the ragtime moon, and waiting for maybe even the lighting to change and the silvery moon to come up at 4:30 P.M., I having the thorough N. Y. conception of the daily life of the Mississippi Valley so realistically put before me for years by Broadway managers.

And it's the truth, the average New Yorker—and remember there are over six million of them, or anyways five million six hundred thousand, and the rest of them are a little above the average, including ourselves—well, as I was saying, it's the truth, their whole idea of America is what some smart young stage manager who has never been west of Hoboken has put before them on the stage, and shouted himself hoarse for the girls to put a little pep into it. And even I personally myself used to be half convinced that Indians was mostly blond chickens with feathers on their heads and very little else except the jewels their rich uncle had give them, and that cowboys walked with their hands on their hips and always as a background to a tenor. Do you get me? And New York is perfectly satisfied with its ignorance.

Well, all I got to say is that I learned—and that it is time the East Coast woke up to the fact that, Shakspere to the contrary notwithstanding, where ignorance may be bliss you are a darn fool not to get wise, and coming into St. Louis and finding it and surrounding country no nonsensical bunch of coon jazz, banjos and cheap sentiment, but a wonderful, rich, hardworking, nonradical unit of the U. S. A. put me in mind of a waiter I once met, and this is a true story, and he was one of them Louies from St. Louis, too, only they call it "Lewis" out there.

Well, anyways, this horrible example of what the West thinks of N. Y. come back to me at this time and I understand it now, though I didn't at the time it happened in a Sixth Ave. restaurant where I and Jim had gone to get our supper after the show we was playing at the Colossal, where we was appearing for ten minutes and a thousand dollars in person this week only.

Well, this waiter was a stranger to us, and Jim says, "Where is Joe who used to be at this table?" And the waiter says, "When?" And Jim says, "Oh, about two years ago." And the waiter says, "Oh, I wasn't here then! I was in America." Well, we took notice of that, because this was Sixth Avenue.

"Well," says Jim, "where was that?"

"West of the Mississippi River," says the waiter with a snort, and walks away.

Well, I personally would say he was too rough on Ill., Ind. and Ohio and etc., but it's a fact the Eastern States are getting a whole lot too foreign for their health, and undoubtedly that waiter was only talking about as much of the country as he had actually seen. He had also said when we questioned him, "What's the use in me trying to tell you about this country—buy a ticket, that's all—just go buy a ticket!" And it wasn't until I started traveling that I got him right at all. New York is the spoiled Rich Man's daughter. She's a beauty, and she has got everything in the world she wants, including foreign company with fancy names and highbrow ideas. But she sometimes forgets it's Poppa and Momma who gives her most of what she's got, and that their name is Mr. and Mrs. West. I hope they won't let her marry a foreign title—particularly not a Russian one. That waiter had the dope—I'll suggest he did. It's practically impossible to tell New York's friends about her parents. You got to buy 'em a ticket—that's all!

I realized this anew as I passed through that Mississippi Valley, which was literally and actually flooded with gold, and it being toward sunset when we passed through it, the sky was also gold, so that a person could hardly say where the fields of blossoms ended on the horizon and the sky begun. We rounded a bend in the so-called road, and there seated on a stone—and in passing, let me say it was the only stone we had seen since leaving Ohio—well, anyways, seated on a stone on a little rise of ground was a girl silhouetted against the blazing sky of which her maze of yellow hair seemed to be a part, her feet buried in the carpet of gleaming yellow daisies.

Just beyond her the smoke of a camp fire arose on the still, hot air, as hesitating and graceful as a cheesecloth dancer's scarf, and a tent—a funny tent that let down from the roof of a flivver—was pitched. You could smell bacon frying and a woman's voice—not a young woman's but a sweet woman's—was singing:

Weep no more, my lady,
Oh, tum-de-tum-tum-day!

And just as I was thinking "What a pretty scene! I wish we could politely stop and look at it," something went wrong with the car, and we did. And not until I had accepted Tom Westman's statement to that effect that it was the wiring did I realize that the campers was the Peterkins.

Well, I am not so old but that when I see it was Alma Peterkin who was mingling her hair with the sunset I had a little sympathy, and left her and Tom to fix the car between them, because without lifting the hood I knew it was going to be a long job, and I took Jim with me, because men are so dense, and we went over and talked with pa and ma and auntie and grandma and the kids, and Welcome come over, too, and talked to their spitz-foundland.

"Well, of all things, if it ain't the Colby-Droits!" says Mr. Peterkin, putting down an ax and greeting us like we was English nobility by that name. "Well, well! In trouble? Can I help?"

"Oh, no!" I says hastily. "The boy can do it."

"I suppose so!" says Mr. Peterkin—but didn't mean what I meant. And then out come Mrs. P. from the depths of her canned-goods box and welcomed us over the tinned cow.

"Why, if it ain't you folks!" she says. "Sit down—I don't know where, but do!"

And I'll be dog-goned if in three minutes we wasn't chewing the rag like old friends who had been separated long enough to have something to talk about!

"You see," pa was saying, "we all was living a tight little life back East, centered around the store—general merchant, I was—and finally the profiteers drove me out—and I thank God for it—I do, that! First it was the commission houses—— Why, man, it made me sick to charge thirty cents for potatoes worth five, but how could I help it if I was going to live? And then the landlord started after me. By gollies, it's done my heart good to see all these building fellers getting theirs—if they ever actually do go to jail—and the landlord too! We stood for it for over two years—four raises, that was what he pulled on us! And then I got this idea. We didn't own our house, but we did own our car. What's the answer? Why, this is the answer—that we are here, paying rent to nobody! And we are not the only ones making our car our home, and it's no longer where we hang our hat, but where we park the bus."

"But how about a little work?" says Jim. "Or have you saved enough for the rest of your life?"

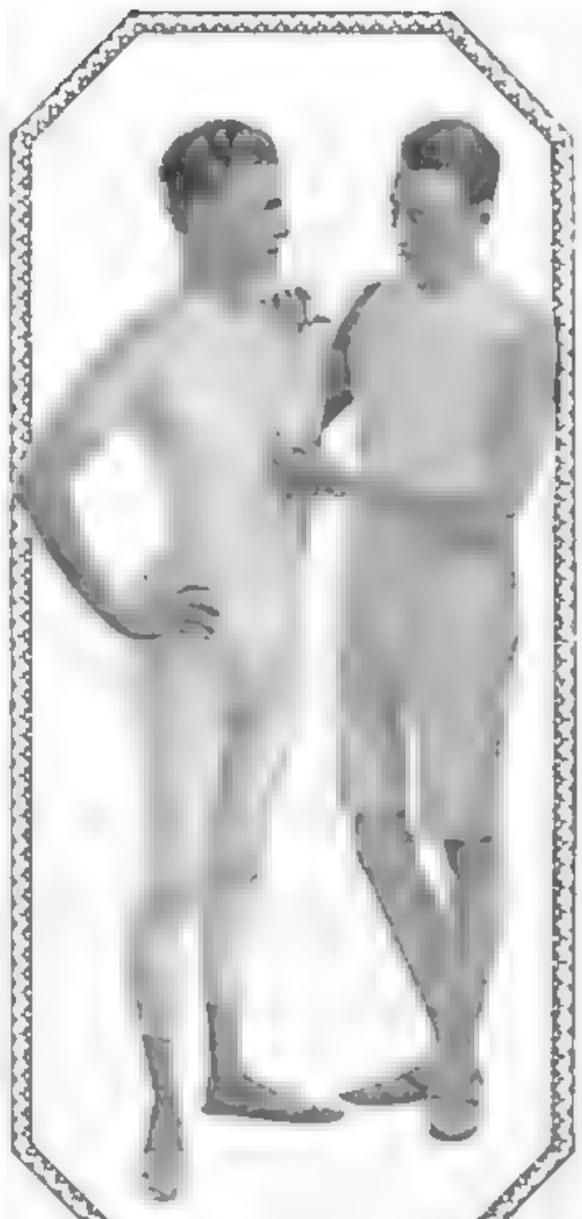
"I've saved enough to last until we find a place we'd like to locate better than where we was in Jersey," says pa. "I'll tell you the way of it: One day I decided that, in spite of appearances around home, this was still a free country—at least the roads were free. Ma thought I was crazy, but in the end decided she'd be game and that maybe living out of doors would be as good for the kids as school until we found a home we liked. Then there was Alma—my girl. Well, Alma, she's a stenog, and she thought somebody else's typewriter out West would be as good as the one she was working on at the time, and so she just up and quit."

"And she can get a job anywhere," says her ma, "because she's real good at it."

"And my wife's mother here, and my sister," says pa—"well, it seems they had both all their lives wanted to see California. So had we all of us, for that matter, and—well, we had a session on it and come to the conclusion that the only thing in life a person need to be afraid of is being afraid, and that we would just up and go. I sold out, and here we are!"

"And do you like it?" I says to ma.

"Well," says she in her comfortable manner, which reminded me a lot of my own ma—"well, I always like it in the mornings after we get started. Sometimes at night I must say my own regular kitchen would look good to me. But a person gets



GET *ONE*
INSTEAD OF MANY

BUTTONS may be comparatively cheap, but you don't buy things you don't need just because they don't cost much. And when you buy a

HATCH
ONE BUTTON
UNION SUIT

you are *not* buying a lot of extra buttons that are not only useless but decidedly troublesome.

One button does the work much better than a whole row of nine or more. It saves you time and bother in making repairs, for on the ordinary union suit buttons and buttonholes are always getting out of order. But even better than that, the one master button at the chest makes possible a smooth, even fit from neck to knee or ankle. You can't get such perfect comfort in any ordinary undergarment.

This Spring you can get the Hatch One Button Union Suit in the finest of knit goods and nainsook. We shall be glad to send, free on request, a catalog describing the complete line. The Hatch One Button Union Suit is featured at the best stores everywhere, but if you cannot get it easily and quickly, send your size with remittance to our mill at Albany, N. Y., and you will be supplied direct, delivery free.
Men's garments: Knitted—$2.00, 2.50 and 3.00 Nainsook—$1.00, 1.50, 1.75, 2.00 and 2.50
Boys' garments: Knitted—$1.25. Nainsook—75 cents.

FULD & HATCH KNITTING CO.
ALBANY NEW YORK

Mr. Banks is Paying for a House

With extra money that he easily earns in his spare-time, Mr. Will K. Banks is paying for a dwelling house with several acres of land in a pleasant Tennessee town. Mr. Brackett, in the same way, has bought a home in Ohio; Mr. Heath of Massachusetts has bought both a farm and a summer resort bungalow. Many another might be listed. *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* are popular the country over—it's easy to make money with them wherever you work.

Mr. Wallace Has Bought an Automobile

Mr. H. N. Wallace of Oregon wanted an automobile. His Curtis profits bought it. Like many a car owner, he decided, after he had run a few thousand miles, that he needed a new model. His Curtis profits bought that as well. When Mr. Kohl of Wisconsin took his trip around the world, he drove an automobile maintained with Curtis earnings. Mr. Jeffers of New York is now buying his car—also with Curtis profits. The work is easy, pleasant and profitable, and requires no previous experience.

Mr. Mahaffey is Going to Law School

Mr. Ellery Mahaffey of Pennsylvania is now a student in the Law College of one of the largest American Universities. Summer work with the three Curtis publications foots the bills. Last summer he earned $600.00 in a single month. Miss Williams of Tennessee paid her way through a College and a University with Curtis profits. Mr. Hall of Nebraska, Mr. Starr of California, Mr. Stofflet of Michigan—men and women in practically every state have earned their education the easy, pleasant Curtis way.

Could YOU Use More Money?

Perhaps you don't want to buy a house, perhaps you don't care for an automobile, perhaps a college course isn't the thing you most want now—but you have plans and aims of some sort that require more money. It may be that you want a phonograph, or a vacation trip, or new clothes, or perhaps you'd like more money for your living expenses. Whatever your object, there is one sure, easy way by which you may accomplish it.

We need more subscription representatives in every neighborhood. *Without experience* you can qualify for profitable work. Let us tell you all about our plan—there's no obligation involved.

For full details mail this coupon, filled in, to The Curtis Publishing Company, 250 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

Gentlemen: I'd like to know all about your plan. Please rush complete explanation by return mail.

Name_____ Street or R. F. D. _____

Town_____ State _____

tired after traveling so much and seeing such a lot. Are you camping?"

"No," I says, half sorry. "We have to be in Los Angeles a certain date and was afraid we wouldn't have time."

"It's nice to be independent of hotels," says ma. "I'd begrudge them the money, even if we had it. My, when we first got that flivver I never thought we'd go this far in it! Funny thing about a car, the way it opens up the world. First off you just go for rides. Then maybe you go to Boston overnight, and it seems like a great big dangerous journey. And gradually you come to realize that roads go right on beyond any place you ever been, and that you got a car! Why, we had ours two years before we realized we could see America in it! Say, are you going to the Grand Canyon?"

"Yes, indeed!" I says, feeling less like the supposedly privileged rich every moment.

"And take a run down into Mexico?" ma went on.

"I hadn't thought of that," I says, very humble.

"I think we might," says ma, "and that I would pass on the idea. It was given us by three maiden ladies from Maine who was driving themselves in an old Innerland. They said they thought the gambling and murders and all down in Mexico would be real interesting to see!"

Well, we left them after that. What else could a person do? But feeling we had made new friends, and somehow getting closer to these real people out here under the open sky without any trammels of civilization than we ever would of at home, where we would of been merely grocer and customer, and had no chance to find out that we were friends—real actual friends, with tastes and plans that was just alike, and although all members of the Republican Party, democratic in our hearts. I mean in the real sense. And it was the simplicity of our background had brought us so close.

"Close" is right too. Because when Tom finally decided the car was physically able to proceed and had got into the driver's seat and I sat beside him and we was on our way again I noticed he had a yellow flower in his buttonhole, which was all right, and maybe he had put it there himself, but there was also a yellow hair parked near it, and—oh, well, probably he put it there himself as well, if you get me.

St. Louis was the first city we had struck that was a real city without being in any way a imitation of the East. You would think it had set out to make a pattern for cities on its own, and done a pretty good job, and I'll say the ladies' clubs, of which there are not over half a million of them there, had quite a hand in doing it, because they are a bunch of live wires, and at once discovered who I was, and I had to make seven speeches while the rest of the crowd ate seven banquets, and me having coming West without a single decent dress, because I thought I wouldn't need them and that the cities would all be hick towns and any old thing would do! And here I, Marie La Tour, the best-dressed woman on the silver sheet, was the rag bag of the party! Actually I commenced to long for the place where I could put on my riding clothes, but in the meanwhile was heavily entertained by smart, snappy women who constantly assured me it didn't in the least matter what I wore, which is a sentence that can come only from females who positively know they are O. K. in appearance their own selves, and that you are not quite.

St. Louis is full not alone of women's clubs, fine old French manners, people who live on the interest of their incomes and hardly show it, dramatic movements, little magazines and the Davis Cup, but of automobile factories, people who will tell you how to make gin out of sweet spirits of niter, and the homes of near-beer and symphony societies and milliner shops, where I bought a couple of hats to make me feel better groomed, but Jim kicked at the extra hatbox. Well, it has all these and many other attractions, but the morning we was to make our exit was the best one to me, because my circus blood, I guess, was simply by then aching for the open road, which we understood would be opener than those we had just swum through.

And so when the bags had all gone down to the car and the last bell boy had got his, and I was all ready to start at 7:30 A.M. of a fine morning, it was no pleasure to have Jim come into the room, not to see had he left his shaving brush as was natural, but to wave the morning paper at me.

"Kid," he says, "there is serious news. The New York police have pinned that bomb explosion onto Karl Westman's crowd, and they are looking for him and for—gee whiz! They're looking for Tom as well!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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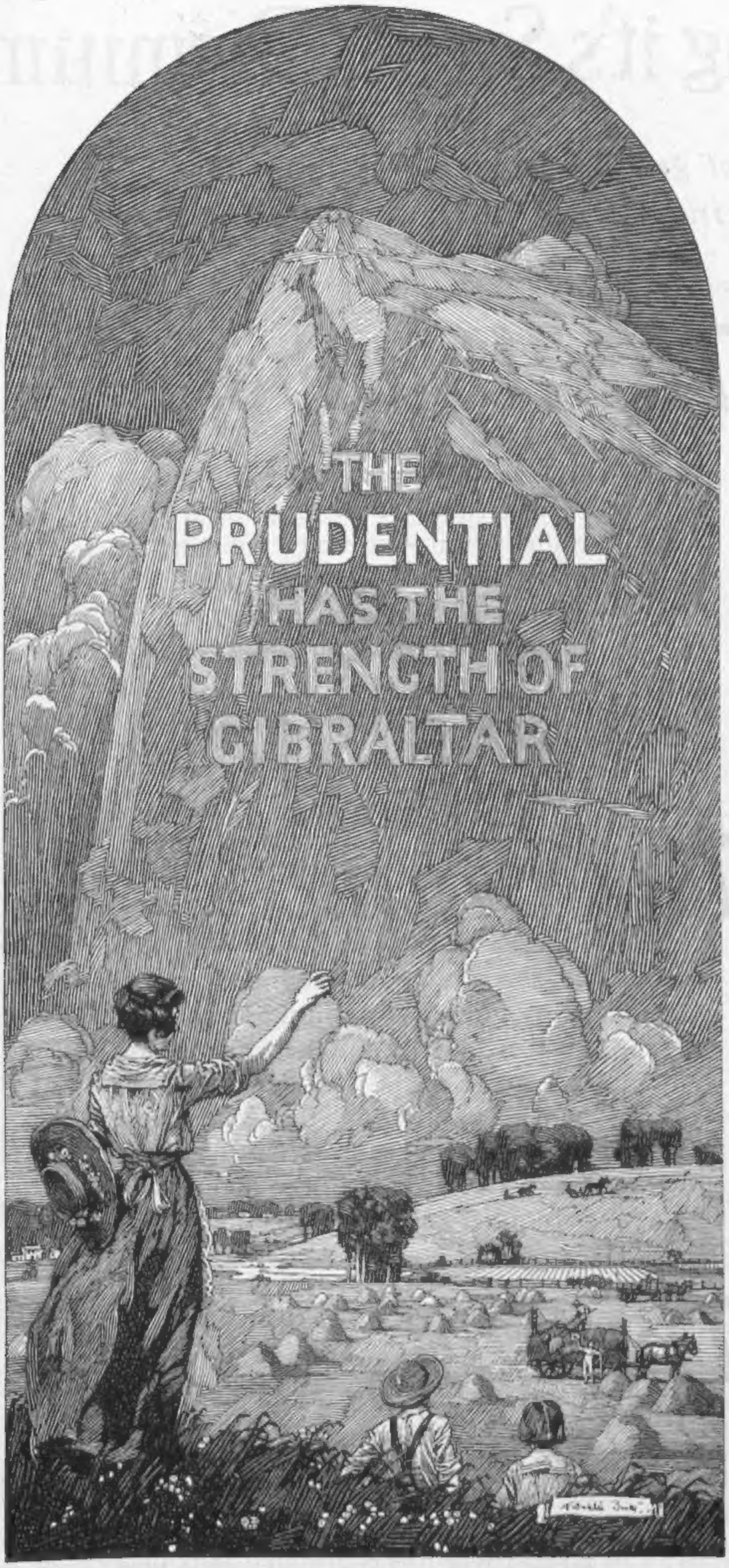
A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. Be sure to give your old address as well as the new one.



—life is happier on thousands of farms

Because your Prudential Savings are not only Safe but at Work

WE may call them John and Mary King, though these are not their names. Their real names are in Prudential's vaults filed in a long, buff envelope.

Just an ordinary envelope—yet it contains a story of struggle and romance, of dreams long cherished and at last fulfilled. And in that story *you* have a part.

John is a farmer. Years ago on the Western plains he and Mary put up a rude hut and dreamed of the home that would some day be theirs.

At length when their savings were almost enough they built the home they had dreamed about, using the money in the bank and giving a mortgage for the rest.

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They are *at work* in the world all about you; the most precious things in American life are bound up in the service they perform.

Forty-four millions of them were loaned last year to American farmers like John and Mary King. Acres were planted, homes improved and life made happier on thousands of farms because of those farm mortgage loans.

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Incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey

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Founded by John F. Dryden, pioneer of industrial insurance in America

Three ways of telling it's Swift's Premium

You can always make sure of getting Swift's Premium Ham when you ask for it, by looking for any of these three things

1

The Wrapper

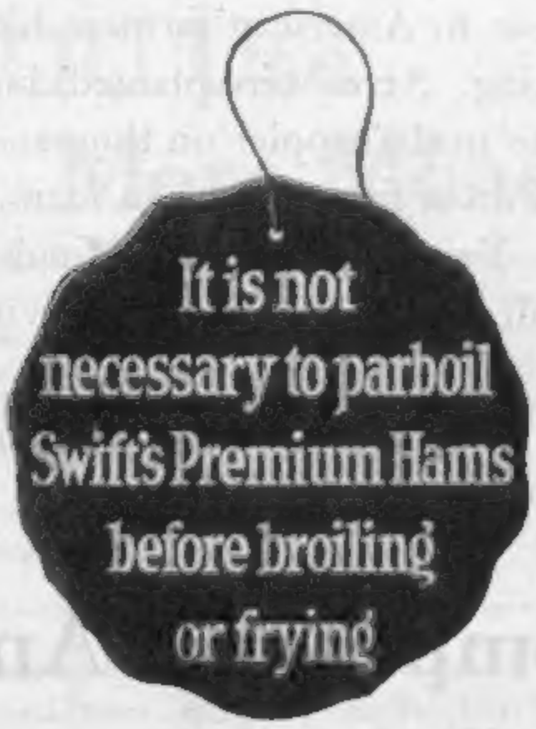
This is the wrapper that guarantees to you that you are getting a Premium Ham—with all its distinctive flavor kept in by its parchment coverings. Watch for this wrapper especially when you buy a whole ham.

2

The Brand

This is the brand stamped on the skin of every Premium Ham. Look for it when the butcher slices ham for you. Be sure it is on the whole ham you buy—for the economical way to buy ham is to buy it whole. *Bake* the butt, *boil* the shank, and *broil* or *fry* the tender center slices.

3

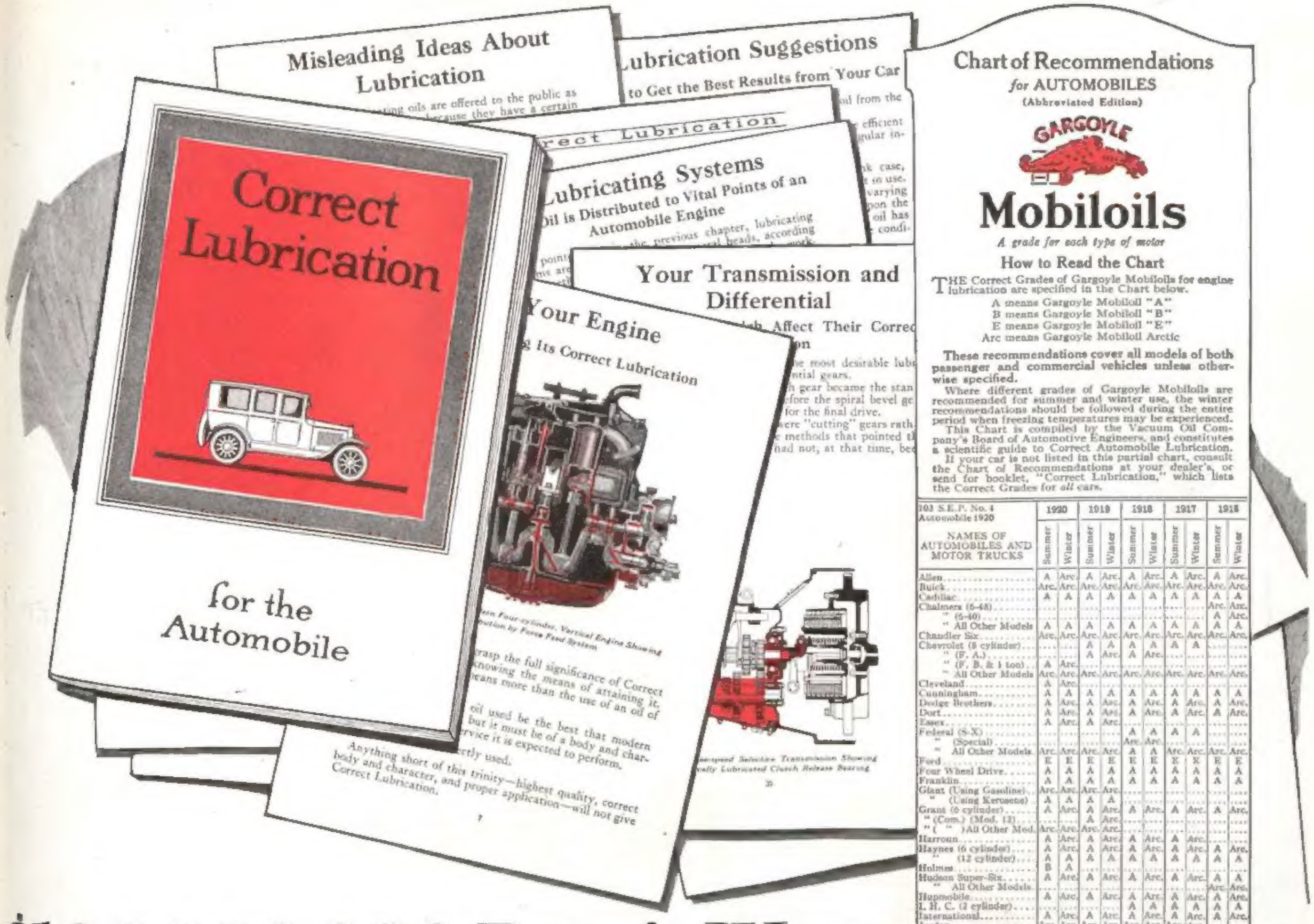


The Tag

This is the blue identification "no-parboiling tag" which is tied on the small end of every Premium Ham. Even though the branded part of a Premium Ham has been cut away, you can recognize it by this blue tag.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Make sure it's Premium


Misleading Ideas About Lubrication
Lubrication Suggestions
to Get the Best Results from Your Car
Correct Lubrication
Lubricating Systems
Oil is Distributed to Vital Points of an Automobile Engine
Your Transmission and Differential
Your Engine
its Correct Lubrication
Correct Lubrication
for the Automobile
Anything short of this trinity—highest quality, correct body and character, and proper application—will not give Correct Lubrication.
Chart of Recommendations
for AUTOMOBILES
(Abbreviated Edition)
GARGOYLE
Mobiloils
A grade for each type of motor

$100,000,000 Repair Waste

Let this Booklet cut down your engine and chassis troubles and repairs

EVERY automobilist who wants to cut down repair bills should have this Booklet. It strikes its keynote in the opening sentence, *"One-half of every dollar spent for automobile repairs is wasted!"*

Every year American motorists spend at least one hundred million dollars unnecessarily for engine repairs.

Our Booklet, "Correct Lubrication," diagnoses the cause of much of this immense national waste. It deals simply and scientifically with first causes.

It discusses causes of repairs, engine factors, lubrication factors, carbon formation. It describes oil tests—where they are important—where they mean nothing, or worse than nothing. It deals with transmission and differential lubrication, explaining why lubrication practice of a few years back is today obsolete—why old practice points to repair bills.

The temptation to use heavier oil in worn engines is dealt with. The Booklet points out the penalties which come from this dangerous practice.

* * *

You may think that you have no avoidable repairs. *So do millions of other motorists! And they are the very men who contribute to the hundred million dollar repair fund which represents sheer waste.*

Motorists need information on this vital subject. This information is provided for you in our Booklet, "Correct Lubrication." The 1921 edition is now ready. It contains the facts. They are simply presented—easy to get at, easy to read, easy to understand and *easy to apply immediately to your financial advantage.*

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GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

Chart of Recommendations for AUTOMOBILES

(Abbreviated Edition)

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

How to Read the Chart

THE Correct Grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils for engine lubrication are specified in the Chart below.

A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

These recommendations cover all models of both passenger and commercial vehicles unless otherwise specified.

Where different grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendations should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures may be experienced.

This Chart is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and constitutes a scientific guide to Correct Automobile Lubrication.

If your car is not listed in this partial chart, consult the Chart of Recommendations at your dealer's, or send for booklet, "Correct Lubrication," which lists the Correct Grades for *all* cars.

103 S.E.P. No. 4 Automobile 1920	1920		1919		1918		1917		1916	
NAMES OF AUTOMOBILES AND MOTOR TRUCKS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Allen	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Buick	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cadillac	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chalmers (6-48)									Arc.	Arc.
" (6-40)									A	Arc.
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chandler Six	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chevrolet (6 cylinder)			A	A	A	A	A			
" (F. A.)			A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
" (F, B, & 1 ton)	A	Arc.								
" All Other Models	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cleveland	A	Arc.								
Cunningham	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Dort	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.						
Federal (S-X)					A	A	A	A		
" (Special)					Arc.	Arc.				
" All Other Models	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Four Wheel Drive	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Giant (Using Gasoline)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.						
" (Using Kerosene)	A	A	A	A						
Grant (6 cylinder)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (Com.) (Mod. 12)			A	Arc.						
" (") All Other Mod.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.						
Harroun	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
Haynes (6 cylinder)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (12 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Holmes	B	A								
Hudson Super-Six	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
" All Other Models									Arc.	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
I. H. C. (4 cylinder)					A	A	A	A	A	A
International	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Jordan	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
King (8 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Kissel Kar (Model 48)									A	A
" " (12 cylinder)					A	A	A	A		
" " All Other Mod.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Liberty	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
Locomobile	A	E	A	E	A	E	E	E	E	E
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Mercer	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Mitchell (6 cylinder)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (8 cylinder)									A	A
Moline-Knight			B	A	B	A	A	A	A	A
Nash (Quad.)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" (Mod. 671)					A	A				
" All Other Models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
National (6 cylinder)	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (12 cylinder)			A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Nelson	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Oakland (8 cylinder)									A	A
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Oldsmobile (4 cylinder)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.					Arc.	Arc.
" (6 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.		
" (8 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Overland	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Packard	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Paige (6 cylinder)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (Cont. Eng.)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" All Other Models	A	A								
Peerless (8 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models					Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Pierce-Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Com.) (5 ton)	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" " All Other Mod.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
R. & V. Knight	B	A								
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Republic									A	A
" (¾ ton)									Arc.	Arc.
" (1 ton)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (1½ ton)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
" (Com.) All Other Mod.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Riker	A	E	A	E	A	E	E	E		
Roamer (Model R. A.)							A	Arc.		
" All Other Models	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.			Arc.	Arc.		
Rock Falls	A	Arc.	A	Arc.						
Saxon			E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Scripps-Booth (4 cylinder)					Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (6 & 8 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Standard Com'l (Detroit)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Stearns-Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A	B	A
Stephens	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Sterling (Milwaukee)	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Templar	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Velie (Model 34)	A	Arc.								
" (6 cylinder)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (Com.) (¾ ton)			A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
" " All Other Mod.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.				
Westcott	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
White (16 valve)			A	A	A	A	A	A		
" (3 ton)			A	A	Arc.	Arc.				
" All Other Models			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Willys-Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A	B	A
Willys Six	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
Winton	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

DOMESTIC BRANCHES: New York *(Main Office)* Philadelphia Detroit Minneapolis Kansas City, Kan. Boston Pittsburgh Chicago Indianapolis Des Moines

Eventually
Why Not Now?

And you just naturally *know* they use the flour of Quality and Dependence –

WASHBURN-CROSBY'S
GOLD MEDAL
FLOUR